BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1936

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CRÈME SHALIMAR
FOR SOFT WHITE HANDS
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ORIGIN OF TITLE

"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar . . .
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On those cool waters where we used to dwell."
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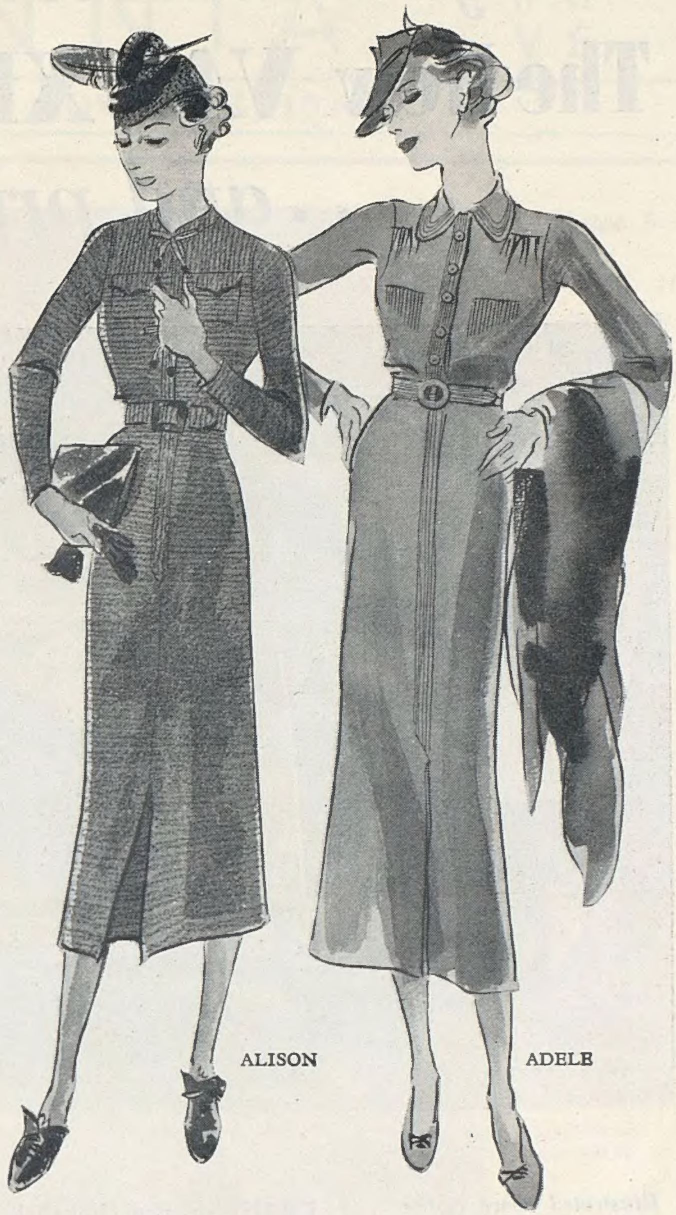
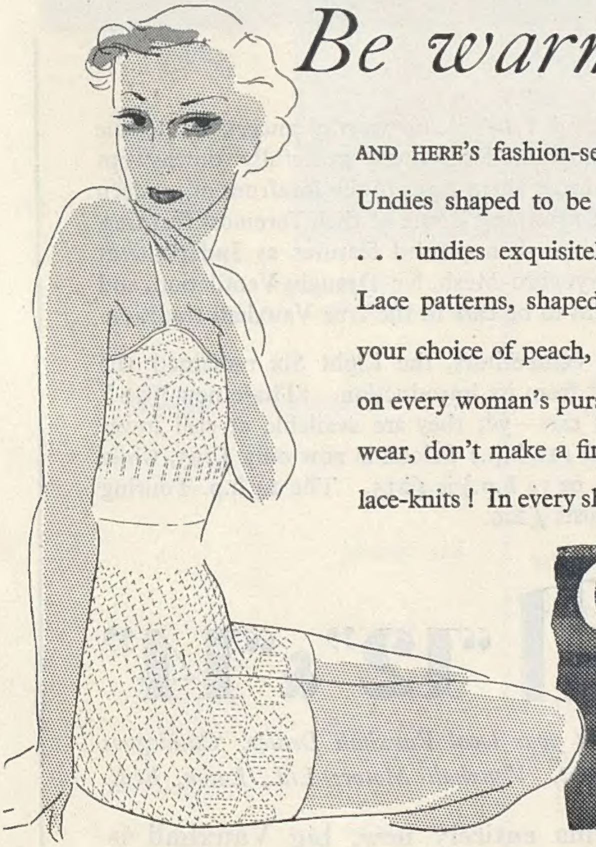


PRUDENCE says:
Be warm!



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. . . and prices are reduced!

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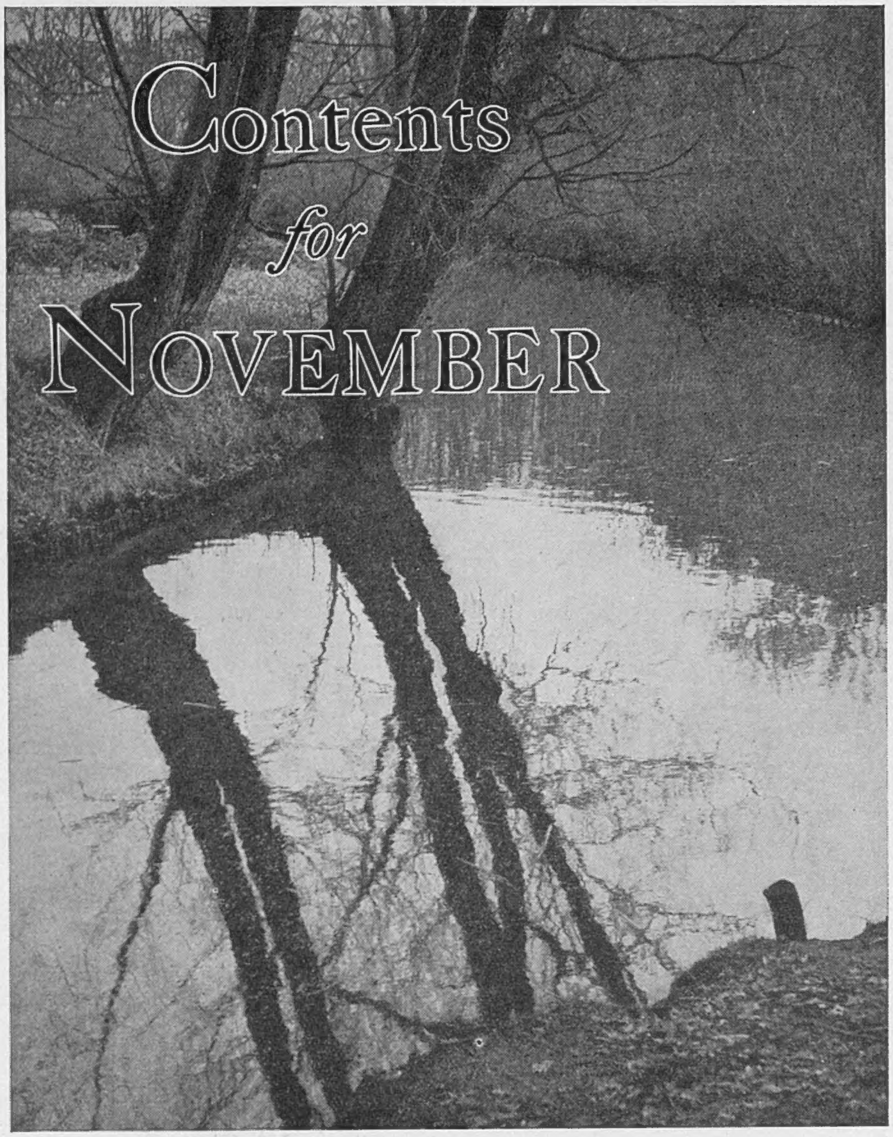
BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 13, No. 5. NOVEMBER 1936



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by *Heade*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4 and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 152. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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10	9	×	8	0	£6 17 6
10	10	×	7	11	£6 16 0
10	10	×	8	2	£7 1 0
10	11	×	8	4	£7 4 6
11	3	×	7	2	£6 8 0
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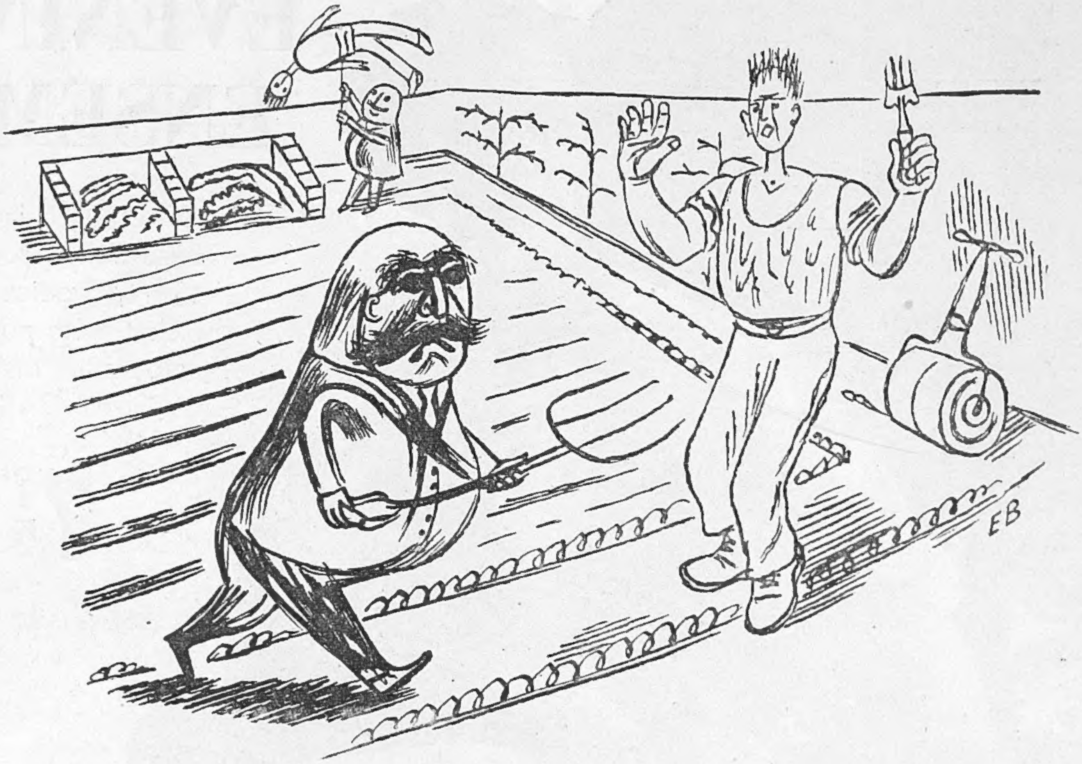
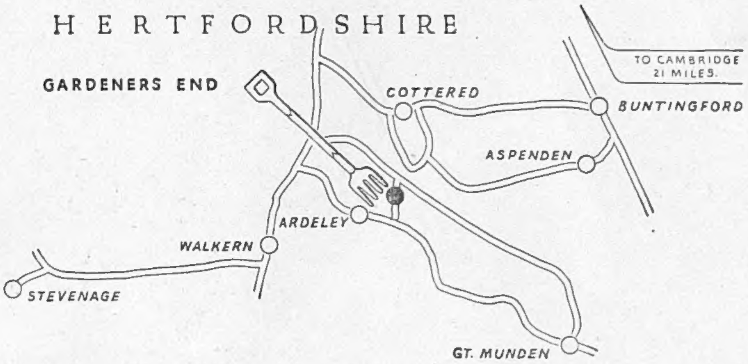


Gardeners End

BUT SHELL GOES ON FOR EVER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GARDENERS END
TO CAMBRIDGE 21 MILES.
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YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Under the Stars

November

To those born in SCORPIO

(October 24th to November 21st)

Your Ruler is Mars

HAIL! stoical children of Scorpio, who can stand more punishment than any other children of the Zodiac. You are no milk-and-water characters: you will forgo comfort, suborn personal weaknesses, and unsparingly sacrifice others as well as yourselves in the efforts to reach your goal. Blind to everything except the cause you have at heart.

"It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause." Othello's words before strangling Desdemona, express your intensity of purpose. The pity of it is that the cause is often very small. Too small, against the cost of the struggle. It is the challenge that has stirred you; the fruits of success are not as sweet as the credit of overcoming the challenge; you cannot bear to be thwarted.

Consequently this sign breeds the greatest martyrs and the biggest devils, according to how far the spiritual consciousness is awakened, and its destiny is *re-generation.*

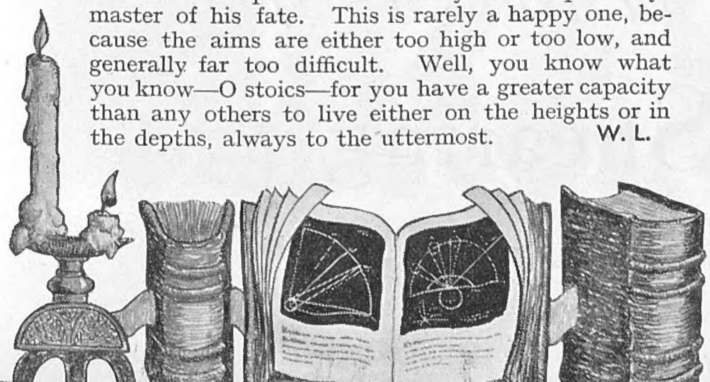
Your strength is inexhaustible—because its source is concealed. Your recuperation, miraculous. Your conceit, or pride, in proportion. Courage, magnetism—of a mesmeric order—and probing insight, distinguish you. Three symbols govern the sign: the Eagle—high-soaring and indefatigable; the Serpent—slippery and guileful; the Scorpion, scuttling in the dust, investigating.

These three are implacable, dangerous and cruel; relentless furies. Accordingly there is a large preponderance of evil in the Scorpio disposition, which when—and if—*converted,* becomes a dynamic force for good. The great reformers, Martin Luther and Voltaire, were born in Scorpio. So were Machiavelli, Prince of Devils, and confidence trickster, Sam Insull.

No sign affords such a complete contrast between its devils and saints, between its austere examples of self-control and altruistic service, and its sickeningly treacherous and inhuman knaves. High or low, each Scorpio has a strange dominance for good or evil over his companions, and is also deemed to possess occult powers. Certainly, if Scorpio delves into a mystery, the truth will soon be bare to him. All fine detectives have this sign prominent in their horoscope.

Alas! that your way of living is usually too uncompromising to be fortunate. You fight and go on fighting, often to your own destruction. A Scorpio never yields. Watch a scorpion surrounded by water or a ring of flame. It first dashes round, then sits in the middle and thinks hard, finally when it is clear that there is no means of escape and the peril draws closer, over swings its tail to implant the deadly sting into its head. The "old contemptible" remains unvanquished.

Thus a scorpion and similarly a Scorpio stays master of his fate. This is rarely a happy one, because the aims are either too high or too low, and generally far too difficult. Well, you know what you know—O stoics—for you have a greater capacity than any others to live either on the heights or in the depths, always to the uttermost. W. L.



LUCKY DAY: TUESDAY.

STONES: RUBY AND MALACHITE.

LUCKY NUMBER: NINE, or any numerals that add up to nine, i.e., 72, 63, six and three make nine.

HEALTH

Scorpio rules the generative organs. Curb tendencies to self-indulgence and health will be robust. Intoxicants are definitely harmful. Condiments are desired but should be used sparingly.

There will be sudden sharp attacks of short ailments and frequent bad throats. The years between seven and fifteen—while attaining maturity—should be supervised; forty-nine to fifty-six sees a critical period, when vitality largely depends on how wisely the forces have been controlled in earlier life.

MARRIAGE

You make trying marriage-partners owing to your emotionalism, possessiveness and arbitrary demands. Are best mated with those born in Pisces (February 20 to March 20), who will reflect your desires, or Cancer (June 22 to July 22), who are as tenacious.

Women are houseproud; jealous as hell; ambitious for husband and offspring; will allow either to devour them, providing they shape in the way they want them to. Once a Scorpio falls in love, there is nothing to equal his or her devotion—true unto death, there are no better partners in a crisis.

CAREER

Men acquire fame as surgeons, engineers, lawyers, archæologists—the antique has a special appeal—detectives. Satirists and lampoonists if they are writers. Social reformers if they are ecclesiasts or politicians. They may even become merchant princes, although wealth is rarely prized, except as affording the key to most situations.

Women are fine housewives, explorers, journalists, actresses, pioneers and pastrycooks.

Either sex will spice their occupation with the dramatic.

CHILDREN

Be careful how you punish them, for they will surely be revengeful. Vindictiveness in Scorpios can only be prevented if you make an appeal to their reason and pull this to the forefront of passion.

Entice their energies along constructive lines. They will be dexterous with their hands; generally capable; enthralling speakers. But they will require endless patience to discipline them to temperate habits, as they are intolerant of restraint of any kind. They have been born with the strongest motive-force and need sound judgment to direct such power.

SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

Peace at home: content in love: satisfaction in your children: fulfilment in art: in your private life—happy days.

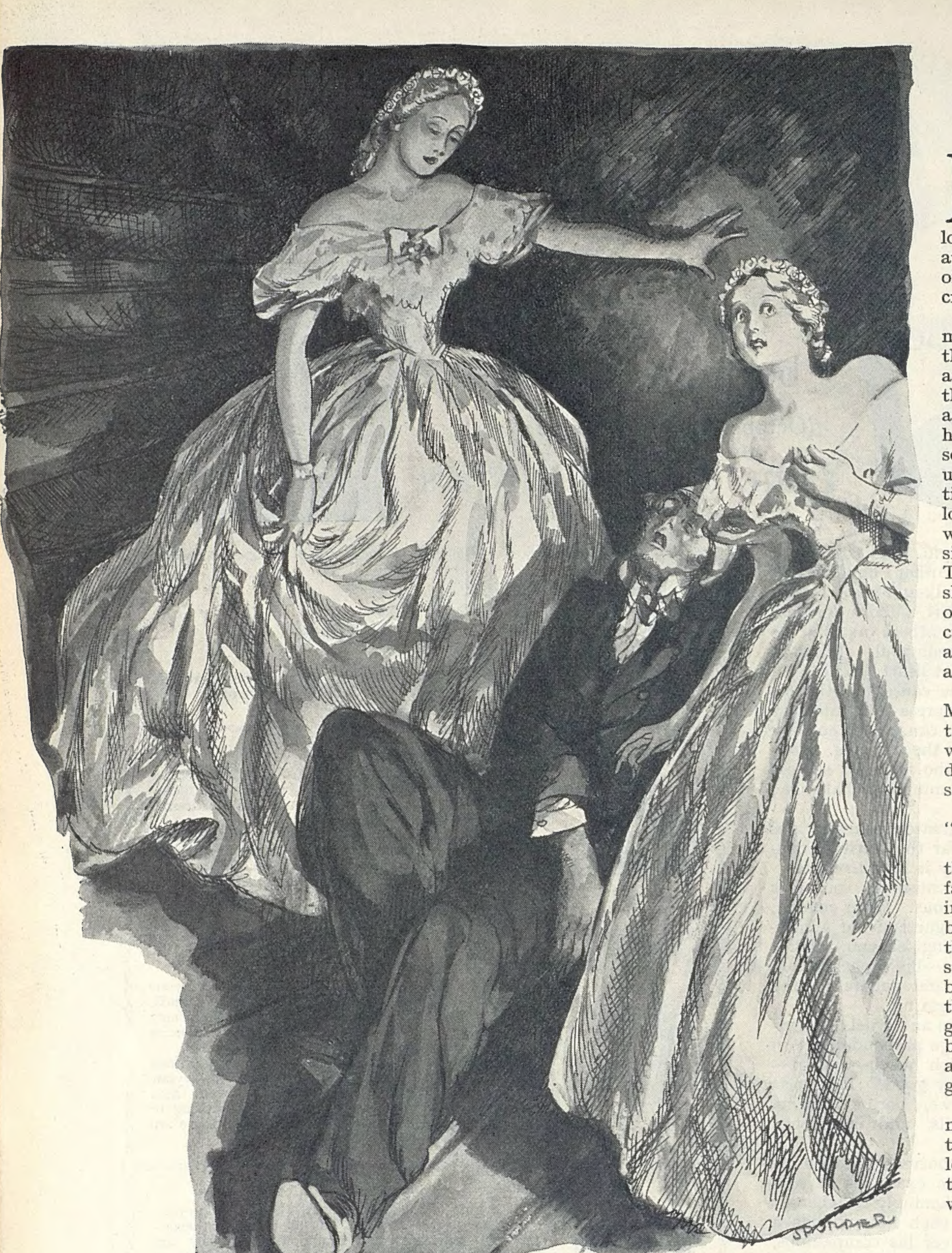
In public life or at the office: disturbances, delays.

Two Rosebud Wreaths

A Victorian "Scène du Bal" in 1860

By Joseph Shearing

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



THE girls were skilful as well as desperate; three times they rested their burden in a huddle on the stairs

FLORA and Mildred were lofty-minded, fastidious girls, highly trained and delicately arrogant. With their fine birth, handsome looks and clear intelligence—to these attractions was added a perfect decorum of behaviour—they were considered a credit to the county.

Nothing therefore could have been more startling and shocking to Mildred than to hear Flora run across her room and whisper in her ear, "Mildred, there is a man in my room." But, as became a descendant of heroes who had won death and medals in the service of their country, Mildred stood unmoved before the mirror and continued to press on her bright brown locks a breath of tiny rosebuds. Flora was directly behind her and over similar locks wore a similar wreath. The sisters were attired in stiff white slippers and satin dresses with berthas of Brussels point; their well-brushed curls hung behind them to their waists, and their pure brows were uncovered and smooth beneath the rosebuds.

In the mirror their glances met; Mildred understood that this was a terrible emergency, and her face, without changing in expression, hardened until it appeared to be cut from some delicately tinted stone.

"Help me," said Flora proudly. "If he is found there, I must die."

Mildred moved from the mirror so that she could no longer see her sister's face, went to the muslin-skirted dressing-table and snapped round her wrists bracelets of red coral. Flora had left the door open and up the well of the stairs came the sounds of a subdued bustle, and from without could be heard the grind of carriage wheels on the gravel; the dance, at which Flora's betrothal to Lord Northmore was to be announced, had begun with a trickle of guests.

Flora waited for a fiery second, making no appeal, offering no explanation; then Mildred took her hand and left the room with her. In the corridor they met the old nurse Thomasina with sherry and sandwiches on a tray:

"You young ladies ought to have something before you go downstairs."

"Put it in my room," said Mildred. "I am just going to look at myself in Miss Flora's glass; you know that it has a better light."

As the old woman turned away, Mildred added in a whisper:

"How can I help you—what do you want me to do?"

"You'll see." Flora opened the door of her room, which was at the end of the passage at the angle of the house, admitted her sister and herself, then closed it softly, slipping the bolt.

THE room was furnished with a chintz on which were green and gold shells and trails of reddish seaweed; on the wall paper were pink ribbons so lightly waved that they seemed to quiver. The bed was covered with ruffled muslin and the pillow half hidden by a light drapery that descended like a cloud from a gilt tester. Flora's day clothes were neatly arranged over the backs of the slender chairs; her satin slippers and peignoir lay on the bed. These familiar details flickered and blurred before Mildred's eyes. "Where?" she breathed; the room seemed empty. Flora drew her round the bed. There, between the window and the dressing-table, lay a young man sprawled on the floor; a handsome creature with blood swelling from his temple on to the dainty white mat. He was a stranger to Mildred, who stood rigid mastering a sickly qualm.

"He would not go—I was afraid he would be heard—I struck him with the candlestick," said Flora.

"You dare not call for help?"

"No—I had encouraged him—there are letters," said Flora precisely. "There is no time to explain. I thought if we could get rid of him—just for now—till the ball is over, we could think of what is to be done."

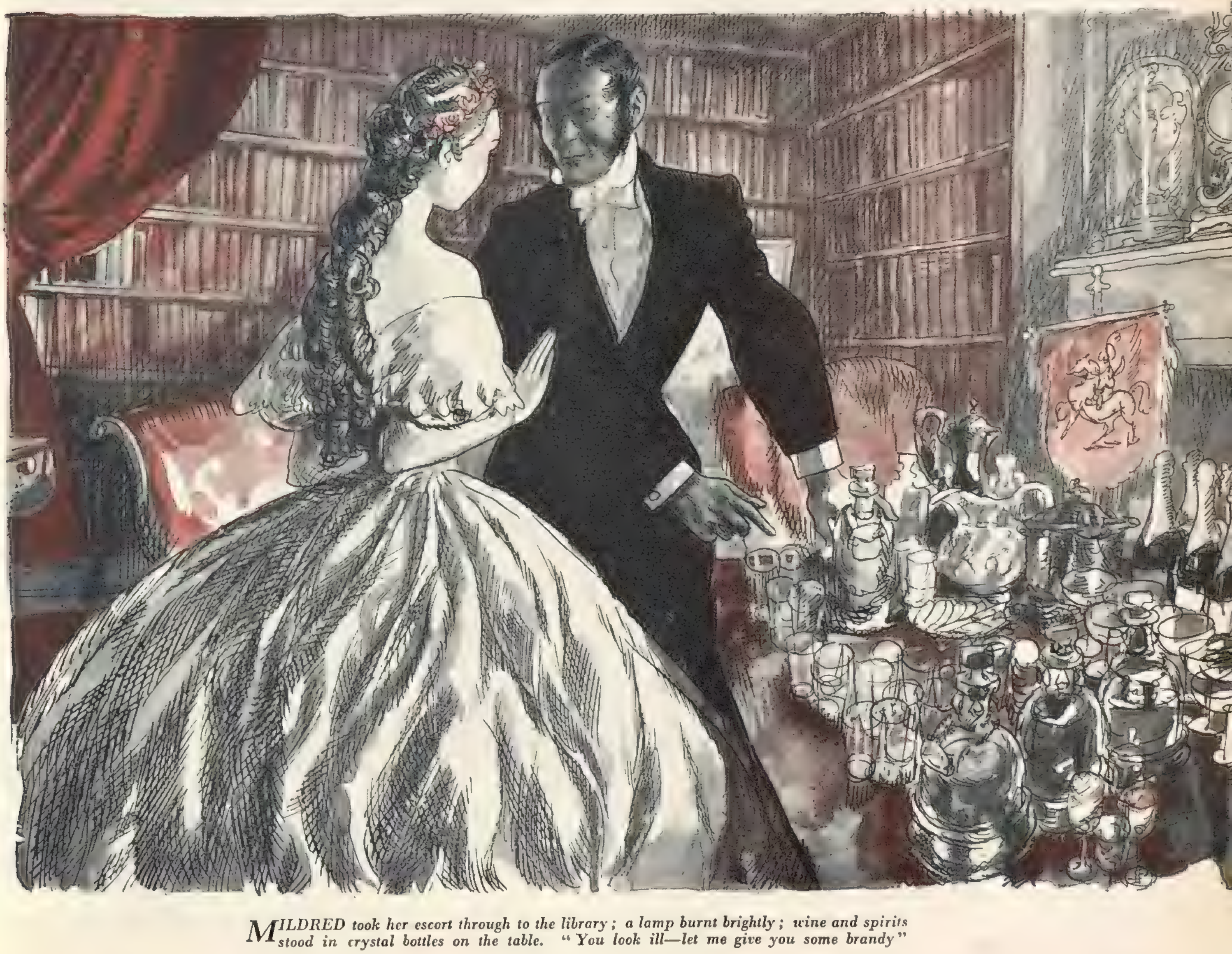
"By the powder closet?" asked Mildred; she glanced at the heavy plate candlesticks standing either side of the mirror and wondered if the man was dead; she noted that the weapon had been returned to its place.

"Yes. We could, perhaps, carry him between us—even to the foot of the stairs."

Mildred gave her help as dryly as it was asked. She went to the delicate ewer and basin, fetched the towels that lay spread over them, returned to the prone man, and went on her knees beside him and swathed his wounded head, fastening the towels with a pin from her corsage. Flora opened the door of the powder closet that had not been put to its original use for fifty years. When the sisters were young they had played there on rainy days; a net of shells gathered on the shores of the Bristol Channel hung against the wall, and two rag dolls, still respected, sat limply on a shelf. What gave the room all its mystery, charm and romance in childish eyes was the door opening on a crooked staircase that led to a deserted part of the garden in the angle between the old house and the new wing; the girls had often played there, but since the nursery had been Flora's bedroom the bottom door had been kept locked.

"The key?" whispered Mildred. Flora showed it in the palm of her hand; had she taken it from the pocket of the corpse? Mildred frowned. "Quick, then—someone will be coming to fetch us immediately."

True to her rigid code of conduct, she chose the more disagreeable task for herself and raised the young man's head. Flora took the feet; they were strong, healthy girls and he was slender, but they could, after all, not lift him more than a pace or two, but by dragging him they had him inside the closet, then across the closet, and then, though impeded by their long, full skirts, down the stairs. The twilight had fallen thick; Mildred had only just seen the shoe-button eyes of the rag dolls gleam from their shelf, and the trail of the eglantine tapping at the closet window. On the stairs it was quite dark, but the girls were skilful as well as desperate; three times they rested their burden in a huddle on the stairs, but it was not more than a few minutes before they had him through the door and into the angle of the house where the dock



MILDRED took her escort through to the library; a lamp burnt brightly; wine and spirits stood in crystal bottles on the table. "You look ill—let me give you some brandy" leaves grew rankly against the stones. The heavy mass of the building rose up against a sky from which all colour had been withdrawn; beyond the jutting wing could be seen a vista of the garden sloping to the Park, both veiled in thickening violet veils of evening. A thunderstorm was swelling up over the heavy leafage of the elms, the purple clouds encroaching over the pale azure of the upper air.

THE two girls looked down at the young man lying at their feet; his coat, huddled beneath, showed a flowered waistcoat, the glitter of a fob on a water ribbon. Mildred bent over him, unpinned the towels, drew them away from under the inert head and shook them out. Flora watched as if she shuddered at some disgusting sight.

"Make haste—make haste," she whispered. "There will be a panic if they find my door bolted and no answer when they call."

The two girls returned lightly up the dark stairway, locking the little door behind them. "At least," said Mildred, "there will be no blood on the stairs or on our clothes—but what are we going to do now? He must be got away from under your window."

"Is he dead?" whispered Flora. They stood in the little powdering closet; the shoe-button eyes of the rag dolls stared at them through the dusk now so thick that they could scarcely see each other.

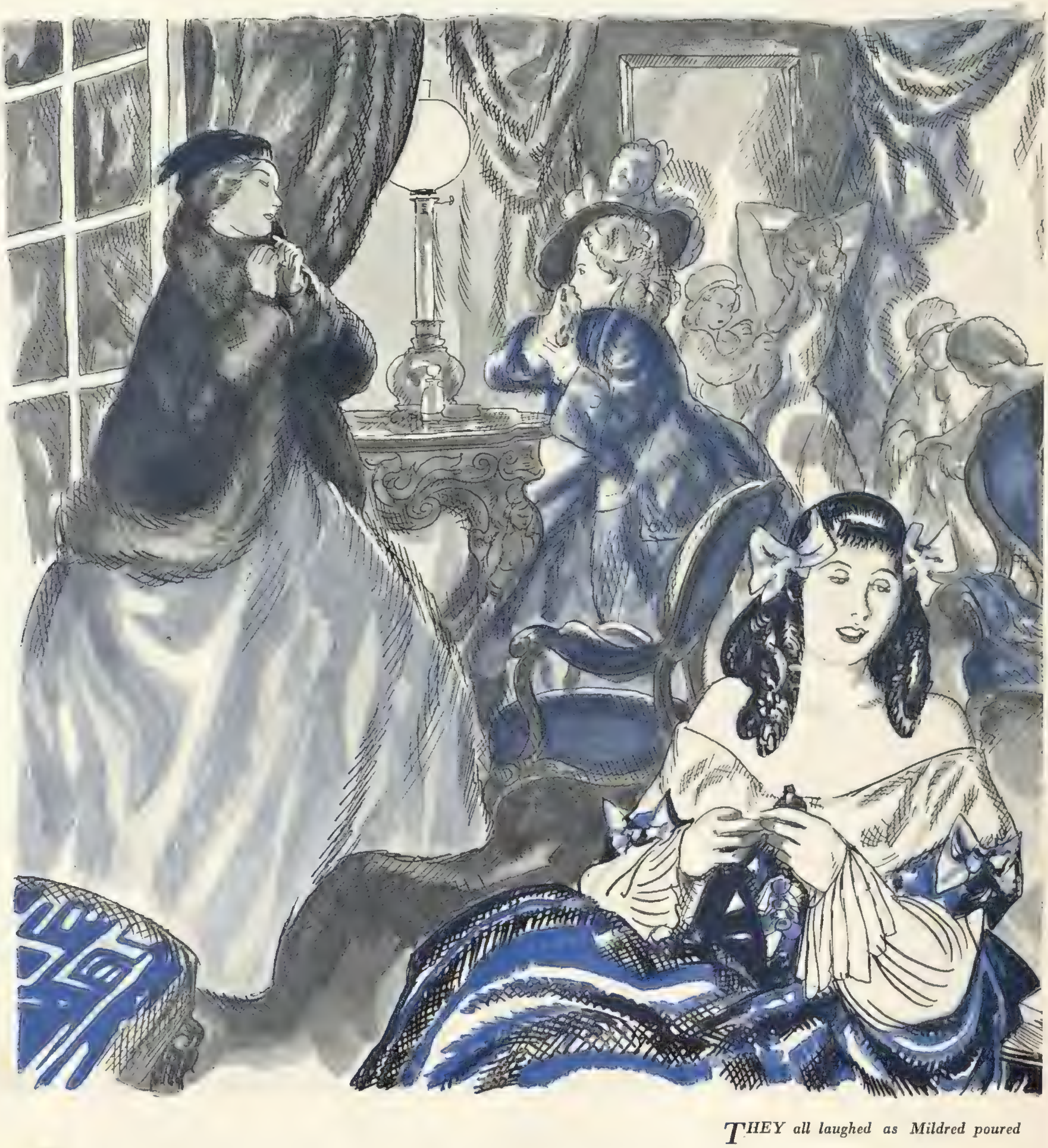
"I don't know," said Mildred. "One has so little experience—"

She returned to the bedroom, picked up the stained mat, then ran back to the closet and put that and the two towels in the old toy chest with the boxes of games, the broken tea sets and unfinished needlework left from their childhood.

"We can destroy or hide these tomorrow, I suppose. Do you, Flora, run out to the linen closet and fetch two fresh towels and another mat. If anyone notices the change, we must think of that too."

Flora hurried away and Mildred sank down on the stool before the mirror on the dressing-table and stared at her own reflection as if she saw a spectre—she was so like Flora that it was strange, grotesque, that everything happened to her sister and nothing to her. There must be some vital difference between them, because one emotion after another crowded into the younger sister's life, while for Mildred there was never anything but the role of friend, ally, supporter; yet on the surface they seemed equally admired, equally sought after.

Both had been able to disdain unworthy suitors, but the pretenders to Flora's hand had always been more glittering than those who had asked for Mildred's. Then Flora had secured a brilliant match; Flora would be a countess and shine in all the capitals of Europe.



THEY all laughed as Mildred poured

Flora had had a secret love affair—Flora was, perhaps, a murderess. Mildred clenched her hands until she felt the bones through the flesh. She scorned herself for even a temporary weakness; she had very lofty ideals, deep pride of ancestry and that type of courage that almost delights in difficulties. What, she asked herself, was the value of the hard training that she had so willingly undergone if, at the first trial, she was to fail?

She put her clenched hands under her chin, her face bloomed from the dark background of the mirror—"too pale." She moved to take up her sister's harefoot and brush rouge on to her cheeks, neatly, carefully. Flora returned, arranged the towels, the mat, came to stand behind her sister; again the two young faces were reflected under the two wreaths of rosebuds, the two coronals of smooth bright hair. Mildred, staring into her sister's eyes in the glass, asked: "I must know—who is this stranger? Will he be missed? How long have we before there will be a hue and cry?"

"He will not be missed for some while," whispered Flora hurriedly as Thomasina came bustling into the room complaining that she had knocked before and there had been no answer—and why did not the young ladies come, as Sir George was waiting. This mention of her father made Mildred think, with a dreadful sinking of the heart, "If mother had lived this would not have happened to Flora."

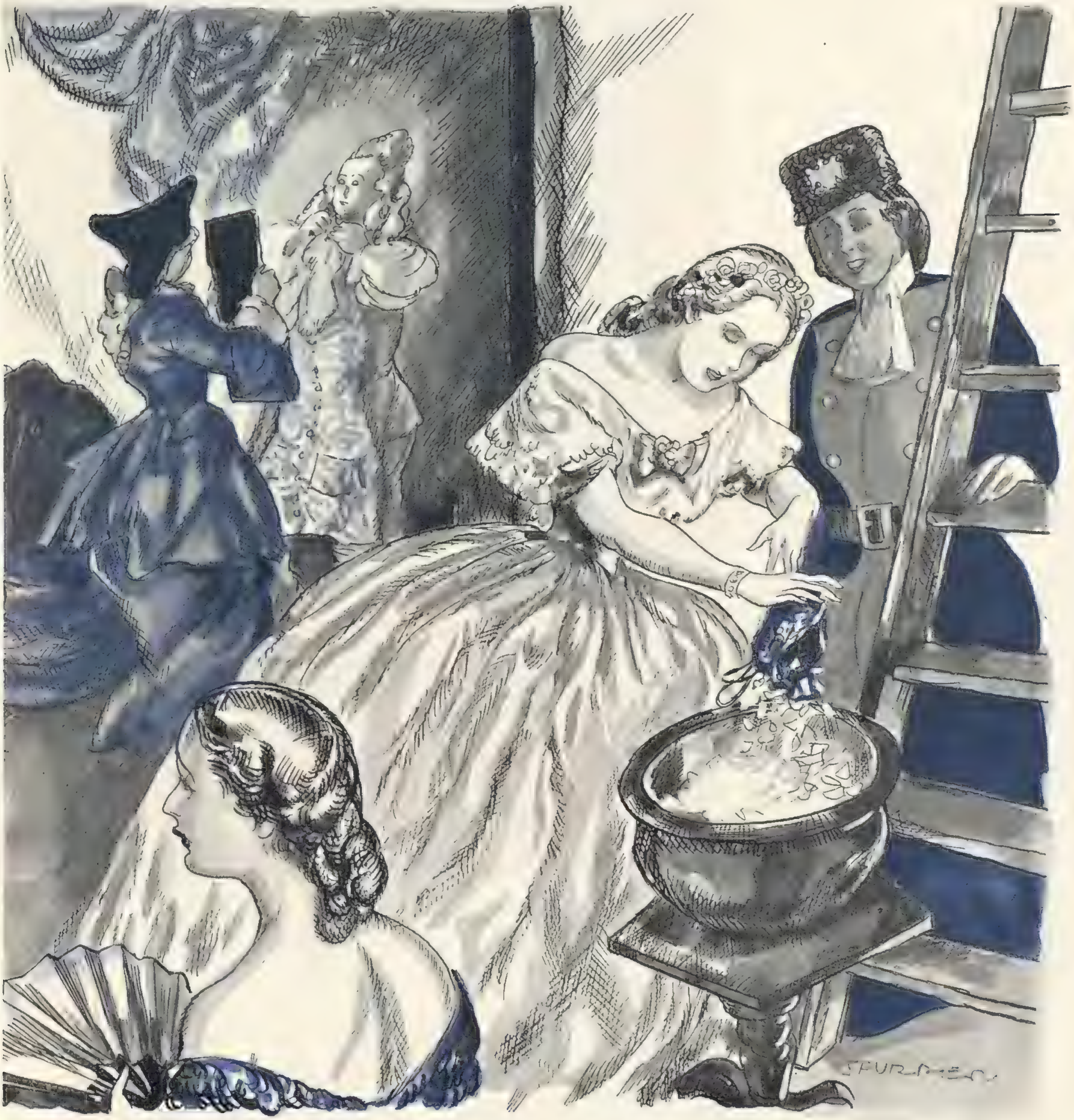
In the rich, candle-flushed warmth of the stairs she desperately tried to question her sister further in order that she might have something more on which to go. "Those letters—are they in his pockets? Please, please, tell me all you can, Flora."

Her sister pressed close against her and whispered fiercely: "Don't you see that I must forget all about it? That I've *got* to forget all about it, or I cannot go on and do what I must do to-night? Of course I looked for the letters before I came in to you."

Mildred stared down over the heavy mahogany banisters; she saw the tall, rigid figure of her father, who boasted that he had brought up his daughters like gentlemen—like soldiers—like descendants of the heroic Mildmays. He was receiving the early guests, who drifted across the floor to the withdrawing-room banked stiffly with flowers brought in from the greenhouses, and lit by the crystal chandelier that only blazed on festivals. There was a murmur of well-bred voices; the sound of carriage-wheels from the open door; the faint gusts of mingled perfumes in the heavy air. Mildred would not let Flora go; she held her pressed against the wall, darkened by sombre ancestral portraits.

"Flora, one thing I *must* know, or I will not help—about John. Ought you, can you?

(*Continued on page* 92)



the contents of her reticule into the bowl

THE QUAI D'ORSAY—as the French Foreign Ministry is known to all political Europe

UNDER the Presidency of Aristide Briand and in the presence of one of the most glittering bodies of statesmen and diplomatists seen in Paris since the Peace Conference, the Briand-Kellogg Pact to outlaw war was signed in the Salon de l'Horloge, the most celebrated room in the Quai d'Orsay

The Quai

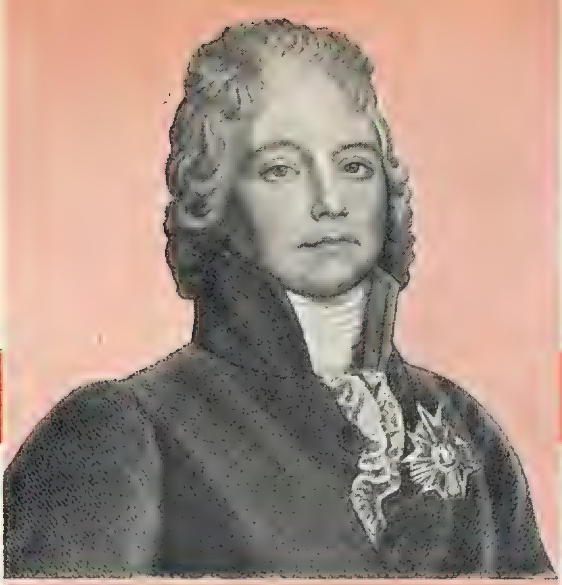
Nerve Centre of Europe

FOUR years ago Aristide Briand, the greatest of modern French Foreign Ministers, died suddenly in Paris. I had seen him only a few days before his death. He received me in his private apartments on the top floor of the Ministry in the Quai d'Orsay; a worn-out and disillusioned old man with an untidy crown of grey hair, his heavy moustache drooping over the weary, eloquent mouth that had during so many years held the Chamber of Deputies spellbound; negligently dressed in a French fisherman's blue dungarees, collarless and open at the neck over a stringy throat; an incongruous and pathetic figure amid the tawdry magnificence of the green and red Empire furniture of the ministerial apartments.

Recently, in the company of a friend at the Quai d'Orsay, I visited again those strangely impersonal, shabby and ill-decorated rooms—now occupied by M. Yvon Delbos, Foreign Minister in M. Léon Blum's Popular Front Government. I was shown the bedroom in which Briand died: a small, ill-lit and gloomy room, overcrowded with sombre and heavy Empire furniture, which before him had been the bedroom of Barthou, Poincaré, Viviani and other Foreign Ministers all the way back to Guizot, Chateaubriand and Talleyrand. He died in Talleyrand's own bed; a gaudy, magnificent Empire bed of gilt and mahogany, with a coverlet of green brocade, a couch worthy of Napoleon himself. And with the death of him who had been himself compared, not unjustly, with the subtle, far-sighted, witty, enigmatic and brilliant Foreign Minister of Napoleon and the Restoration, came to an end another long and crowded chapter in the history of the most fascinating institution in Europe, the nerve-centre of European politics in war and peace.

IN the course of my career as a foreign correspondent I have had occasion enough to be familiar with the Chancelleries of Europe—from our own vast and gloomy mausoleum in Downing Street, with its horsehair sofas and its thick bottles of dusty water, to the little Foreign Office of the Duchy of Luxemburg, the most modest of all. I have memories of Stresemann and Rathenau in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin; of Tchicherin and Litvinoff in the high, square, greenish-grey building of the Narcomindyel in Moscow, with its great-coated and helmeted sentries in dark corners of the staircase and its view over the domes and roof-tops of the Kremlin; of Zaleski and Colonel Joseph Beck in the quaint baroque Polish Foreign Office in Warsaw, an architectural remnant of King John Sobieski, the liberator of Vienna; of the Duke of Alba and Alejandro Lerroux in the Ministry of State in Madrid; of little ill-fated Chancellor Dollfuss in Metternich's room in the Ballhausplatz in Vienna; of the Palazzo Chigi in Rome. But I have entered none of them with more curiosity and more historic thrill than I first experienced—and still experience, after sixteen or seventeen years of the familiarity that ordinarily breeds indifference, if not contempt—on my first contact with the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay.

The Quai d'Orsay—as the Ministry itself is known to all political Europe—is the only feature of Republican France



CHARLES MAURICE TALLEYRAND (1754-1838). *Modern French diplomacy owes everything to Talleyrand, and the Foreign Ministry is almost entirely of his creation*

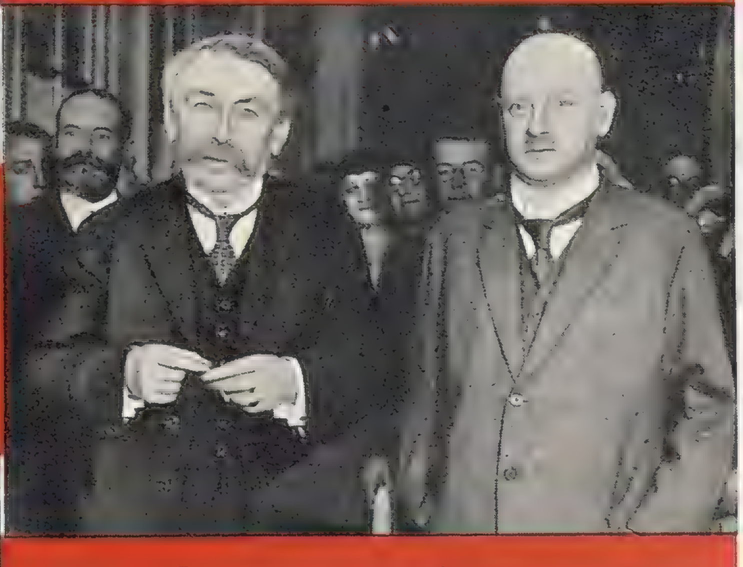
which has a tradition older than the Revolution of 1789. It goes back to the proudest days of the monarchy. Under the First Emperor, when the world seemed prostrate under the feet of Napoleon, it directed the affairs of the conquered states. Napoleon's victorious armies rifled the art galleries of Europe and filled the Louvre with the masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance—to be disgorged with the Emperor's fall and reluctantly to be restored. His victories equally filled the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with treaties which sealed his conquests and re-made the map of Europe.

But at that time the modern Quai d'Orsay had not been built. Under Henri the Fourth, Richelieu and Louis the Fourteenth, the industrious royal secretaries who conducted their sovereigns' correspondence with foreign rulers had their offices and their archives in the vast attics of the palace of the Louvre. In the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, by which time the volume and weight of the royal archives had grown considerably, a handsome building was erected for the Ministry of State at Versailles. Horace Walpole, who visited the French Court in 1765, praised the " useful magnificence " of the new Ministry.

With the fall of the monarchy Versailles ceased to be the political and administrative centre of France. In 1795, when the First Republic was at war with half a dozen of its neighbours, and the armies of the Revolution were invading Italy, Germany and Flanders, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was established in the Hotel Gallifet, an elegant, pillared and porticoed seventeenth-century mansion in the rue de Varenne. There shortly was installed as director of the external policy of France, first under the Directorate, then under the Consulate and the Empire, the adroit and incomparable schemer who had been bishop of Autun under the monarchy, who had been president of the National Assembly in 1790, and who was to see the glory of Napoleon wax and wane, serve Republic, Empire, and restored Monarchy with equal distinction, escape the guillotine which was the fate of almost all his contemporaries, and die prince of Benevento at the ripe and then rare age of 84. (*Continued on page* 120)

d'Orsay

By George Slocombe



ARISTIDE BRIAND, the greatest of modern French Foreign Ministers, and Dr. Stresemann, of Germany

ONE of the rooms in the Quai d'Orsay showing some fine Empire furniture. The bed is that of Napoleon, and this apartment was placed at the disposal of King George V on his visit to Paris shortly after his accession

Illustrations
by
Clive Uptton

City Gents

If you
next door

By Dorothy Black

THE windows of the Morpeths' dining-room looked with embarrassing candour straight into the window of the Bortons' sitting-room at Mon Repos, next door. Mr. Morpeth had endeavoured to grow a rose to block the view, but there was not enough sun. Mr. Borton had planted a syringa on his side, but it had never taken real root, or heart.

The builders of the Grove Pastures Estate gave their clients a lot for their money, but privacy—that they did not give them. So it came about that the Morpeth family knew a great deal about the Borton family, although the two ladies did not call.

Mr. Morpeth and Mr. Borton, however, nodded to each other and even conversed sometimes on their way to the station, after the easy-going fashion of men.

"We shall really have to leave here presently," Mrs. Morpeth said from time to time. "The people are so dreadful."

Mr. Morpeth, in his secret heart, did not consider them dreadful, but he never argued with women. If truth be told, he rather liked Borton. There was something pleasant about the fellow. He had diffident manners that made Mr. Morpeth feel important, and he had very nice eyes. Looked at you in a frank sort of way, as if on the whole Mr. Borton had no grouse against life.

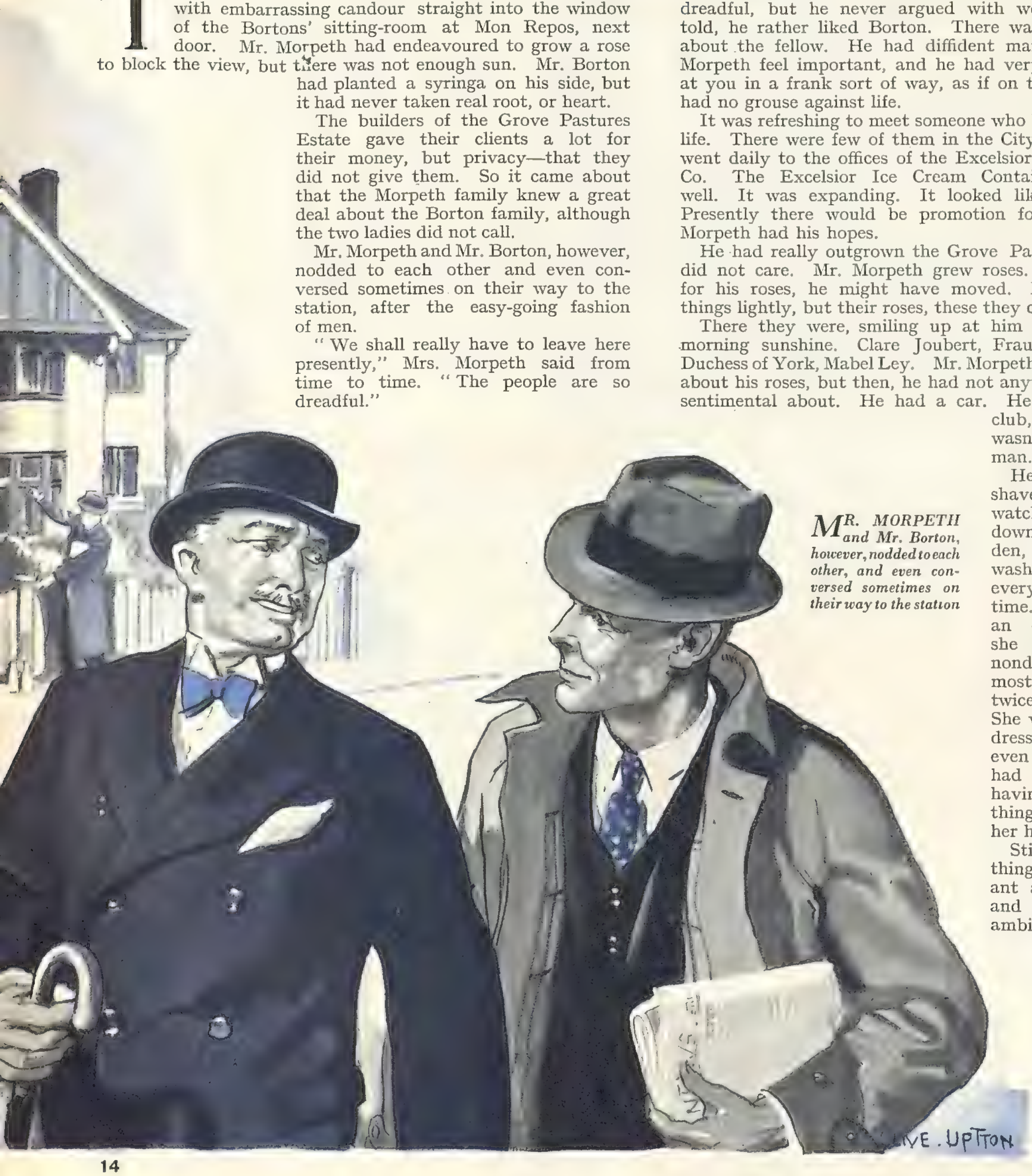
It was refreshing to meet someone who had no grouse against life. There were few of them in the City, where Mr. Morpeth went daily to the offices of the Excelsior Ice Cream Container Co. The Excelsior Ice Cream Container Co. was doing well. It was expanding. It looked like doing better still. Presently there would be promotion for someone, and Mr. Morpeth had his hopes.

He had really outgrown the Grove Pastures Estate, but he did not care. Mr. Morpeth grew roses. If it had not been for his roses, he might have moved. Men can leave most things lightly, but their roses, these they cannot leave.

There they were, smiling up at him as he shaved in the morning sunshine. Clare Joubert, Frau Karl Druschki, the Duchess of York, Mabel Ley. Mr. Morpeth was a bit sentimental about his roses, but then, he had not anything else much to be sentimental about. He had a car. He belonged to a good club, but for all that he wasn't a really happy man.

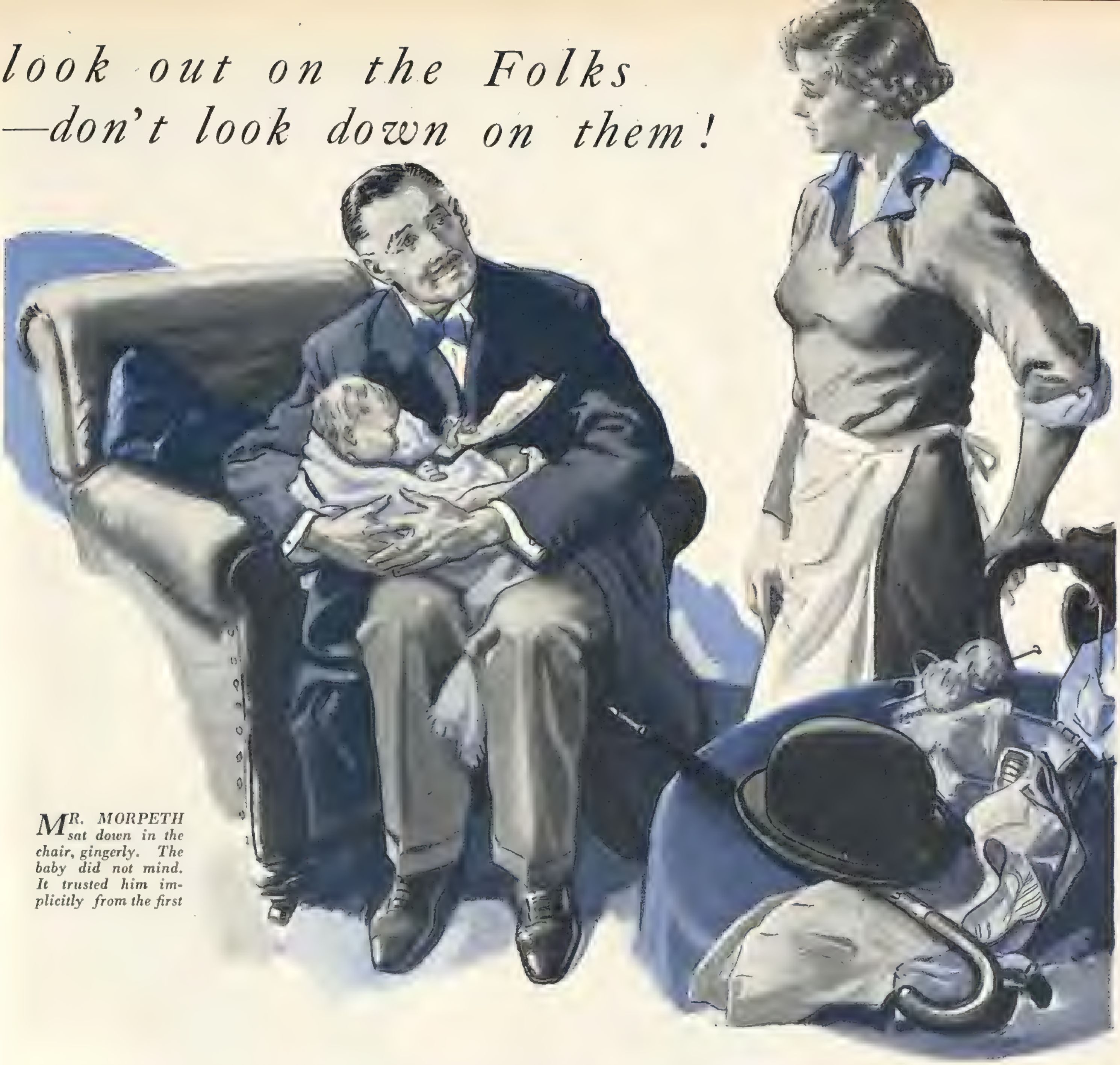
He knew it, as he shaved his chin and watched Mrs. Borton go down the next door garden, carrying the baby's washing. She went down every morning at this time. She was evidently an early riser. Wispy, she was, and decidedly nondescript. Not a woman most men would look at twice. Not at all smart. She was usually tragically dressed in bad clothes, even on a Sunday, and she had always the air of having thought of something else as she put on her hat.

Still, there was something womanly and pleasant about her shoulders and her comfortable, unambitious little figure usually swathed in a big apron. As Mr. Morpeth shaved his chin, she endeavoured to hide the baby's washing behind a currant bush. Mrs. Morpeth had complained about it more than once. It ruined her view.



MR. MORPETH and Mr. Borton, however, nodded to each other, and even conversed sometimes on their way to the station

look out on the Folks —don't look down on them!



MR. MORPETH sat down in the chair, gingerly. The baby did not mind. It trusted him implicitly from the first

One way and another, Mrs. Morpeth did a good bit of complaining. She was an ornamental woman, at the moment determinedly combating grey hair. Very well preserved she was, but then she well might be, since preserving herself was her life work. She did nothing else. She never got up before eleven. And she spent a good bit on clothes; but this, she always pointed out, she did for him.

"Keeping up appearances," she called it, and she was forever telling him how much she helped him on by making a good impression on his City friends. Give her half a chance, and she didn't half lay it on thick.

IN his secret heart, Mr. Morpeth sometimes believed his City friends were a little afraid of her—those of them that did not laugh at her. In his secret heart, be believed the more important ones—like Sir Wallace Benson, the managing director, and Mr. Forsythe, who was an alderman—found Myrtle entertaining, but not in the way she thought.

Mr. Morpeth washed the soap off his chin and stropped his razor. Mrs. Borton had done hanging out the baby's washing and was making her way back to the house. She was decidedly wispy, and she had her sleeves turned up, letting Mr. Morpeth into the secret that she had pretty arms. Obviously, Mrs. Borton did not care much for appearances. She hadn't the time.

There was a border of pansies down the Bortons' path, and she had the air, as she bent over them, of saying:

"How are you this morning, my dears?"

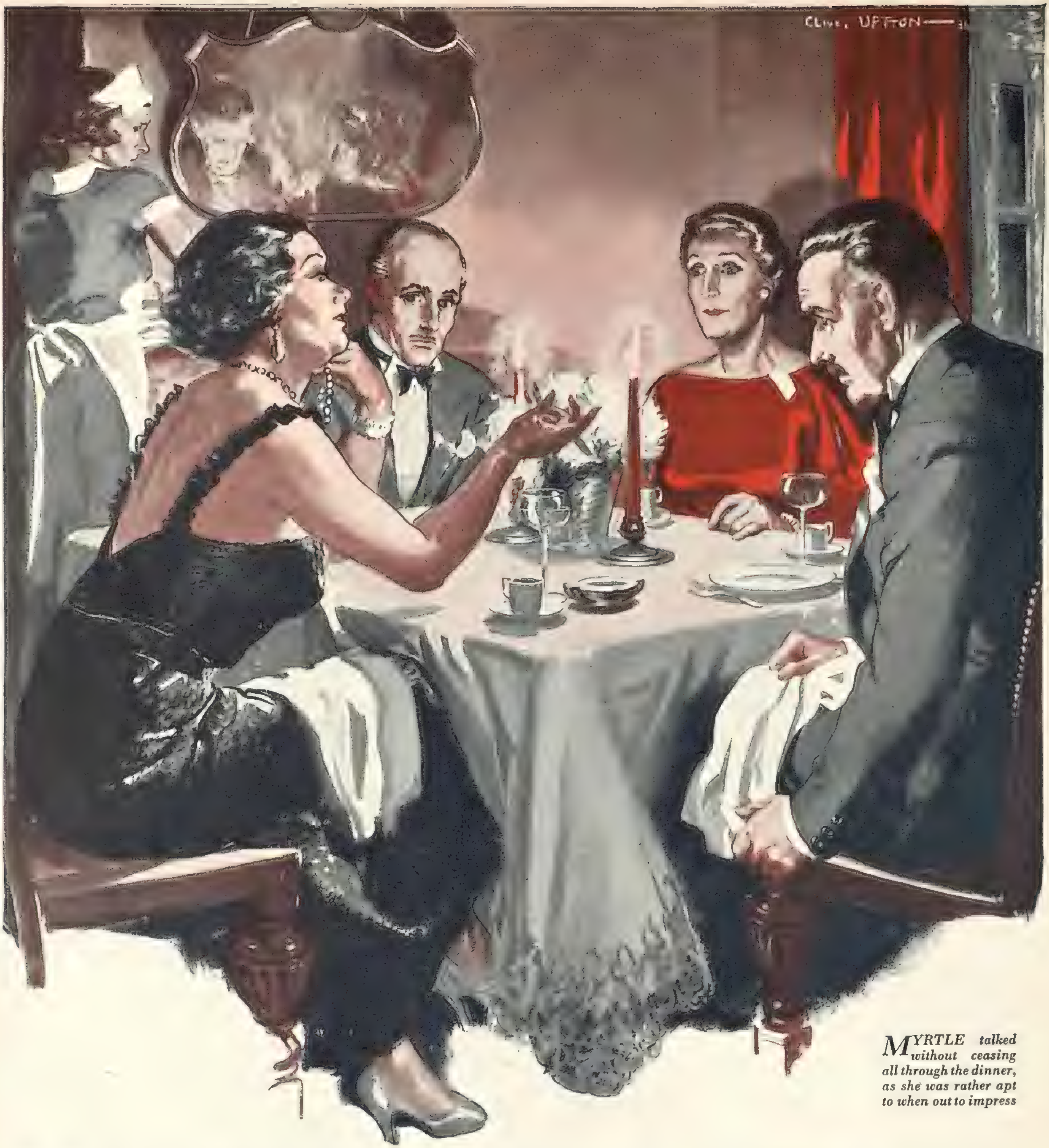
Mr. Morpeth had to smile at the whimsical thought. It was unusual for him to be whimsical, especially so early in the morning. Truth to tell, Mrs. Borton intrigued him, though she was an inconsiderable sort of woman, and one unlikely to be much of a social credit to any City gentleman, to help him on in his career. He doubted if she would ever make a particularly good impression.

All the same, he sighed, remembering something. It was a tiresome thing, and had stuck in his mind for a long while. Once something had gone wrong in the Borton household. Mr. Borton, from his drooping mien, obviously had a business worry, or a secret sorrow. From his dining-room window, Mr. Morpeth saw all that went on in the Bortons' sitting-room.

Mrs. Borton's face had been very tender. She seated herself on the arm of Mr. Borton's chair and drew his head down to her breast. Though Mr. Morpeth, of course, could not hear what she said, he knew that without a doubt she was telling Mr. Borton he was a fine fellow, and that whatever the trouble was, it would soon blow over. And it struck him then that if Mrs. Borton wasn't a social credit, she was a great comfort, and that it would be something to have someone like that to go home to. The memory cropped up tantalisingly, at the most unlikely moments, and often, when he was shaving, drove him to behead pimples upon his chin.

For no one had ever drawn Mr. Morpeth's head down anywhere. It was unlikely, now, that anyone ever would. Myrtle drew his cheque-book out from time to time, persuasively. She drew him towards shop windows where she had already marked down her prey. That was all there was to Myrtle.

That was all there ever had been. She was a fine woman, and a credit to a rising City gentleman, but there had never been anything loving or gentle about her, and he had never returned to her at night with anything but apprehension. She had flatly refused to have children. It might spoil her figure.



MYRTLE talked without ceasing all through the dinner, as she was rather apt to when out to impress

IN the beginning, Mr. Morpeth had passionately desired children. He had had a ridiculous conviction that his own children would be far finer specimens than anybody else's. But of late he did not care any more. He hardly ever thought about it. Only, just sometimes, when he saw Mr. Borton pushing his baby about in the wheelbarrow, making clucking noises at it—an artless form of amusement Mr. Borton often indulged in, he had a queer little pain in his heart. As if someone had turned a very sharp knife there the fraction of an inch.

* * *

Myrtle called him from the landing. For an awful moment he thought she had got up for breakfast. All was well. She stood in the door of her room, in her dressing-gown, still wearing the net nightcap she slept in, to preserve her curls for further conquests. Mr. Morpeth hated that cap. He often thought lots of marriages must have been ruined by women retiring to bed in caps like that. He still recalled the shock he had experienced when Myrtle first appeared in one.

"I can't think why you take so long to dress," said Myrtle, and her voice held a peevish note. "I've been standing here calling you for the last five minutes, and I think you must have heard me, or else you are getting deaf, in which case you had better see someone about it—for it will do you no good in business. Will you, without fail, bring home some red wine, as we must have red and white wine, with the Bensons dining here. I also want a box of those assorted cocktail biscuits. Gerald, are you listening to me? I wish you wouldn't get that vacant look in your eye when I speak to you. Write it down. Red wine. Cocktail biscuits."

He couldn't see why Myrtle did not do her own shopping. She had the whole day on her hands, and nothing else to do.

As she got older, Myrtle did less and less, yet always appeared to be in a state of rush, and never had a spare moment. He pondered on this phenomenon, as other men have done before him, but he said nothing. It does not pay.

"And as you go out, you might tell

Kitty not to disturb me till lunch time. I want to be at my best this evening. A lot depends on the impression we make on Sir Wallace and Lady Benson. It always pays to be on good terms with the managing director."

MR. MORPETH let himself out into the morning sunshine. His bowler hat had been well brushed by Kitty, the maid, and she came running at the last moment with his washleather gloves.

"I've only just got them dried, sir."

He thanked her, aware that Kitty had a slightly worn look. Poor girl, she had an awful day ahead of her—after lunch! Myrtle was a real slave-driver. If you thought it over, it was a bit off the straight, Myrtle lying in bed till all hours, letting Kitty look after the house, do the cooking, do his mending and tidying, and even wash his gloves! Myrtle was distinctly able-bodied. Much more so than Kitty, who was rather anæmic. What exactly did Myrtle consider was her place in the general scheme of things? She wasn't a mother. She delved not, neither did she spin. And she certainly was not a loving and a comforting wife.

Queer, thought Mr. Morpeth, the pass women are coming to. He put the idea from him. It was one of the many things about which it was best not to think. Obviously there was something wrong, somewhere, but Mr. Morpeth was in no position to say what it was.

In the sunshine of the garden next door, he saw Mr. Borton also just coming out. Mr. Borton was kissing his baby good-bye. To Mr. Morpeth there was something particularly galling in the sight that morning. What did the fellow want to go kissing his baby for, in public, in that vainglorious fashion? It wasn't anything of a baby. Mr. Morpeth's children (if he had had any) would have been in every way much finer, and better grown. At the same age they would have walked and talked, and probably had teeth. Mr. Morpeth was sure of it.

He laughed suddenly. Myrtle had refused to have children for fear of losing her figure, but it had gone now just the same. Broad in the beam, was Myrtle. Yes, life gets the laugh on you, somehow, in the long run.

Mr. Borton joined him.

"Grand day!"

"Grand, isn't it?"

"Your roses—they are remarkably fine this year. I've been admiring them over the hedge."

Mr. Morpeth would have liked to invite Mr. Borton to a nearer acquaintance with his roses. He would have liked to take him round and explain them to him and give him a fine specimen to take home to the wife.

He knew he would never dare to. Mrs. Morpeth had long ago decided the Bortons were socially beneath them, so that was that. Mr. Borton was a nice little man. He had the most contented eyes Mr. Morpeth had ever seen, and the most good-humoured laugh he had heard for a long time. He always seemed to find something to laugh at, too, which was odd—considering his income.

This morning he seemed to have something on his mind, for he cleared his throat several times before he brought himself to say:

"I wonder whether you could spare me a few minutes in your office if I was to call. I would esteem it a great favour."

Mr. Morpeth was surprised. He could only think of a subscription to some local club or charity, though it was hard to connect Mr. Borton with any charity other than those which begin strictly at home.

Mr. Borton, however, had such a winning way of asking a favour it was impossible to say no to him.

"Three suit you?"

Any time that suited Mr. Morpeth would suit Mr. Borton, and he said so.

"Now what can the fellah want with me?" wondered Mr. Morpeth, mystified, as he closed his office door.

THE daily round of business engulfed him. He forgot all about Mr. Borton, until the sonorous voice of St. Paul's chimed three through the dusty streets—and there he was, looking boyishly anxious, and grasping his hat for all the world as if it were the steering wheel to his ship of fortune, and he making frenzied efforts to get it home against breakers, by hook or by crook.

"The fact is, Mr. Morpeth, my firm is not in too good a way. They are cutting down, and I have a terrible suspicion that before long they will cut me down also. . . . You can imagine how worrying it is. . . . Wife and child, and all that. . . . I was wondering. You have always been so kind, and of course one knows this firm is expanding rapidly. . . . It struck me you might possibly know of something—some day. . . ."

So that was it. Mr. Morpeth looked at him. Mr. Morpeth thought:

"What does it matter to you? You will go home, and she will draw your head down against her—and nothing will matter. Nothing at all will matter, for she will tell you what a fine fellow you are. . . ."

He controlled himself and played importantly with a pencil in the best style. He was sorry for the little fellow. He really wished he could help.

"Nothing at the moment, Borton. . . . But I will keep your name by me. . . ."

They always said that, at the Excelsior Ice Cream Container Company, Ltd. They dispensed, freely and fully, that cheapest of all human commodities—hope. But in his heart he knew that Borton wasn't the type they wanted. He hadn't the presence, the *je ne sais quoi*. . . . They were looking, he knew, for a senior bookkeeper, but that was an important job. Far too important for Borton. Still, it might be worth while putting in a word with Sir Wallace about it.

Mr. Morpeth went to his window and looked out. Mr. Borton was walking down the street with a jaunty air. No doubt going home to wheel his baby about in the wheelbarrow, making clucking noises at it.

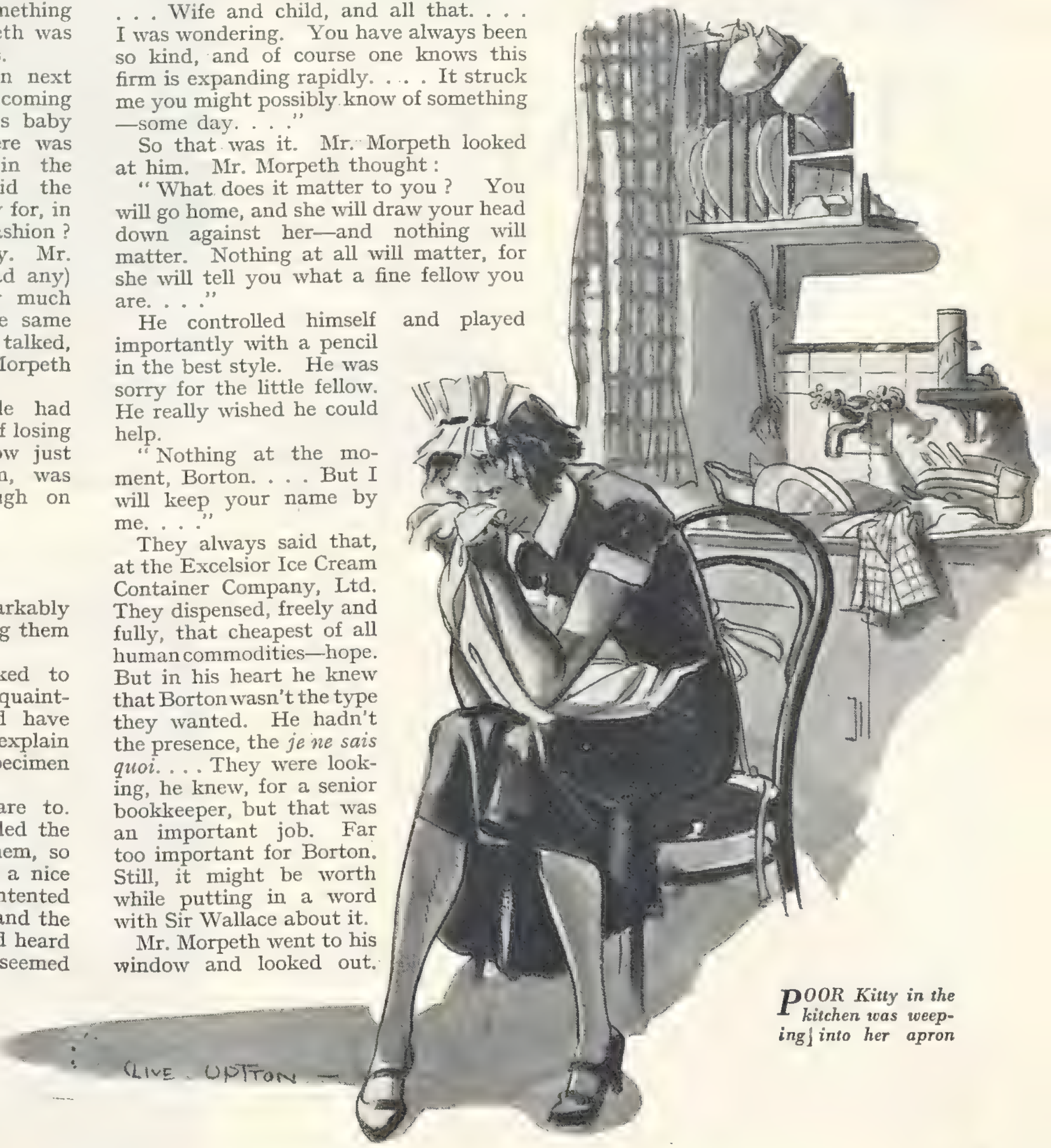
Damn the fellow and his baby. Mr. Morpeth felt oddly out of humour; he could not say why. He had himself put through to Messrs. Blinks, Bloggs, Poor and Wiper, commissioners for oaths, against whom the company had a grouse. He let off some of his spleen on their Miss Forker, who, unfortunately for her, happened to be the only person in the office when he got through.

* * *

So busy was he all that day, with one thing and another thing, that he forgot all about the red wine and the cocktail biscuits Myrtle had particularly asked him to bring back when he came that night. He forgot them completely and entirely until he was opening the gate of the Pantiles.

Horror froze his marrow. Myrtle was not a wife men forgot things for lightly, and if they did, they suffered for it. He knew what the evening would be like. He knew that, whatever future disappointments he had to suffer in his career, they would always be put down to the lack of red wine and the dearth of cocktail biscuits at the party when Sir Wallace and Lady Benson came to dine.

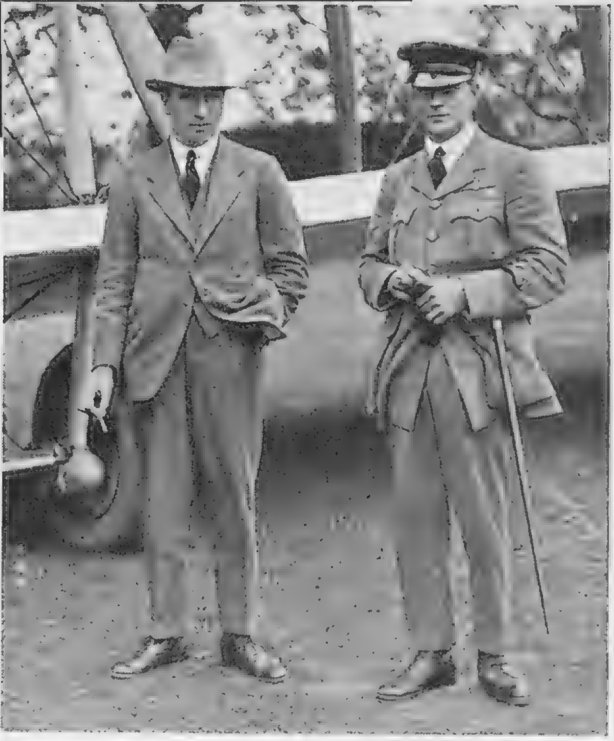
He turned on a (*Continued on page 74*)



POOR Kitty in the kitchen was weeping into her apron

THE first aeroplane to bridge the North Atlantic. Messrs. Alcock and Brown taking off at St. John's, Newfoundland, in their Vickers "Vimy" machine on June 13th, 1919. The machine is now in the South Kensington Museum

Transatlantic TRIUMPH



MESSRS. ALCOCK and BROWN, pilot and navigator of the first machine to cross the North Atlantic

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore.

SO wrote Byron over one hundred years ago. For thousands of years Man had sought mastery over the sea; for thousands of years his ships, though fashioned by hands born of the experience of untold generations, had failed to master unfailingly all the hazards of the oceans. And even now, in an age when science has evolved ships of iron and steel that pulse exultantly and surely with the power of steam, that can call on unseen rays of wireless for their guide, even now, far too frequently we hear of another ship gone down, another ship vanished mysteriously into "the deep and dark blue ocean." And this after thousands of years of endeavour.

But Byron, when he wrote of Man, "his control stops with the shore," had not reckoned with the aeroplane. He had not reckoned with a machine that was oblivious to surface obstacles, that scorned the barriers of desert, mountain and ocean, and that took the accepted topographical opposition to surface transport literally in its stride. And this machine, the aeroplane, has been flying for only a puny thirty years or so, a tiny proportion of the years that have known civilised existence. Yet in that short space of time it has grown and developed into a means of transport that the modern world could not do without. The standard of safety and efficiency that it has attained has been bought at a great cost of men and money; but surely its immensely rapid progress has made those sacrifices worth while?

In spite of the popular conception that flying is dangerous, its statistics can vie with all other forms of transport in the matter of safety. Aircraft flying on the scheduled air lines of America during 1935 averaged very nearly 7,000,000 miles for each fatal accident. So much publicity is given to accidents to Service aircraft, careless beginners, and foolhardy pilots with a will to show off, that the public is entirely misled with regard to the danger of *organised air transport.*

1937 will live as the year in which the great attack was launched on the North Atlantic, one of the last of the main trunk trade routes to defy commercial conquest by air. And by the end of the year, it is reasonable to predict, the attack will have been successful and mail services, later to be reinforced by passenger services, will regularly be flown across the great expanse of ocean between America and Europe.

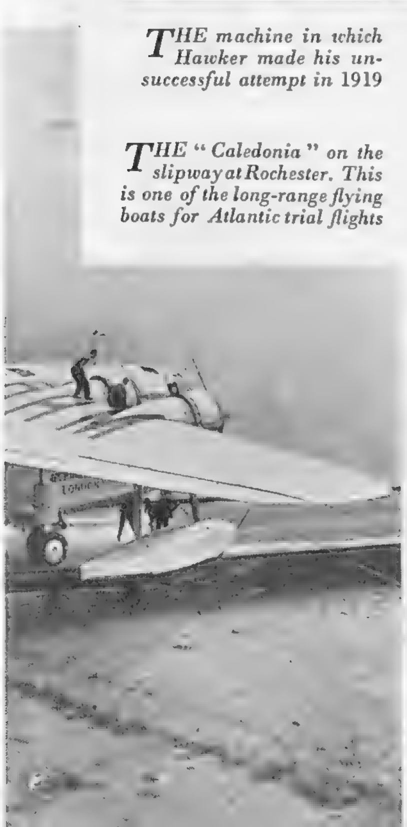
The brave pioneers who have led the way for these commercial services

By Nigel Tangye

COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH arriving at Croydon aerodrome in "The Spirit of St. Louis," the aeroplane which he flew solo from New York to Le Bourget, Paris. He was the first lone flyer of the Atlantic. This feat he accomplished in 1927. (*By courtesy of "Flight"*)

AMELIA EARHART, the American airwoman, was the first woman to make a solo crossing of the Atlantic from West to East

THE machine in which Hawker made his unsuccessful attempt in 1919



THE "Caledonia" on the slipway at Rochester. This is one of the long-range flying boats for Atlantic trial flights

are very much in the minds of those who are now profiting from their unbelievable courage. Heroes such as Alcock and Brown, Lindbergh, Köhl and his gallant crew in the Bremen, and many others successful and unsuccessful, all dedicated their skill and resource to victory over this defiant ocean, that one day civilisation might benefit. And 1937 will see that day.

Why has the North Atlantic been so adamant in its resistance to the airman? Largely it has been due, of course, to its great expanse unbroken by land that would assist the airman's navigation, or provide a refuelling station.

But the South Atlantic is equally broad at its shortest width, and has not proved nearly such an obstacle to the aeroplane. Regular air mail services have been in operation between Africa and South America for years past.

The reason lies with the weather. The North Atlantic produces the world's worst flying weather. Storms, contrary winds for days and weeks at a time, and hundreds of miles of fog are all regularly to be found in the North Atlantic, due to the warm Gulf Stream mixing with the cold North Equatorial current.

Imagine the courage of the pioneer airmen, who knew of these terrible conditions, and until they tried had no idea that either their planes or themselves were fitted to combat them!

If you go to the South Kensington Museum you will see a curious-looking structure of wings and wires and struts, and on a small plaque placed beneath it you will learn that what you see is the Vickers Vimy, an old war-time bomber that two British pilots, way back in 1919, flew non-stop from Newfoundland to Ireland. Captain J. Alcock, D.S.C., and Lieutenant A. Whitten Brown, navigator, were the first men to bridge the North Atlantic.

In May, 1919, they were ready with their "Vimy" at St. John's, Newfoundland, awaiting favourable weather to embark on their great adventure. The machine was loaded with 860 gallons of petrol and weighed over three tons. Yet the only runway that they were able to clear was less than 1,000 feet in length—a scant distance compared with the miles that subsequent long-distance attempts required.

Dawned Friday, the 13th of June. Though an ominous day for a sailor, superstition played no part in the make-up of these airmen. All was ready, the weather as good as ever it was likely to be.

At 5 p.m. Alcock opened up his two 360 h.p. Rolls-Royce engines, and with less than a hundred feet to spare, the "Vimy" staggered into the air. Down a valley she flew, slowly gaining height. In a few minutes they were over the sea, and 1,900 miles of it lay before them.

It was not long before they were enveloped by dense wreaths of the well-known Newfoundland fog, and for seven hours without the almost essential (*Continued on page 124*)

Genevan Ghosts *in*

M. HERRIOT. *Geneva will remember him as a great pro-Leaguer, a grand (French) orator and artist of the emotions—and of the gastronomic*

THE new Palace of the League of Nations is equal of parking 600 delegates and 500 newspapermen

SIXTEEN years ago, November, 1920, the League Assembly at Geneva met for the first time. Léon Bourgeois and Arthur Balfour were the big noises, with other Victory Powers, represented by Salandra and Adatchi, composedly in the limelight, but America nowhere. The Senate had turned the now-paralysed principal begetter of the League brutally down, though an observer named Fosdick, first of his kind, was somewhere around.

It was pretty mouldy where they had to carry on: either in a Calvinistic hall tacked on to journalistic H.Q., the Victoria, or in a broken-down hotel of the ex-palace variety across the lake—constant communing by motor-launch having to be done between the two. The best bet was the Victoria bar and lounge presided over by a famous Swiss Fraulein. Delegates, one and all of us, agreed about that. The curved form of Lord Robert Cecil (the Comtesse de Noailles said he reminded her of a heron, legs twisted) would come through the crush. The great child-hearted Nansen, his noble interventions nevertheless soon to be likened to the length of a Polar trail, would require small prompting to talk. Or here was nearly unknown "little Beneš," and diminutive Belgian Hymans of the shock of grey hair, or that extraordinary mongoloid type, Titulescu, who gave some people the creeps, just to look at him. And Rio Branco of Brazil, behind his huge cigar.

A Scot called Eric Drummond with a 10 Downing Street secretarial reputation moved to and fro busy with the agenda, which included adoption of the World Court, of the Financial and Economic Sections and the Mandates Commission, and admission to membership of Austria and Bulgaria, as if to emphasise the continued shameful rabies of a third ex-enemy. Turkey was unspeakable and

ARTHUR HENDERSON, to whom the shattered and derided Disarmament Conference, over which he presided, was certainly a tragedy

EDOUARD BENES will never again visit Geneva, which made him. As President, he must stick in Prague

By

Ferdinand Tuohy

Marble Halls

*L*ORD ROBERT CECIL *is as keen and active now in the service of the League as he was in the* 1918–1919 *drafting days*

in surface to the Chateau of Versailles, capable in just one of its halls, and is costing £1,750,000

beginning to shake at the knees before bandits called Kemalists—I had just come from there. Russia, of course, had gone berserk.

Yet did it much matter ? Wasn't the League just to be an enforcer of Versailles, and beyond that a newcomer rather to smile broadly at ?

The Nineteen-Twenties jerk by. . . .

For five years the League presided nominally over the most distraught and violence-ridden Europe of modern history, the real executive being the Paris Council of Ambassadors of the four Victory Powers. In 1924–5, change came, most promisingly so. Europe revived economically, Locarno raised hopes Alp-high, and the League's prestige only grew until 1930 or thereabouts. Geneva's career can be quite clearly put in four phases. Phase three arrived with the end of prosperity, and continued until 1935 amid a relentless all-round deterioration. Phase four we entered when one League member murderously assaulted a second and got away with it. We are plumb in phase four now and the League should, during it, disintegrate or begin surviving indefinitely.

A picture on a screen set all the above thoughts going. In the new and fabulous Palace of the League, equal in surface to the Château of Versailles, costing £1,750,000 and capable of parking 600 delegates and 500 newspapermen in just one of its halls, authorised guides show the visitor a short length of film depicting promoters and lions of the League now all dead or out of it. You can applaud or remain silent, as you choose. A pungent stage whisper, by a woman tourist, is related. The guide was rolling off " This section was photographed when Monsieur Briand was making his speech saying that as long as he lived there would be no more war " when a voice came : " *Mais il est mort maintenant.*"

With an old League hand the projection had the expected effect of peopling these great marble halls of Ariana with ghosts, with the wraiths of those who during the first sixteen years—" a mere flash of time,"

(*Continued on page* 134)

*R*AMSAY MACDONALD *at Geneva. He never got away with it at the League, where he was not liked, although he did register two good marks—bringing back Germany to the Disarmament Conference and, later, when he tabled the British disarming plan*

Left:
*D*OLLFUSS, *the tragic " Pocket Dictator " of Austria, visited Geneva only once, but he became instantly a popular favourite*

*P*IERRE LAVAL *(left) arriving at Geneva to attend a meeting of the League. Of Laval naught need be said beyond that he sold the League for the prospect of Italian support—to-day further off than ever*

When the Children Grow Up

THERE had been a long silence in the room, when David, who was sprawling on a very ancient sofa, put down his paper and called across to his mother :

" Darling, how much is it going to matter if I give you ten shillings short this week ? "

Clara looked up from the sock she was darning. She said :

" You'll have to take a chance on having no meat, that's all ; I don't expect for a minute Mr. Green will 'leave' another week, and if I'm ten shillings short I shan't be able to pay him and the milkman as well. . . ."

Clara's soft, creamy voice had a resigned note to it ; her eyes were unsmiling and her mouth was pursed into the shape of a hard little rosebud.

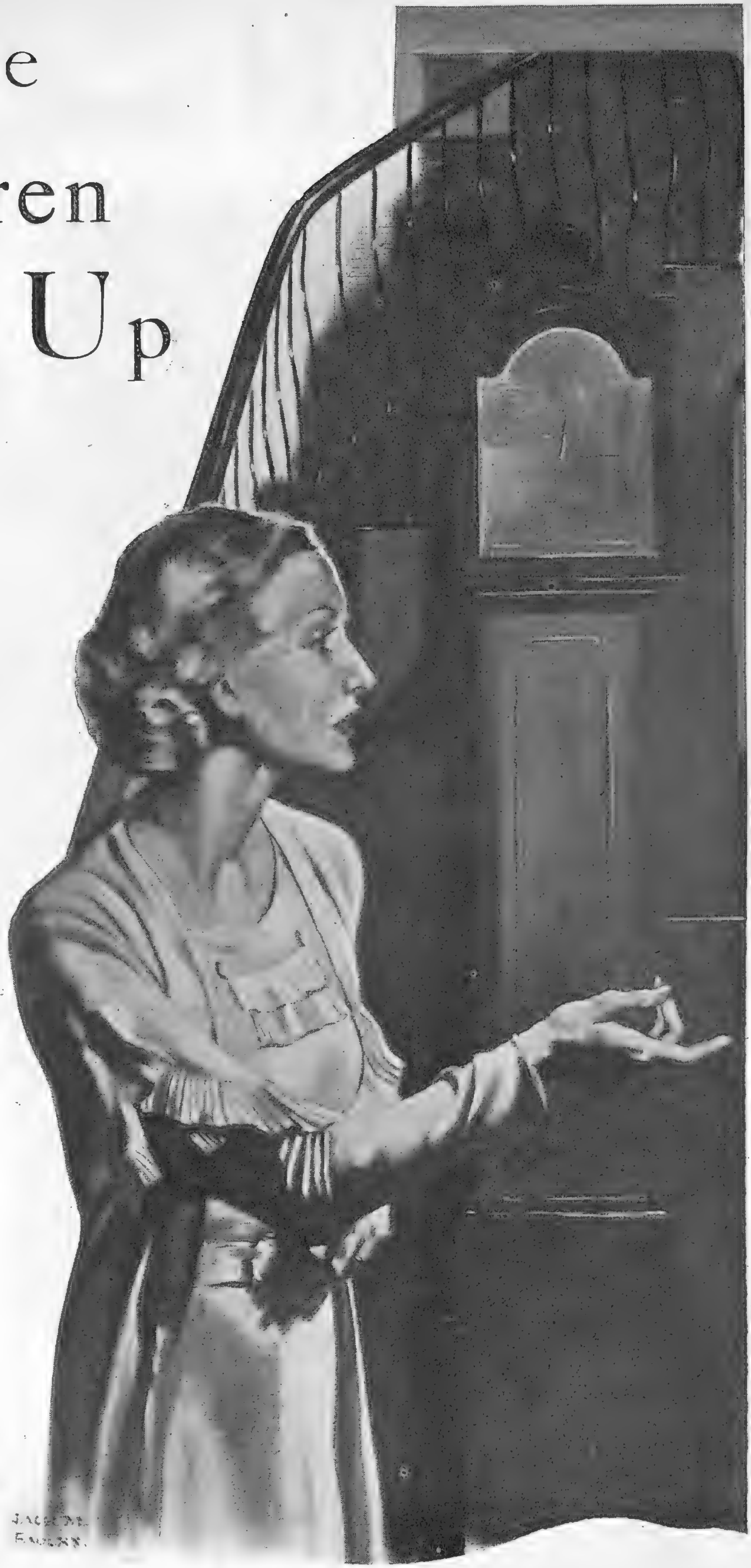
David merely grinned.

" Darling, I really prefer chicken and fish to roasts and steaks, you know."

Clara wouldn't laugh at him ; she pretended not to hear. This was the third time in three weeks that David had paid her short for his board and lodging. A wave of acute self-pity came over Clara. David didn't care—none of her three children cared—how she had to scheme and struggle so as to keep a roof over their heads and give them appetising, nourishing meals. Only a month ago there'd been " Young Austin," fresh from college and with a ready-made job for him in a stockbroker's office, thrusting forward his obstinate chin and telling her :

" Mums, I'd rather starve than go into an office, and that's all there is to it ! "

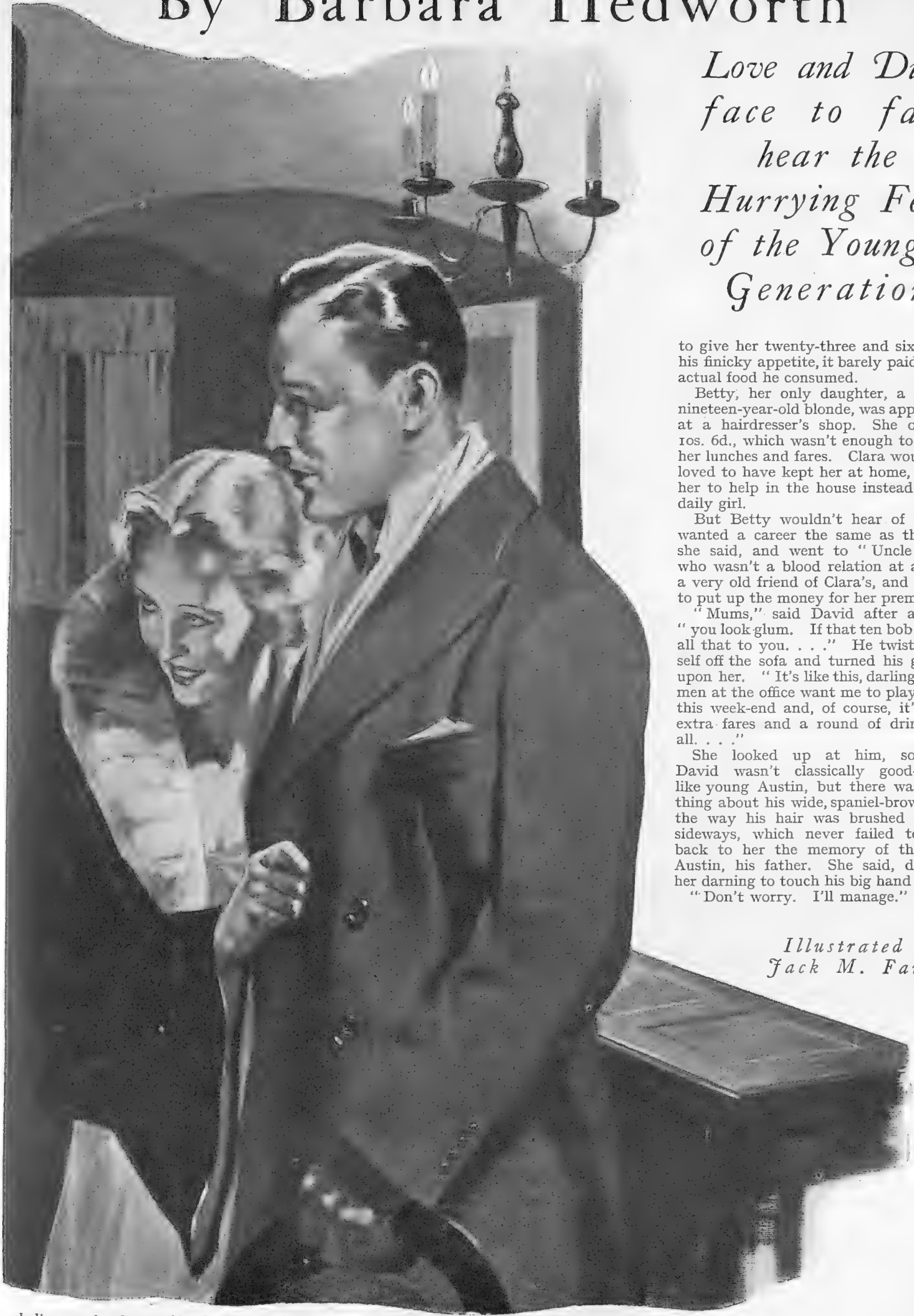
Eighteen he was and looking like a sun-god with his smooth, corn-gold hair, his fearless blue eyes ; that chin of his which dared you to do anything to annoy him. Clara hadn't really been surprised that he'd been able to wheedle round his rich maiden Aunt Edith—with whom Clara hadn't been on speaking terms for twenty years, not since she'd made that unforgettable remark about a special orphanage for the children of ex-officers—to pay for his course at the school of acting ; and because of that fierce special love she had for her youngest child, Clara refused loyally to hold it against him that he hadn't bothered who was going to keep him all the while he was learning to be an actor. Two pounds ten he'd have started with if he had gone into the stockbroking office. Clara had worked it out that he could have easily spared fifteen shillings toward the family exchequer. David, earning three-ten as an insurance clerk, was supposed



CLARA went into the hall. " Oh, Betty," she gasped. Betty was smiling. There

By Barbara Hedworth

Love and Duty face to face hear the Hurrying Feet of the Younger Generation



darling, we thought something had happened," was a new softness about her eyes . . .

to give her twenty-three and six. With his finicky appetite, it barely paid for the actual food he consumed.

Betty, her only daughter, a dazzling nineteen-year-old blonde, was apprenticed at a hairdresser's shop. She only got 10s. 6d., which wasn't enough to pay for her lunches and fares. Clara would have loved to have kept her at home, having her to help in the house instead of the daily girl.

But Betty wouldn't hear of it. She wanted a career the same as the boys, she said, and went to "Uncle Clive," who wasn't a blood relation at all, only a very old friend of Clara's, and got him to put up the money for her premium.

"Mums," said David after a pause, "you look glum. If that ten bob matters all that to you. . . ." He twisted himself off the sofa and turned his grin full upon her. "It's like this, darling. Some men at the office want me to play squash this week-end and, of course, it'll mean extra fares and a round of drinks and all. . . ."

She looked up at him, softening. David wasn't classically good-looking like young Austin, but there was something about his wide, spaniel-brown eyes, the way his hair was brushed smartly sideways, which never failed to bring back to her the memory of the other Austin, his father. She said, dropping her darning to touch his big hand:

"Don't worry. I'll manage."

Illustrated by
Jack M. Faulks

He smiled. That unforgettably sweet smile of his father.

"You're a sport, Mums." She felt a light kiss dropped on the tip of her nose. "I'm going out now; got to meet Greg in the 'local' for a game of billiards. You won't be lonely; young Austin should be back soon, shouldn't he . . . and Betty. . . ."

Clara loved him for minding about her loneliness.

"Run along and have a good time, David."

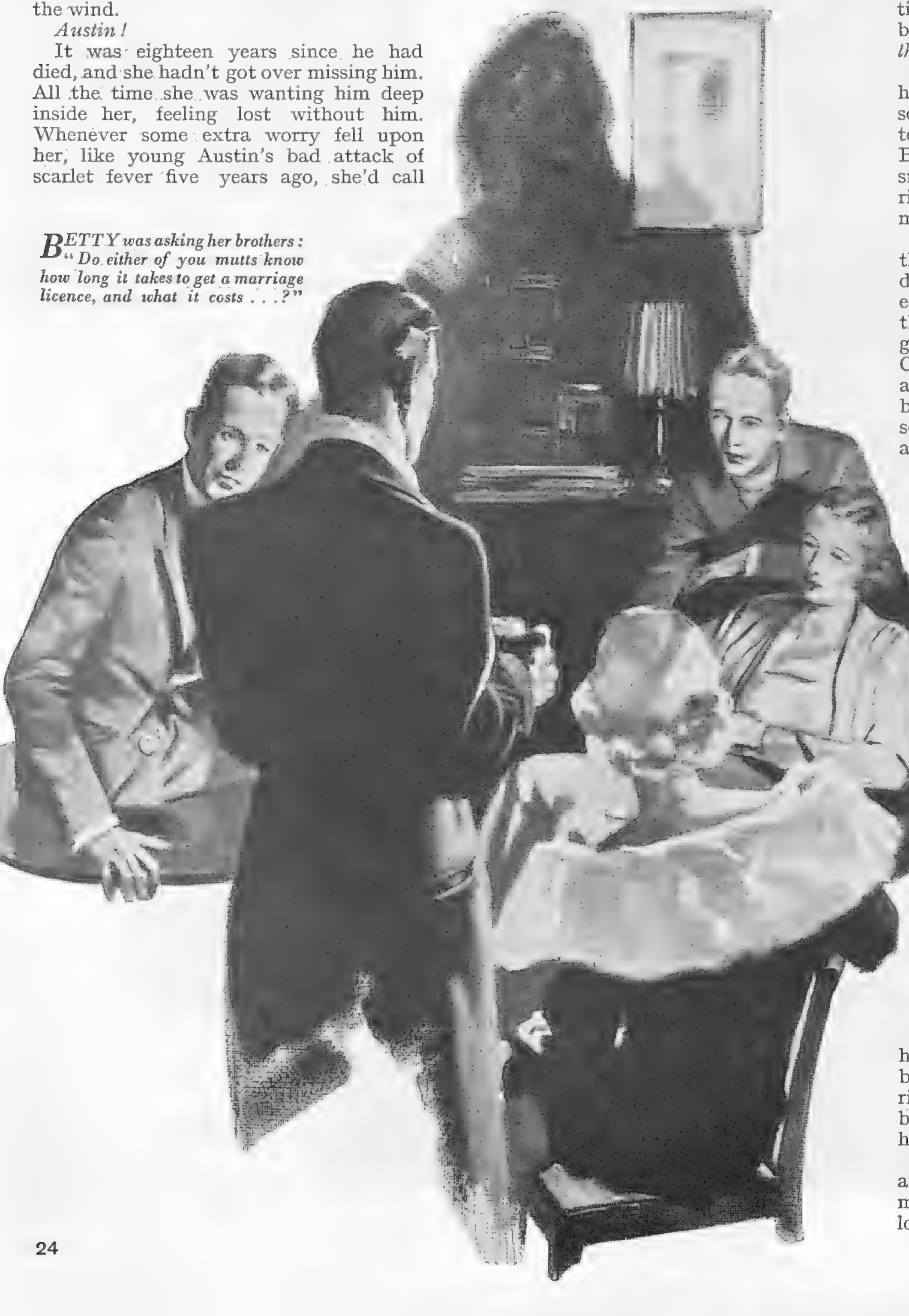
SHE kept smiling until she heard him close the hall door behind him; then her still pretty pink-and-white, heart-shaped face crumpled. She looked absurdly like a baby about to cry and, as always, when the bills seemed like defeating her, when something within her whispered that the children weren't playing up, her thoughts rushed back twenty-two or so years, dragging forth all the ecstatic glamour of the first years of her marriage, a happiness which had blown out quickly like the extinguishing of a lighted candle by an unexpected puff of the wind.

Austin!

It was eighteen years since he had died, and she hadn't got over missing him. All the time she was wanting him deep inside her, feeling lost without him. Whenever some extra worry fell upon her, like young Austin's bad attack of scarlet fever five years ago, she'd call aloud "Austin, Austin, *darling!*" just as she used to call to him to pick up her ball of wool which had fallen to the ground or when she wanted her gloves fetched from upstairs.

In those days she and Austin had lived in a tall, elegant house in Knightsbridge. Clara had had servants to wait on her; she ordered what she wanted without so much as glancing at the cost, and had the bills sent to Austin's office. Austin had been a rich man in those days. David was born in the second year of their marriage, in 1913, and Austin put him down for Eton before he was a week old.

Then suddenly the war had been upon them and Austin had gone to France, and their income became drastically less and less each month. Betty arrived in the autumn of 1915. Clara, who went on believing from day to day that the Germans couldn't possibly hold out another month, and so certain that nothing could happen to Austin, even when he was in the thick of the fighting in Flanders, had wired him joyously about the advent of their daughter.



BETTY was asking her brothers: "Do either of you mutts know how long it takes to get a marriage licence, and what it costs . . .?"

When Austin came along, in the March of 1918, Clara and her babies had moved from the elegant house in Knightsbridge to this shabby semi-detached villa in West Kensington. Clara accepted the change with cheerful resignation. Resignedly she got rid of her servants and bathed her babies and cooked for them. Never, never did she think that Austin would be killed two days before the Armistice. In fact, she had run gladly to meet the telegraph boy who brought her the fatal wire, so sure that it was from Austin himself announcing an unexpected leave.

EVEN in the first black, swirling mists of her grief, when the ugly realisation forced itself starkly upon her shattered consciousness that she would never see Austin again, and that there was hardly any money, she didn't lose her belief in life. She gave to her children all the love held for Austin and lacerated by his death. When the things were particularly gloomy and difficult she looked optimistically into the future and comforted herself thinking of the time when her heavy task and responsibilities would be lifted from her—"*when the children had grown up.*"

Just a few years—and it was amazing how quickly time slipped by—and her sons would be looking after her as tenderly as their father had done; and Betty, fantastically lovely even as a small girl, would make a splendid marriage and live in the country and have her mother coming to pay long visits.

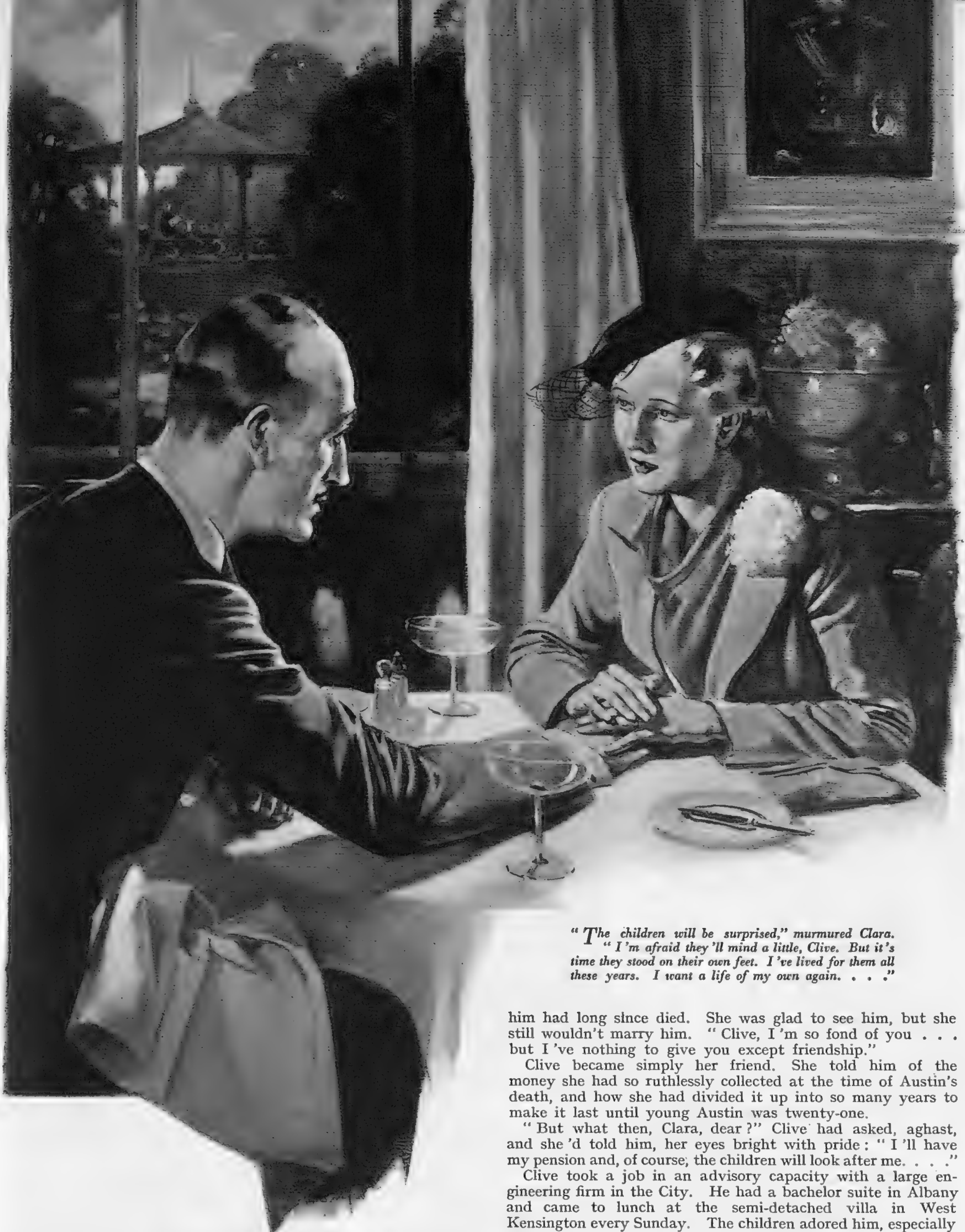
For the children's sake, Clara broke through her natural reserve; she smashed down her sensitiveness and wrote to everyone who had known Austin, asking them for financial help. David couldn't go to Eton, but she managed Dulwich College for him until he matriculated, and sent Austin after him. She stopped bothering about her own clothes, but somehow she saw to it that Betty was always the best dressed little girl at her High School in Kensington. With the help of a "daily girl" she contrived to keep the children's home bright and cosy. On the day before their Christmas parties she was up until midnight making cakes and trifles and jellies so that their table should be as generously laden as those of their well-to-do little friends.

CLIVE ROGERS, who had been Austin's best friend, and who couldn't quite forgive Fate that it had allowed Austin to be killed instead of himself, came to Clara first just a month after her husband's death. He took her hands; she saw that his hawk-like grey eyes were moist.

"My dear, let me look after you and the children," Clive had begged.

Clara had been relieved at first, thinking he was offering her money. Then he blurted it all out how he had loved her right back in the days when she'd only been engaged to Austin, and she realised he was asking her to marry him.

She sent him away, unreasonably angered against him. Her temper flared, making her quiet, periwinkle blue eyes look as though sharp little lamps had



"The children will be surprised," murmured Clara. "I'm afraid they'll mind a little, Clive. But it's time they stood on their own feet. I've lived for them all these years. I want a life of my own again. . . ."

been lit behind them, while she accused him of a treachery towards the dead and vowed that she would rather see the children starve than another man standing in the place of their father. A few weeks later Clive wrote to her saying he was going to India on a big engineering contract and enclosed a cheque for two hundred pounds. Clara's first instinct had been to send it back, torn into little shreds; then she remembered the children and put the money on deposit in the bank. It had nearly paid for David and Austin's schooling.

She didn't see him again for another six years, when he came back to England for good. Her unfair anger against him had long since died. She was glad to see him, but she still wouldn't marry him. "Clive, I'm so fond of you . . . but I've nothing to give you except friendship."

Clive became simply her friend. She told him of the money she had so ruthlessly collected at the time of Austin's death, and how she had divided it up into so many years to make it last until young Austin was twenty-one.

"But what then, Clara, dear?" Clive had asked, aghast, and she'd told him, her eyes bright with pride: "I'll have my pension and, of course, the children will look after me. . . ."

Clive took a job in an advisory capacity with a large engineering firm in the City. He had a bachelor suite in Albany and came to lunch at the semi-detached villa in West Kensington every Sunday. The children adored him, especially Betty. Occasionally he took Clara to dinner, but mostly they went out *en famille*. David and young Austin and Betty could count on "Uncle Clive" for a pantomime in the Christmas holidays, a river trip and days out in the country in his car in the summer. He never forgot their birthdays or to tip them generously before going back to school.

Clara told herself it was principally for the children's sake that she was so grateful for Clive's steadfast devotion. Carrying always the burden of her sorrow, the never-ending ache of loneliness for Austin hugged secretly in her heart, she'd always been so determined to make their lives gay and unclouded, and having Clive around

(*Continued on page* 98)

Hollywood's Haunted House

By Margaret Chute

The Building where Stars of Yesterday Once Reigned; Now Inhabited by the Stars of To-day

A quartette who have used star dressing-rooms at Paramount. (Left to right), Clara Bow, Carmen Barnes, Pola Negri, and Richard Dix.

ALTHOUGH the film industry is still several years short of its half-century, there is more than one haunted house in Hollywood. Ghosts of the stars of yesterday wander along corridors, huddle in corners, stroll silently through the brief twilight of California. Where once they ruled with such magnificence there is only emptiness, with wisps of Memory brushing past when twilight shrouds the clamour of the studios. Memory—that alone reminds us of Yesterday's Stars.

At the Paramount Studios, off Melrose Avenue, to the south of Hollywood, there is a long, narrow, double-fronted building that holds more of the romance, victory, and defeat that belong to the screen than most of the rest of Hollywood put together. To workers in the studio it is known simply as "The Dressing-Room Building." To film audiences it has been revealed, without their knowledge, in fifty different disguises. For its façade goes through a process of transformation over and over again, so that it may appear in different films, looking utterly unlike itself.

On one side this remarkable edifice is plain-fronted, with a series of porticoed doorways, shrubs growing between them nearly to the height of the ground-floor windows. There is a wide pavement outside the long building; graceful trees are planted at intervals at the pavement edge. The reverse side of this Jekyll and Hyde building is entirely different. It is gabled. It is grey-fronted. Part of it is half-timbered, and a narrow strip of grass runs its full length, except where broken by two entrance flights of steps. There are no trees on that side of the building, but shrubs and flowers grow out of the grass close to the walls.

The original front is the one I described first. When I knew the studio in its early days, ten years ago, the other half of the building did not exist. There was just the flat-faced grey stone front, with its porticoes

Fred Hitch, for twelve years guardian and janitor of Paramount's Dressing-Room Building. He has watched players move from the top floor (for beginners) to the ground floor, where the stars have their dressing-rooms. On the little orange-and-white cards in the wooden register which hangs on the wall over his desk, Hitch has written and erased the names of some of the most famous people on the screen

The Paramount Dressing-Room Building, off Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. In this building many film stars have put on clothes and make-up for rôles which have made them famous

The dressing-room at Paramount, personally designed and equipped by Gary Cooper. With natural pine-walls, stern furniture, deer heads and the absence of ornamentation, the room is thoroughly masculine—characteristic of the star who dresses in it

White and blue comprise the colour scheme of the studio dressing-rooms of Claudette Colbert, Paramount player. This popular star is seated at a white antique table answering her fan mail

George Raft in his Paramount dressing-room. This star only drinks " soft drinks " ; he has had installed a " radio bar " for his friends' enjoyment. He recently returned to Hollywood from a vacation in New York, his first holiday in three years

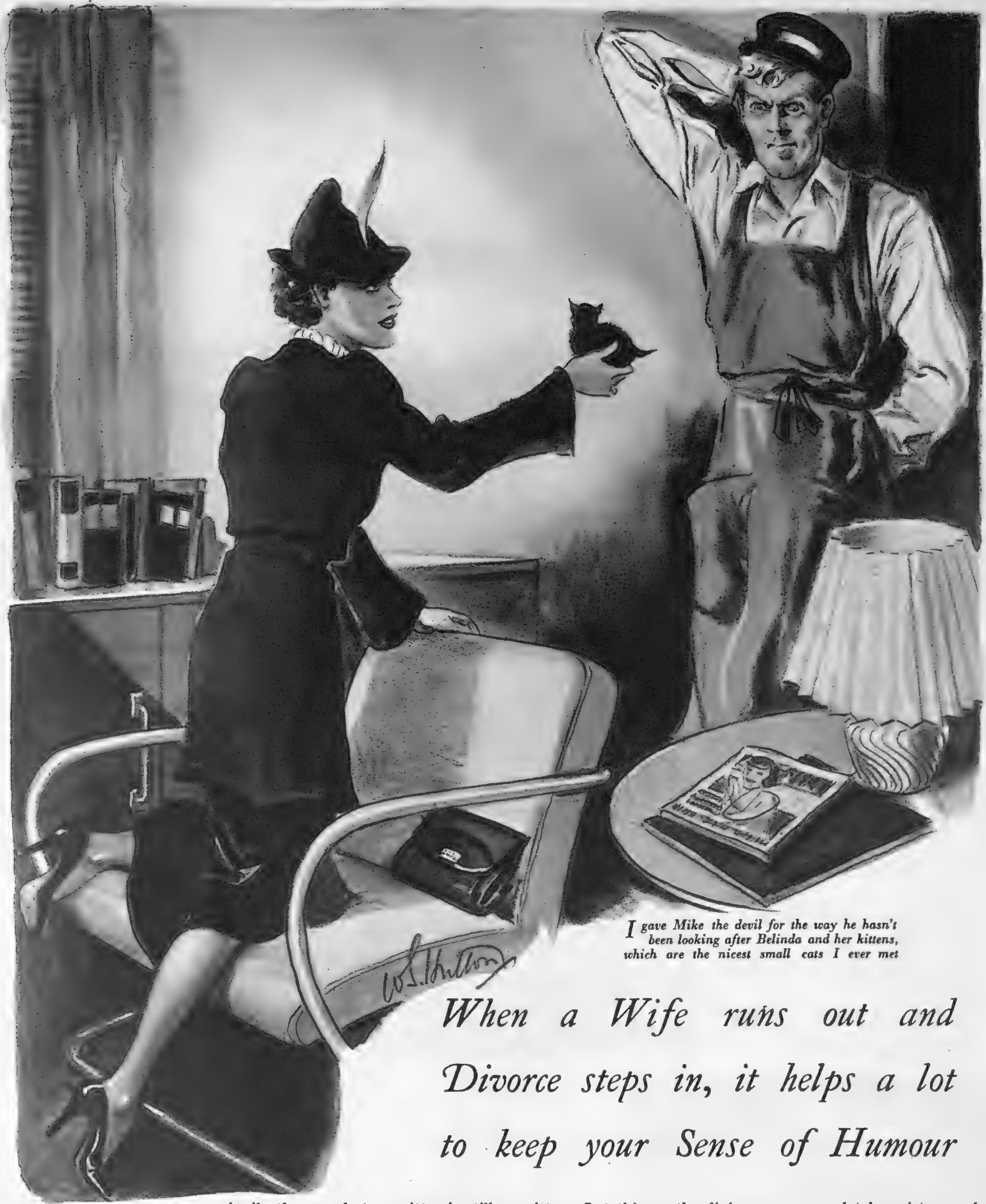
Ida Lupino, after working steadily and hard for Paramount for over two years, has earned a star dressing-room in the famous Dressing-Room Building

and shallow steps, its trees and the narrow roadway along which stars could drive their cars to the very door of their dressing-rooms. They are not permitted to do so any more, except in very special cases.

Shirley Temple, for example, when she worked in this studio in " Little Miss Marker " and " Now and Forever," was allowed to proceed by car right through the gates and climb out opposite the open door of her dressing-room, which once belonged to Clara Bow. Maria Sieber, daughter of Marlene Dietrich, had the same rule broken on her behalf when she appeared with her mother in some brief scenes in " The Scarlet Empress," at the height of the kidnapping threats against her. To defeat the kidnappers, little Maria was permitted to drive to the door of the dressing-room, which still bears her mother's name on the Register of Rooms.

The front of the building faces a lawn, with a fountain at one end ; that lawn, once quite large, grows smaller month by month as new buildings are required for the ever-spreading studio. But some trees and grass still remain. Two hideous fire-escapes trail their lank length down the face of the building. These are very necessary, since there is only one entrance at the front and one on the reverse side for the first and second floors. But on the ground floor, in the front, each dressing-room has its own special door, with a painted number and a small knocker. Stars using these rooms walk directly from the pavement into their own suites.

The Dressing-Room Building begins at the west (*Continued on page* 148)



I gave Mike the devil for the way he hasn't been looking after Belinda and her kittens, which are the nicest small cats I ever met

When a Wife runs out and Divorce steps in, it helps a lot to keep your Sense of Humour

April 4th.

DEAR BILL,—After what happened last night I am leaving you. Fun is fun, but a left to the jaw is still a left. You can let me know at Mother's what you want to do about the apartment, divorce, etc., etc.

Anyway, it was fun while it lasted. Sorry.
CARA.

April 5th.

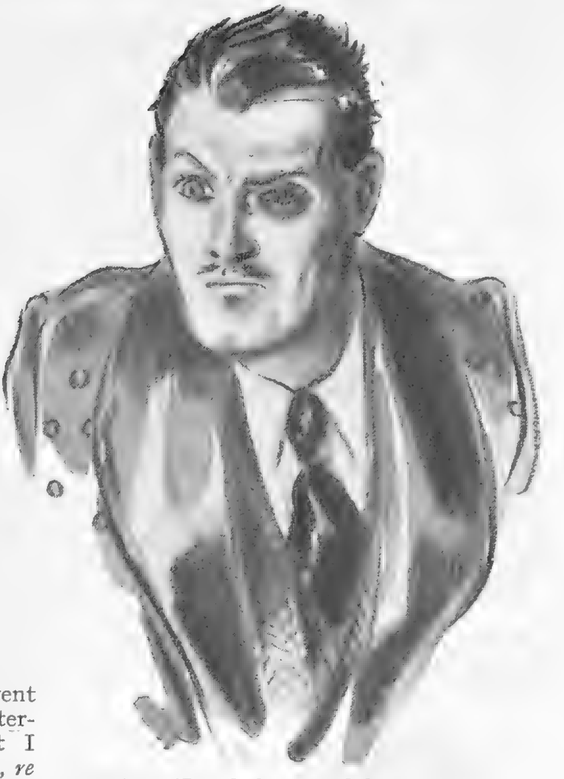
ALL RIGHT, CARA,—Have it your own way. A left to the jaw is still a left, but a quitter is still a quitter. Let this be a lesson to you. Ladies with glass jaws shouldn't play with the bric-à-brac.

Anyway, I got a kick out of discovering that you are a normal woman at heart, because they always told me that a fleeing wife should prop a note against something on the bureau, like her husband's collar-box, and I was glad to see you observe the niceties. Wasn't it pretty *passé* to go to your Mother's place, though? I can just see you arriving at the front door, garbed in your best but tight-lipped and entering the living-room completely mistress of yourself. Probably you kissed your Mother (that 's something I won't have to do any more, anyway), and then, picking the dramatic moment, you broke down and announced, " Mother, I have left William ! " Not " I have left Bill," but " I have left William ! " Who is this guy William, anyway ? I never heard of him, except from your principal female relative.

Well, anyway, I read your note and I was glad to see you had not selected our mutual friend Mr. Francis Barclay

A Cat *can look at* A Duchess

By Leslie Roberts



I HAD *a look at my left eye and noted that the delicate bluish tinge was still pronounced*

for shelter. I think you would have had more fun *chez* Barclay, of course, because although I have never grown overly-fond of the precise little squirt, he probably knows the answers better than Madame Queen, or whatever she is in the Daughters of Eighteen Twelve. You're going to find that the clubwoman atmosphere gets you down after awhile, Cara. At least you will always look more natural to me in the graceful postures of tossing a coffee pot than pointing with pride to the flag, or something. (Remember the night Ventura Jones wrapped herself in bunting and gave her imitation of your mother at Bunker Hill ?) Personally I think it's going to be pretty tough on you until you crack down on your next licence-bureau victim.

To tell you the truth, Mrs. Hapgood (You don't mind if I call you Mrs. Hapgood, do you ?), I haven't been able to make any plans yet, because last night was a sort of colourful evening. First, after reading your going-away letter, I had a look at my left eye and noted that the delicate bluish tinge, where it connected with the book-end you accidentally threw towards it, was still pronounced. So, I thought, I'd better ease it a little with raw beef before doing anything about anything else, as it would probably look better then. Well, that disposed of the steak you were kind enough to leave in the ice-box, so there didn't seem to be anything to do after that but go out and eat. So I phoned Charles Vipond, and I said, "Charles, my wife has left me. Would you like to go out to dinner ?" and Charles said yes, he would. So we met at the Chien d'Or for an *apéritif*, because you have to be civilised when your wife leaves you, not wearing your heart on your sleeve, even though you may be wearing the imprint of a book-end on your left eye. Well, one thing led to another, and at two o'clock or so Charles and I found ourselves over at Gilda Woolatt's, discussing your departure and receiving her condolences for same. After that Charles went home and I went home, because I couldn't very well go to the office in a black tie (I forgot to tell you Charles and I were dinner-coated, didn't I ? That was because we decided to take Gilda and Mona Gordon to dinner with us.) So I read your note again and had a shower, and then I read your note and decided to hell with the office and went to bed. It is now five o'clock this afternoon and good form dictates that I acknowledge yours of the fourth inst., *re* departure, attention our Mr. Hapgood, before I eat my first breakfast as an ex-husband. Other matters will have to wait until I can get around to them, as I am going to be very busy. Meanwhile, yours received and contents noted. It was, as you point out, fun while it lasted.

Your former husband,

BILL.

RIVERVIEW HALL,
CRANSTON, PA.
April 6th.

DEAR BILL :

You don't need to bother telling me about your brawls, or what you did at Gilda Woolatt's apartment, because neither interests me in the least. What I am interested in now is what arrangements you want to make. I mean I have to get my things from the apartment and see my lawyer and start the divorce and everything, haven't I ? I am planning to see Greg Halton about this right away, only I want to be sure everything is done the way you want it, simply because I don't want to give you the chance to go around calling me a heel. So will you please tell me what steps you want me to take ?

Mother, I ought to tell you, is furious about the whole business, and knew it was bound to end in disaster because none of the Hapgoods has ever been the kind of man a woman can trust her happiness to, she says. I realise now that I ought to have listened to her in the first place. Well, anyway, from now on I can repay her kindness by trying to be the sort of daughter I ought to have been, forgetting the environment I lived in with you and making something of myself. I don't even know why I should be talking to you like this at all, after the way you've treated me, except that I want you to know just how I am feeling about everything. Please hurry up and help me get everything started, so I can forget the whole miserable business and start my life over again under decent auspices. What do you want me to do ?

CARA.

CROWNLEIGH APARTMENTS,
CRANSTON, PA.
April 7th.

DEAR CARA :

By all means see Greg at once and tell him he can talk to Larry Conley, who will be my second. Glad to hear you are going to start life again, which means with Mr. Francis Auspices Barclay, I suppose. That will be all right with me.

It also pleases me to hear that you

Illustrations by W. S. Hutton

intend to make something of yourself. They tell me the Cubs are still looking for a left-handed pitcher.

You can send to the apartment any time you like for your stuff. Just to be formal, I am sending the key over to Larry, who will send it to Halton, who will send it to you, so you can send somebody over to get what you want. Never let it be said that the Hapgoods are not sticklers for form.

We can arrange a division of the spoils later through the MM. Conley and Halton, but I want it understood now that when Belinda hatches her next litter of kittens they belong to me, as your departure predeceases their arrival. Incidentally, I gather the gal has again selected my silk hat as the scene of the impending miracle, so I have removed the cover from the box, to save her as much worry as possible in these trying last few days. That way she doesn't miaouw as much.

My eye is nearly better. How's your jaw?

BILL.

P.S.—What your mother is isn't furious, but just her natural sweet self. Has she got you carrying the flag in the Daughters of Eighteen Twelve yet?

P.P.S.—And while we are talking about families, leave the rest of the Hapgoods out of this.

RIVERVIEW HALL,
CRANSTON, PA.
April 8th.

DEAR BILL:

Thank you for the key. I have decided to come to the apartment myself and get my things, and wondered if it would be all right on Saturday afternoon. I have also seen Greg Halton and he is in touch with Larry Conley about everything. Please let me know if this is okay.

CARA.

HAPGOOD STEEL CORPORATION
INCORPORATED.
Office of the President,
CRANSTON, PA.
April 8th, 1936.

WILLIAM HAPGOOD, JR., ESQ.,
CROWNLEIGH APARTMENTS, CITY.

DEAR BILL:

Will you please make use of what little brains the Lord gave you and come down here and get back to work? Cara is a grand kid and I don't blame her for leaving you, but that isn't any reason why you should retire and only come down (when I'm out) to get your mail. There is something important I want you to do. Please phone me right away. If I'm out, talk to Miss Caraway.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM HAPGOOD,
WH/IC. *President.*

Note to Bill: Your dad is both mad and worried. Don't be a stupid!

IDA CARAWAY.

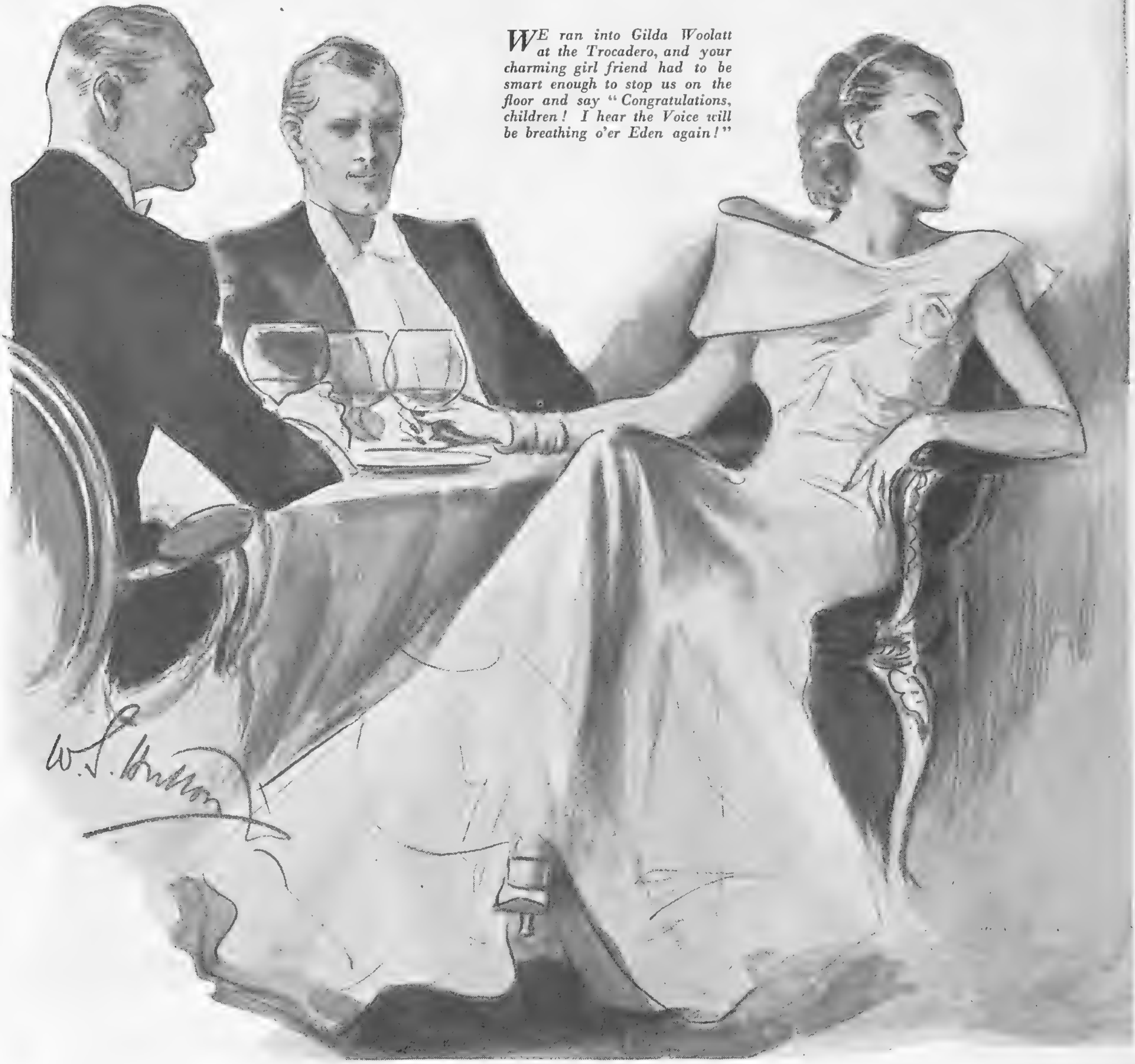
HAPGOOD STEEL CORPORATION,
INCORPORATED.
CRANSTON, PA.
April 10th, 1936.

MRS. WM. HAPGOOD, JR.,
c/o MRS. STONEHAM FOTHERGILL,
RIVERVIEW HALL, CRANSTON, PA.

DEAR CARA:

Saturday afternoon will be swell. I am going to be in Toledo.

Sincerely,
WHJ/IC. BILL.



WE ran into Gilda Woolatt at the Trocadero, and your charming girl friend had to be smart enough to stop us on the floor and say "Congratulations, children! I hear the Voice will be breathing o'er Eden again!"

RIVERVIEW HALL,
CRANSTON, PA.
April 12th.

DEAR BILL :

I went to the apartment, as you probably know, and got my things, including the rose velvet you used to like so much, because I wanted to wear it dancing that night. Incidentally I think you might at least be discreet in your talk around town, because we ran into Gilda Woolatt at the Trocadero, and your charming girl friend had to be smart enough to stop us on the floor and say, "Congratulations, children! I hear the Voice will be Breathing o'er Eden again!" It was all I could do not to scratch her eyes out, and but for the fact that I was thinking about mother, I might have done it, then and there. Honest, Bill, can't you play ball ?

CARA.

April 14th.

DEAR CARA :

This is just written in explanation. I did *not* say anything to Gilda about you and Barclay, because what you do is your own business. All I told her was that you left me because I socked you. You did, didn't you ?

And don't add eye-scratching to your other accomplishments. Remember you're the daughter of a Daughter of Eighteen Twelve, and the way to slap them down in effete circles is to give them the dotted-line look and then throw your chest in their faces, the way your mother does. Good for eight yards from scrimmage any time. How is she anyway ? Give her my love. I think she's swell—from here.

BILL.

RIVERVIEW HALL,
CRANSTON, PA.
April 16th.

DEAR BILL :

It certainly seems funny to be signing papers dating you with Extreme Cruelty, and I have to admit it made me feel like a heel, after the times I tossed things at you and then ran out on you as soon as you threw the first left. But it had to be like this, Bill, because it would never have been the same, once you had socked me back.

I hear that you and Gilda Woolatt are making plenty of fun and games around the haunts. Darn it, if you're going to act like this I'll drag her into the case, see if I don't. What you do after I get my degree will be none of my affair. You can even marry her if you want to. But until I graduate, please remember I am still Mrs. William Hapgood, with a kick coming. If you will compare my behaviour with your own you will see what I mean. So far, twelve days out, I have only seen F.B. three times, and once was at a dinner party at mother's, which obviously doesn't count. Sometimes I can hardly bear him—but you wouldn't be interested.

You said to lay off your family. All right, I will. But you lay off mother, too. I know you think this Daughter of Eighteen Twelve business is imbecilic (they're coming up to the house next week to make layettes, so I'll be knitting Little Things), but mother likes it and gets a big kick out of being Head Woman. Why not ? Anyway I never said anything against Old Bill. Old Bill is tops. But you have to admit he used to be a pretty ribald party in his day. Like father, like son.

Sincerely,

CARA.

P.S.—I signed the papers and Greg is going to talk to Larry and find out when and where you want to be served.

CROWNLEIGH APARTMENTS,
CRANSTON, PA.
April 19th.

DEAR CARA :

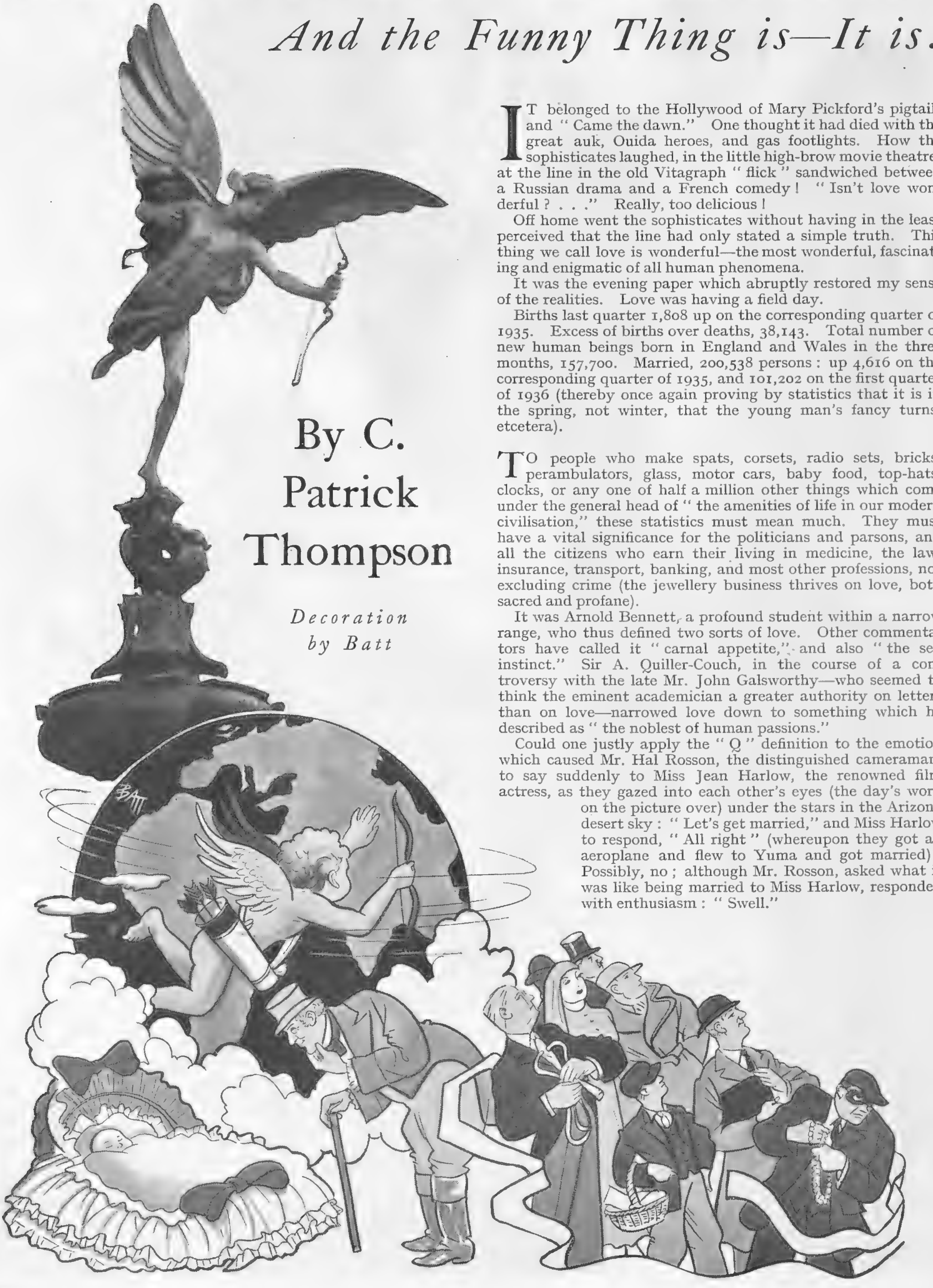
I thought you would be glad to know that I went down to Halton's office with Charles to accept service of your action designed to release you from your bandages as Mrs. William Hapgood, Jr. The meeting was a success, except that my plan to appear in formal attire was thwarted by that Persian cluck, Belinda, who, I discovered on returning to the apt. about noon, had inappropriately chosen the morning as her idea of the time to endow the Top Hat Lying-in Hospital, where she is now ensconced with quints. So Charles and I had to attend in ordinary street clothes. Too bad. After all, you get married clean; why shouldn't you dress up when the thongs are being taken off ? (*Continued on page* 87)

Isn't LOVE Wonderful?

And the Funny Thing is—It is!

By C. Patrick Thompson

Decoration by Batt



IT belonged to the Hollywood of Mary Pickford's pigtails and " Came the dawn." One thought it had died with the great auk, Ouida heroes, and gas footlights. How the sophisticates laughed, in the little high-brow movie theatre, at the line in the old Vitagraph " flick " sandwiched between a Russian drama and a French comedy! " Isn't love wonderful? . . ." Really, too delicious!

Off home went the sophisticates without having in the least perceived that the line had only stated a simple truth. This thing we call love is wonderful—the most wonderful, fascinating and enigmatic of all human phenomena.

It was the evening paper which abruptly restored my sense of the realities. Love was having a field day.

Births last quarter 1,808 up on the corresponding quarter of 1935. Excess of births over deaths, 38,143. Total number of new human beings born in England and Wales in the three months, 157,700. Married, 200,538 persons: up 4,616 on the corresponding quarter of 1935, and 101,202 on the first quarter of 1936 (thereby once again proving by statistics that it is in the spring, not winter, that the young man's fancy turns, etcetera).

TO people who make spats, corsets, radio sets, bricks, perambulators, glass, motor cars, baby food, top-hats, clocks, or any one of half a million other things which come under the general head of " the amenities of life in our modern civilisation," these statistics must mean much. They must have a vital significance for the politicians and parsons, and all the citizens who earn their living in medicine, the law, insurance, transport, banking, and most other professions, not excluding crime (the jewellery business thrives on love, both sacred and profane).

It was Arnold Bennett, a profound student within a narrow range, who thus defined two sorts of love. Other commentators have called it " carnal appetite," and also " the sex instinct." Sir A. Quiller-Couch, in the course of a controversy with the late Mr. John Galsworthy—who seemed to think the eminent academician a greater authority on letters than on love—narrowed love down to something which he described as " the noblest of human passions."

Could one justly apply the " Q " definition to the emotion which caused Mr. Hal Rosson, the distinguished cameraman, to say suddenly to Miss Jean Harlow, the renowned film actress, as they gazed into each other's eyes (the day's work on the picture over) under the stars in the Arizona desert sky: " Let's get married," and Miss Harlow to respond, " All right " (whereupon they got an aeroplane and flew to Yuma and got married)? Possibly, no; although Mr. Rosson, asked what it was like being married to Miss Harlow, responded with enthusiasm: " Swell."

For the union proved to be singularly impermanent—an odd but rather characteristic feature about the private loves of the folk who glow on silver screens in darkened theatres as the archetypes of glamour and romance.

But this is a case book note, not a criticism. And this dissertation anyway is merely to disarm at the outset those critics who will immediately want to say that this, or that, is not true love, but a false love, or a perversion of the real thing, or one of those bizarre aberrations examined scientifically by Kraft Ebing in a ponderous work not available to the general public.

I am broadminded. Here, love is love, whether it happens to be the " lurve " of the Hollywood dream factories and colonies, the " noblest of human passions " aforementioned, or just the plain ordinary love that provides work for the compilers of marriage and birth statistics, the builders of houses, and the equippers of homes.

It is an economic phenomenon. It is a social factor inseparable from any consideration of the future of England and of the great economic empires now girding their loins for battle. It is a puzzle, a bewilderment, an enchantment, a dream—and, upon occasion, a nightmare.

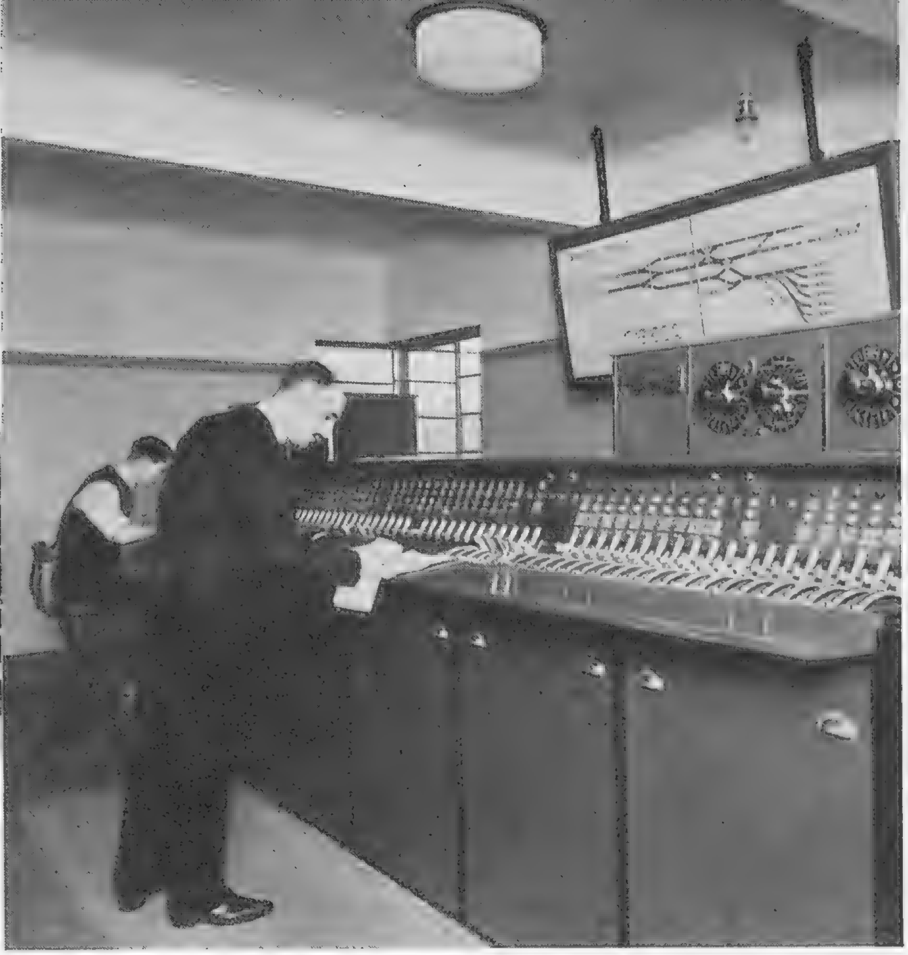
CONSIDER the population aspect. The birth-rate was 36 per 1,000 in the seventies of last century ; it is now 16. Some people deplore this. The birth-rate is indeed causing the gravest concern among some erudite authorities. One Oxford study group lately published the results of its researches, which boiled down to this : if the birth-rate trend is not reversed the population will shrink to one-fourth of its present size inside a century. Maybe the new rise in the marriage and birth-rate will cause this dismal calculation to be modified.

It was a decline in the Greek birth-rate which emptied the Greek cities and gave the Romans their chance, as Polybius indicates ; and the disaster which befell old Rome clearly began when the native Roman population declined and the rulers had to depend on alien troops, recruit the imperial guard from Holland (an insufficiency of tall Romans), and, in the end, fill all high offices, including the office of emperor, with non-Latins (Africa supplied a brace of later Roman emperors).

But we now have 46,000,000 people in the British island. I tremble to think what would happen if the birth-rate went anywhere near the rate which has resulted in this astounding overcrowding, which gives England and Wales a population density to-day of 750 to a square mile (in all the world only Monaco has a greater population density). We of the southern kingdom might have to invade the northern kingdom, which contains only 5,000,000 people in its 30,405 square miles, against 41,000,000 in the 58,337 square miles of England and Wales ; or at least dam the Scottish migration to England.

Mussolini asserts that the decline in the birth-rate has no relation to the economic situation. But a study of the official statistics issued by the Registrar-General here at regular intervals, and so quaintly titled "Births, Deaths and Marriages . . . and Cases of Certain Specified Infectious Diseases," taken in conjunction with surveys of the economic trend, indicates that the state of trade (*Continued on page* 116)

COLOUR light signals at Arnos Grove, Piccadilly Line



INSIDE the Arnos Grove signal cabin. The operator can see in a miniature illuminated diagram the entire lay-out of the underground track controlled from his cabin

Beatrix Moore describes

A Magic Box that Feels

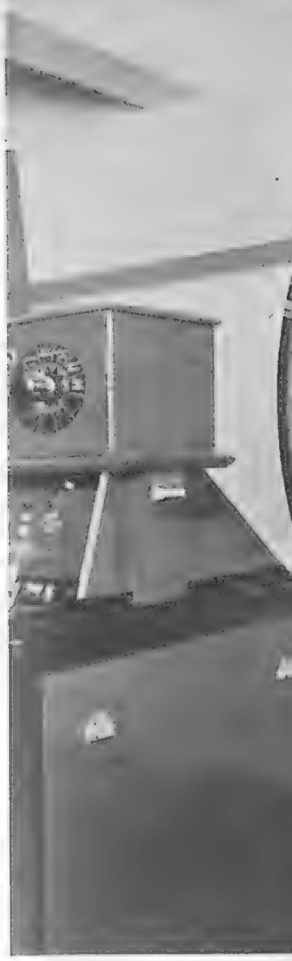
IF this is the age of scientific miracles, then I have seen miracles worked in a small steel cabin which arches its back over miles of shining metal lines. I have been in film studios and seen dare-devil camera-men at work on their trickery, and some pretty slick production; but none of it equals the slickness or trickery of the modern devices on our Underground signal service, which enables thousands of trains daily to run up to time and smoothly. Few of us, as we speed comfortably through the metropolis, realise the perfect engineering feat that has not only provided safety-devices to protect us on our journey, but so facilitated traffic working that it can determine the exact number of trains which can be safely worked.

Seated at his magic switch-board is chief magician number one—the controller—" feeling the pulse " of some thirty-two miles of scarlet and cream trains and electric gadgets, and directing an army of robots so devised that each one is self-contained in its safety, and yet dependent on the other for its service.

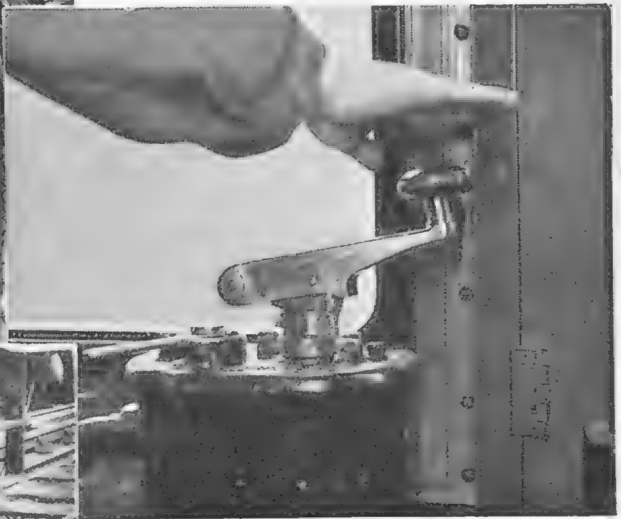
Magician number two I found inside his signal-cabin—light, airy, and quiet—except for the ordered steel clickings of the wizard's shining subjects, and the mysterious gleaming here and there of red and green lights, the " eyes " of these robot monsters, which never fail to give their warning and assurance of what is happening in the concrete caves below. Would it surprise you to know that this magician counts it all in his day's work to command 1,610 trains, work thirty-two levers which in their turn perform 13,159 operations each day? A nice little total of 4,650,000 lever operations in a year!

In front of the magician—pardon, the signalman—is an illuminated diagram on which he can actually see in miniature the entire lay-out of the underground track controlled from his cabin. Thus, while you are sitting in your train, the wily signalman, unable to see or hear you, can yet watch your train crawling silently across his chart like a stealthy black insect. And at the same moment he is also watching all the other trains coming and going in that area! For on the diagram the track is divided into lengths representing the various track circuits. When the underground track is unoccupied by trains, the track on the diagram is illuminated by electric lamps. When a train enters the track, however, the lights automatically go out, and a black patch on the diagram indicates the passing of the train.

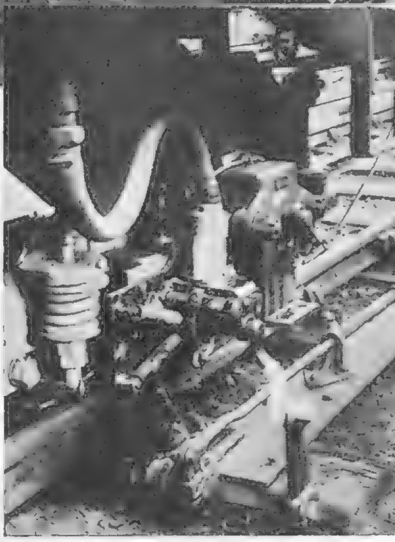
WHILE the signalman is watching the illuminated diagram his hands are busy slipping magic levers in and out of their sockets, in response to which signals and points are effectively opening and shutting the way to the network of trains below. Most modern signals and points are operated by compressed air or electric power, controlled by electric valves or circuits, so the levers in the cabins are only a few inches high as they only have to open and close circuits. An accident is virtually impossible, because the breaking of a wire or the failure of an electric current immediately causes the signal to assume " danger " position, all the signals being designed on this principle. Neither could the signalman himself make a mistake by pulling—let us suppose—a lever which would set up a conflicting route, because the levers are interlocked with one another. In fact, even if he was held up by a gunman there is an additional safeguard which makes collision between two trains impossible, for the line once occupied by a train, the signal in rear would not go " clear," as occupation of the track circuit automatically holds that signal at " danger " until the train has travelled an adequate distance. Let me explain how this happens.



THE driver can telephone to the signal box in the tunnels



THE "Dead Man's Handle." If the driver releases pressure by removing his hand power is cut off at once



TRAIN-STOP and Tip-arm. Should a train attempt to pass the signal when at danger, this device causes the brakes to be applied

IN cases of emergency the motorman and guard can communicate by telephone on the train

the Railway's Pulse

"Safety First" and Automatic Wonders of London's Underground

The running rails, as you see them, are divided into lengths of track electrically insulated from one another. Current passes along the rails on one side through an instrument called a "track relay," and then back through the rails on the other side. When current flows through the track relay its contacts are closed, thus completing a circuit for the signal controls. When a train enters the section the current, instead of passing through the track relay, travels by an easier and shorter path, through the wheels and axles of the train. The track relay contacts are therefore opened, the signal circuit is broken, and the signal goes to "danger" and remains there until the train passes out of the section controlling that signal. This makes it possible for trains to operate automatic signals which are installed at all places where there are no junctions or points.

The points themselves are controlled from inside this cabin. "Try and move this lever," grinned the magician at my elbow. I pulled frantically and fruitlessly. "That is because a train is standing on the running rails within the vicinity of these particular points," he casually explained, "and your lever has locked itself automatically."

MY particular cabin boasted the latest piece of trickery, which meant that besides the levers the point-operating mechanism itself was also electrically locked. What happens is this: A valve is operated which allows compressed air at sixty pounds per square inch to enter a cylinder and move the piston, which is coupled with the point gear. The lock is withdrawn, the switch moved over and then locked again, and the action of the signalman's lever may then be completed. Electrical locking is also provided, and prevents the signalman from moving the points after he has once given a driver the signal to pass over them.

I noticed that over the signal levers were small lamps which continually glowed red or amber. "These," said the chief magician, "are the visual indicators registering the changes from clear to danger conditions of the signals they control. A red light means that the signal is at 'danger.' When the point lever is in the unoperated position an illuminated 'N' shows that the points are in a *normal* position, mechanically and electrically locked. When the lever is pulled over in the frame, an illuminated 'R' indicates that the points are in the *reverse* position."

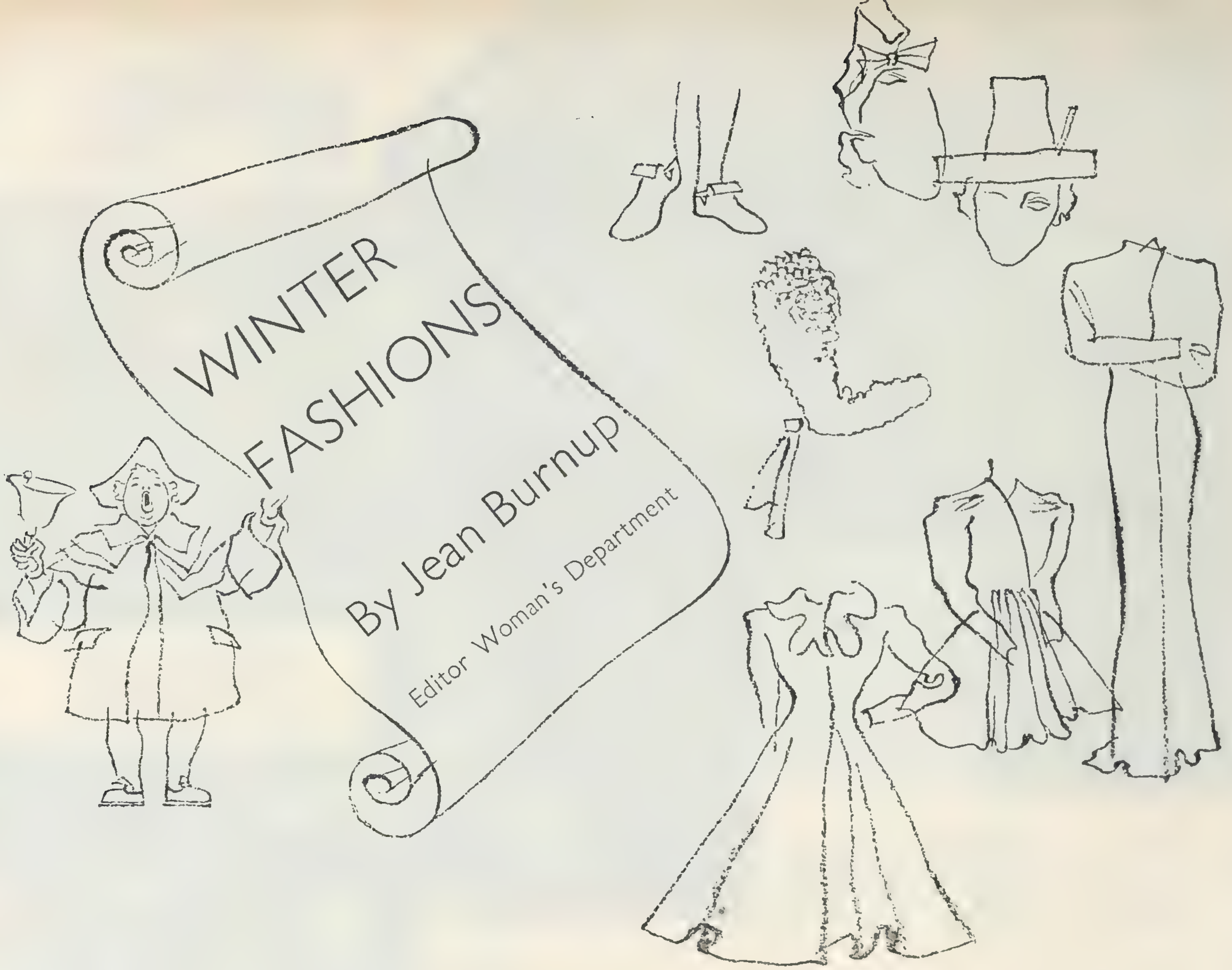
Have you ever wondered as you hurriedly glanced at the illuminated indicator on your underground platform how the names magically transformed themselves from "Inner Circle" to "Ealing Non-stop" or "Hounslow" as one train succeeded another? It's all done up there in the magician's den! There the train-describer transmitters, above the coloured visual indicators, send descriptions of destinations and non-stops to the next signal-box and intervening

(*Continued on page* 113)

WINTER FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor Woman's Department



SWING . . . A five-letter word tells you of the biggest change in line this season. FLARE . . . Another five-letter word tells the same thing. GORES . . . It seems almost a point of honour, but a little monotonous, to stick to five-letter words for the news that skirts, dresses, coats fall from the hips in a fullness that we have not seen for years.

Every designer hasn't fallen entirely for this wide circular fullness. So you can still wear straight, narrow skirts and know that you are doing well by Schiaparelli, Peter Russell, Norman Hartnell, Digby Morton, Isobel.

But even when skirts are straight and slender, there's swing and movement, circular flare in winter coats, fur coats, the full peplums of winter suits, the flared tunics of day suits and evening coats, the wide, straight-from-the-waist fullness of many evening dresses.

Up at Victor Stiebel's, however, they have gone full out for fullness. Except for evening dresses everything goes with a debonair swing. Tweed skirts, wool frocks, tweed overcoats, cloth, fur-trimmed coats, dressy, peplum'd afternoon suits flare, more or less, according to fabric and garment.

Winter coats are the swingiest. They have high, tight-fitting waists, shoulder width, circular collars in fabric or fur (mostly nutria), and wide, very full skirts, falling in great folds to the hem.

Spectator Sports, too, show many winter coats, trim at the waist, very full below, with slightly padded shoulders. They also show suit after suit with flaring three-quarter tunics, dress after dress, with tight waist, wide skirt.

ONE of the good ideas this winter is the long coat and dress that matches it, if not in fabric then in colour or trimming detail. Of course, a winter coat has to receive every dress you have. But it is good dressing to have one dress that seems to be part of your coat. It is harmonious.

Chez Hartnell, there is a dress in rust woollen—nice, simple. Its friend, the coat, is rust woollen, too, nutria trimmed, the fur crawls right up the back of the coat. Again, a smooth black coat, heavily trimmed with Persian lamb, goes over a black face-cloth dress with a deep hem of Persian lamb.

Isobel (whose collection is full of beautiful, wearable clothes) does a whole lot of these match-ups.

A beigey-tobacco coat is worn with a satin dress of the exact shade. The coat's swinging hem is trimmed with blue fox, and the match is completed with a great blue fox muff.

A straight-skirted, high-shouldered coral tweed dress goes with a coral tweed long coat, and a large flat nutria muff.

Isobel even matches fur coat colours to fabrics. A knee-length, wide-shouldered brown Indian lamb coat has its dark brown woollen frock, a twin in colour. You see the same staggering exactness in colouring in a russet green dyed moleskin short coat and cloth dress, in a golden brown seal three-quarter coat over a tweed frock.

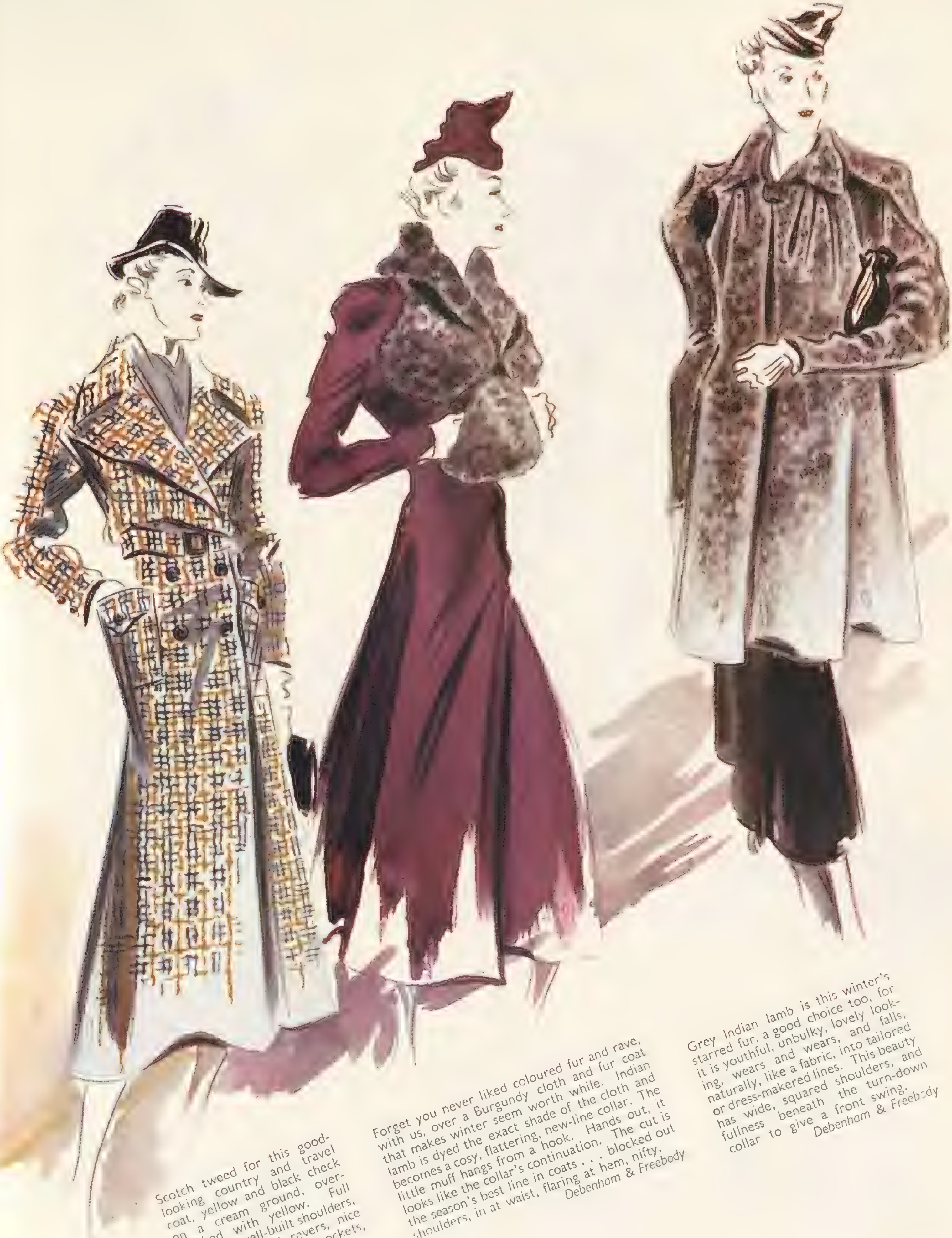
EACH season tweed suits get a little more elaborate. That doesn't sound as if it ought to look good and right. But so far, it does look good and right. So long as they know when to stop.

Peter Russell has some heavenly tweeds in this dressier school. Coats and skirts in contrast colours, the skirts, with a narrow hem edging of the coat colour, slit at the side or centre, front or back, sometimes backed with an apron flap. Interesting pockets and revers. Taffeta linings.

To almost every suit there is a gilet, either of coat or skirt fabric, with three-quarter sleeves, high neck and silk back.

You wouldn't go otter-hunting in them. Otherwise you can wear them practically everywhere, with change-over accessories.

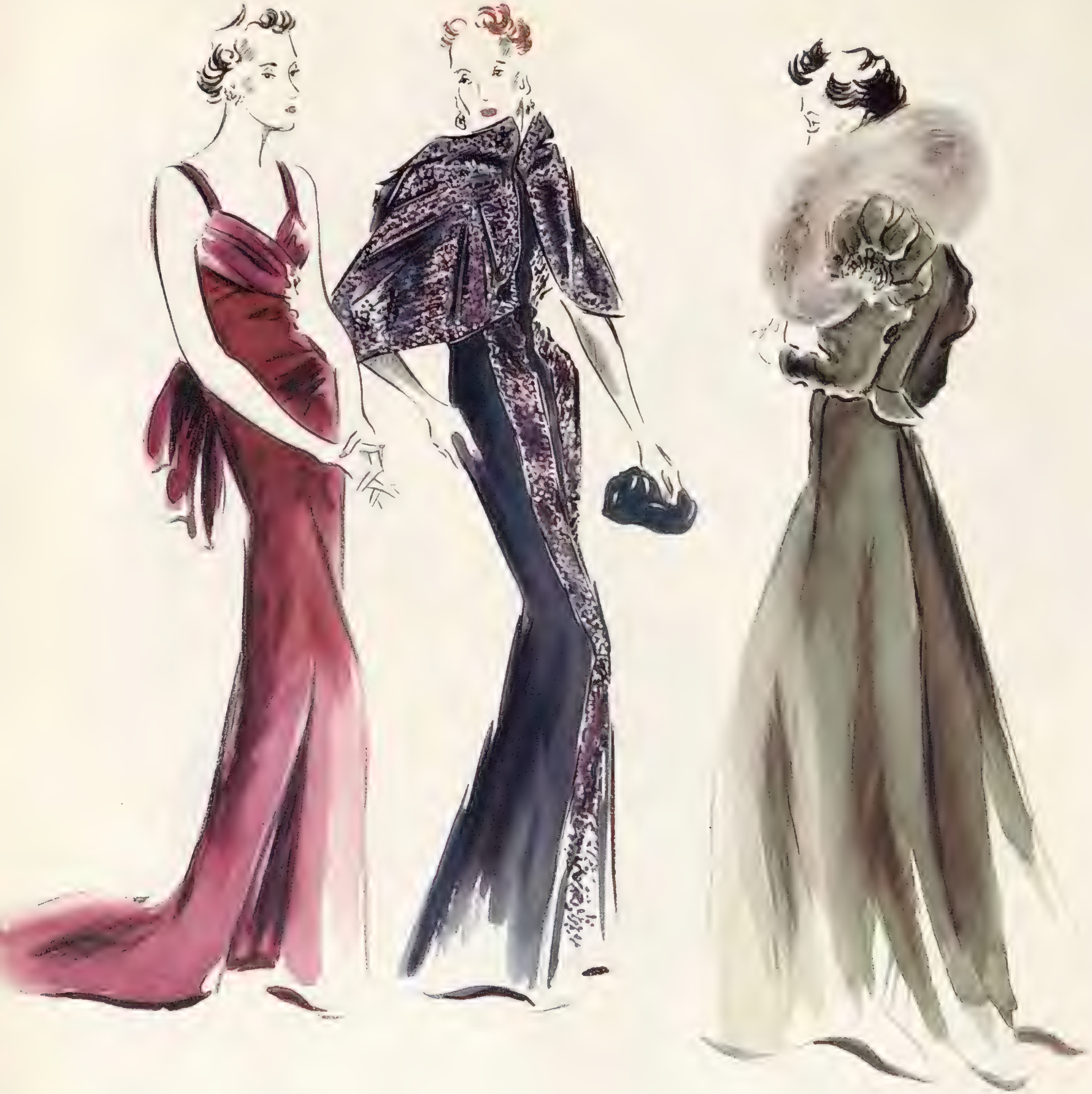
(*Continued on page* 130)



Scotch tweed for this good-looking country and travel coat, yellow and black check on a cream ground, over-checked with yellow. Full marks for well-built shoulders, wide collar and revers, nice colouring, envelope pockets, general styling. *Studd & Millington*

Forget you never liked coloured fur and rave, with us, over a Burgundy cloth and fur coat that makes winter seem worth while. Indian lamb is dyed the exact shade of the cloth and becomes a cosy, flattering, new-line collar. The little muff hangs from a hook. Hands out, it looks like the collar's continuation. The cut is the season's best line in coats . . . blocked out shoulders, in at waist, flaring at hem, nifty. *Debenham & Freebody*

Grey Indian lamb is this winter's starred fur, a good choice too, for it is youthful, unbulky, lovely looking, wears and wears, and falls, naturally, like a fabric, into tailored or dress-makered lines. This beauty has wide, squared shoulders, and fullness beneath the turn-down collar to give a front swing. *Debenham & Freebody*



STIEBEL

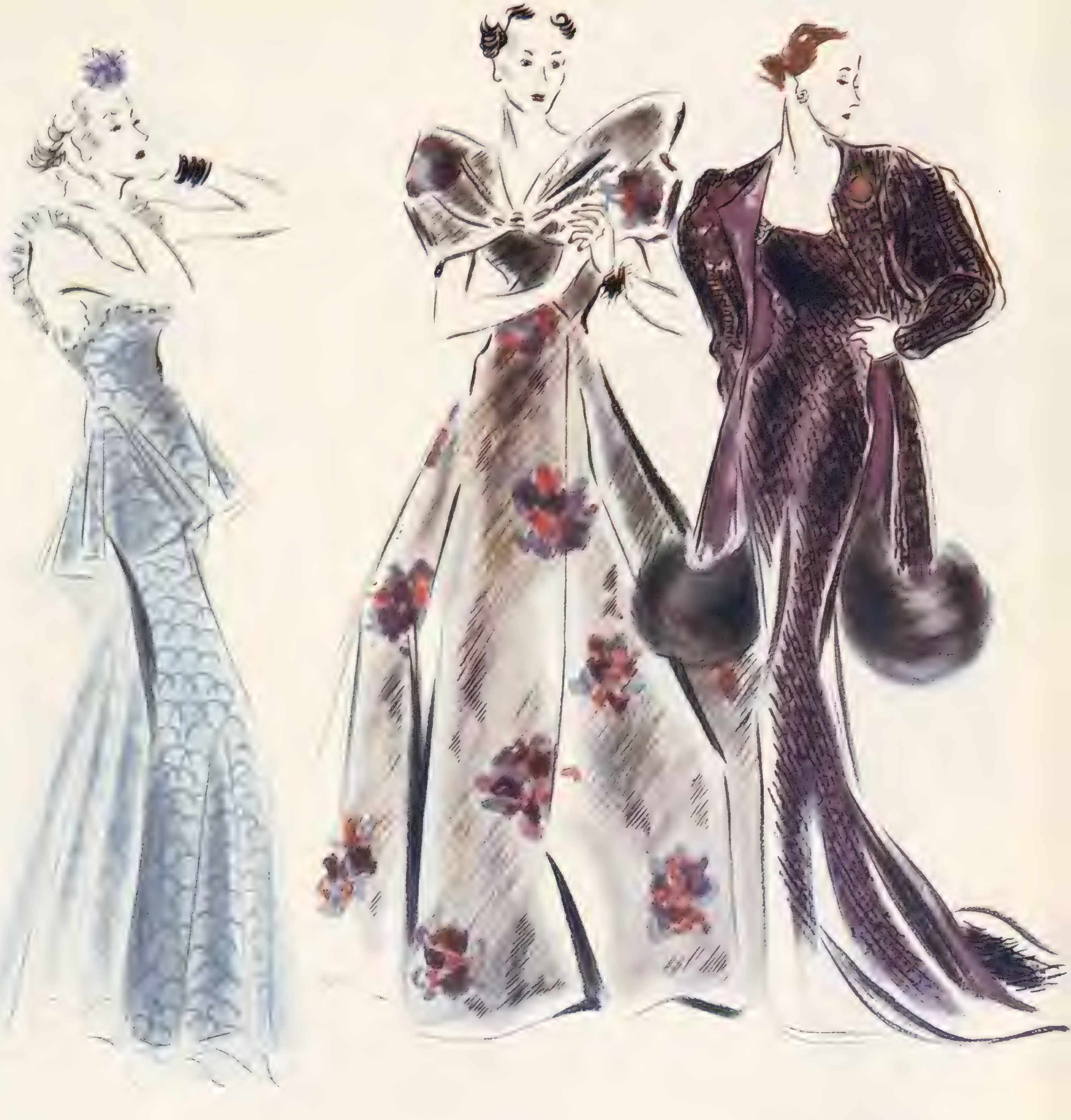
HARTNELL

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

A sweep of rich red velvet outlines the figure, ends in a train. But first it has been swathed and crossed on the bosom, to cross again behind, and fall in a double bustle. *Victor Stiebel*

We give up. We can't describe the colour of this crêpe and sequin frock. The programme said midnight blue, but it has deep violet lights too, especially in the sequin panels which march from shoulder to hem, and down on each side of the low back to the waist. Sequin cape, with plain crêpe panels at the back. *Norman Hartnell*

A long and grand evening coat in smoky green crease-resisting velvet, fits to the waist, then swings out in triumph to the ground. The sleeves are gauged and puffed, the wide collar is white-dyed Hollywood fox. *Debenham & Freebody*



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

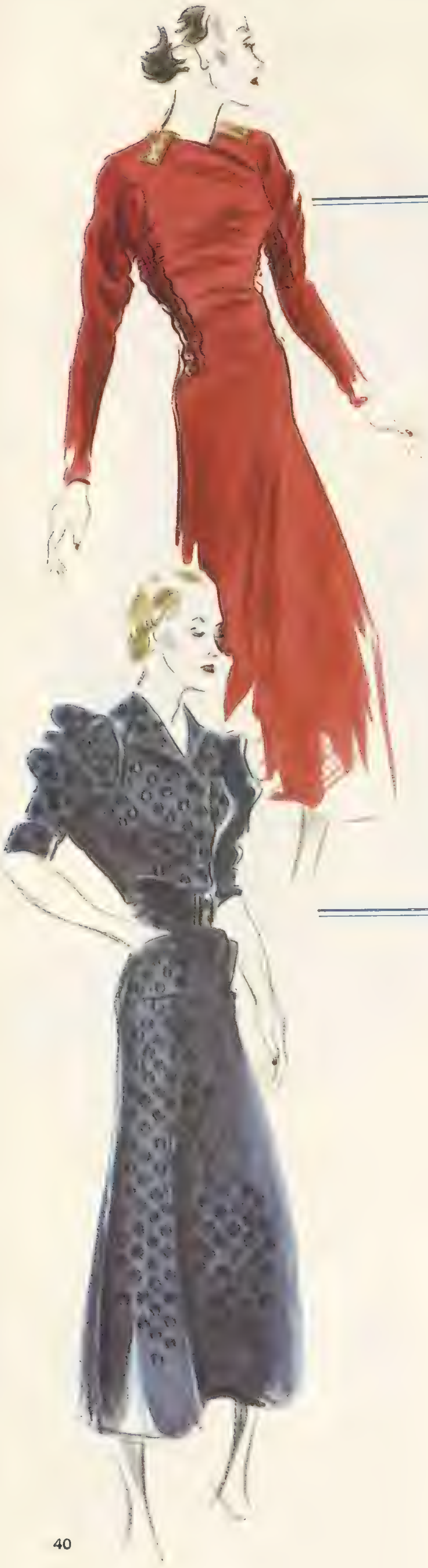
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

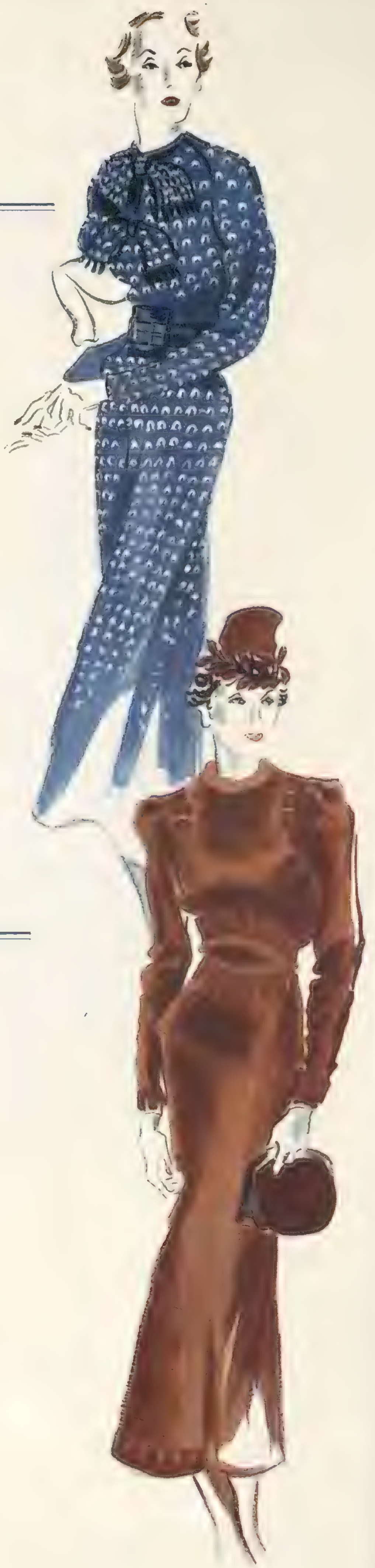
WORTH

What better choice than ice-blue cobweb-pattern lace for a young girl frock ? Here are frills on shoulders, peplums on hips, back skirt fullness, and an ethereal air. *Marshall & Snelgrove*

Grey lamé, with widely spaced bunches of coloured anemones, makes a high-waisted, full-skirted evening dress, with stiffened outstanding shoulders to show how slender a waist can look. *Marshall & Snelgrove*

A straight, follow-the-figure dress, slightly trained, in crushed velvet, a deep plummy violet shade, has a matching coat, hemmed with silver fox. Shoulder-straps, coat-lining and flower are prune satin. *Worth*





WOOLLENS

Left. A smooth-faced woollen, rebellion red. Either side of the dress is ruched to form slight front draped fullness. The skirt faintly flares. Gold clips at the neck.
Spectator Sports

Right. A bright-blue jersey (but knitted to look like fabric) is covered with little white loops. Two bows, with fringed ends, decorate the corsage. The leather belt has a large, square buckle. *Femina*

SILKS

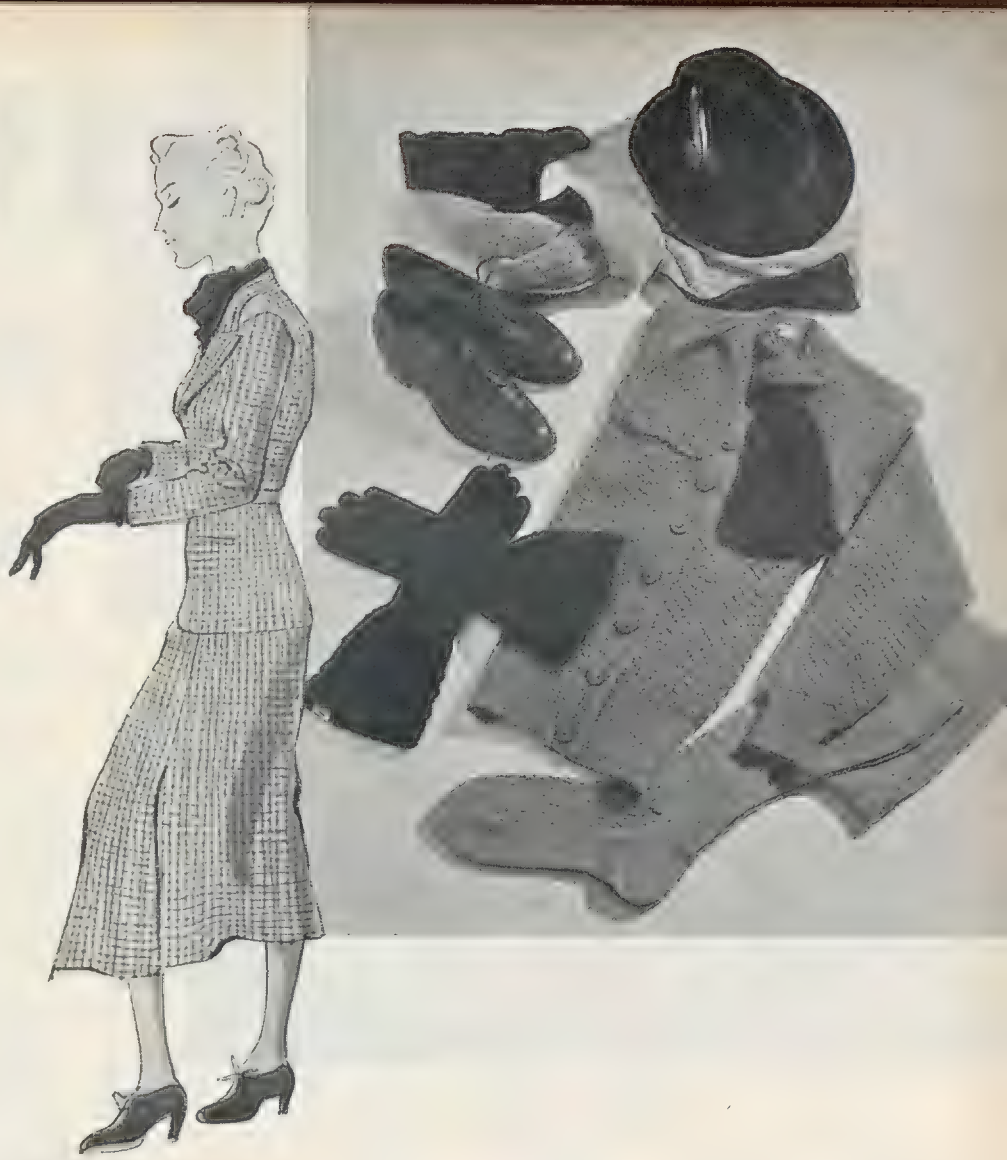
Left. Nice alliance of rich-looking fabric and unpretentious style. A shirty front belts at the waist, has high shoulders, two pockets, a good line. Blistered ciré is the fabric, Air Force blue the colour.
Fenwick

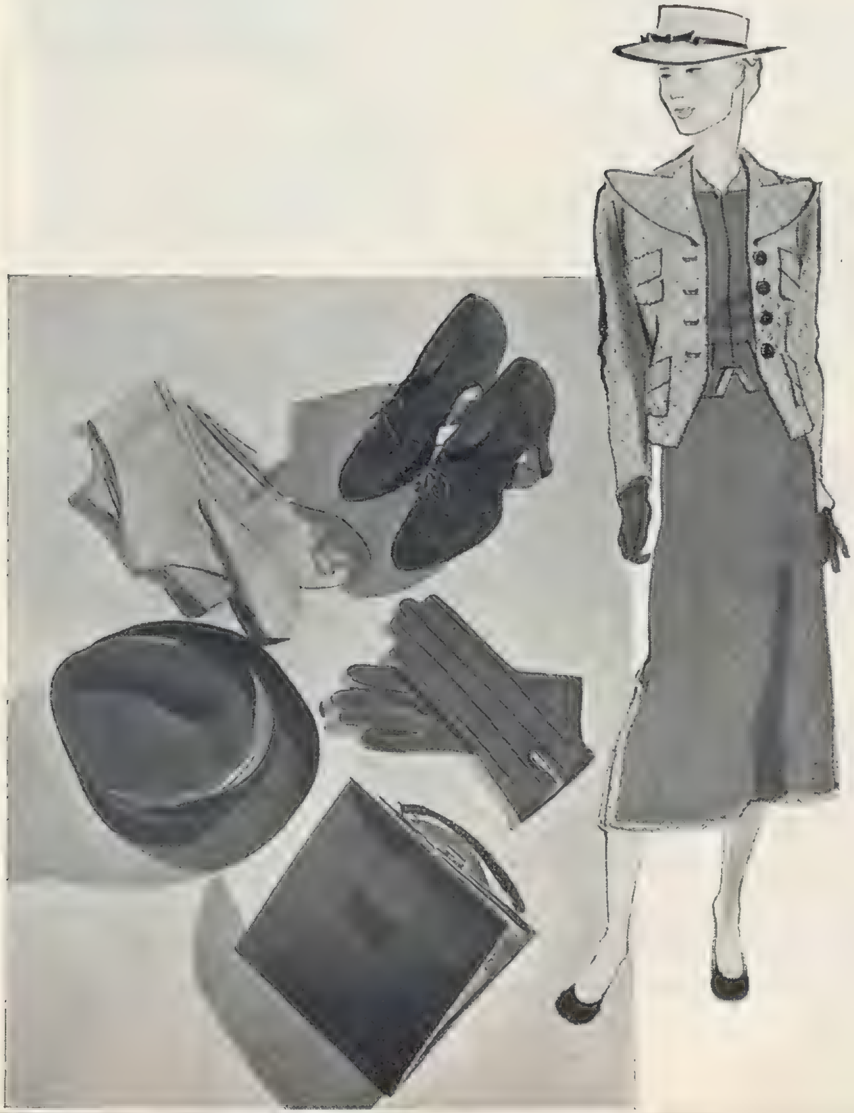
Right. Of course a tunic (no fashion page is right without one). Here we have bronze fancy marocain, the dress taking in both sides of the fabric. Scalloped appliques of the plain, dull side accent the shoulders above and below waist, wrists and front of hem. Widish shoulders and a little high collar that turns first down, then up.
Isobel

LES TWEEDS

YOU want *les tweeds* for everyday wear and tear, real hard country tweeds, forthright, purposeful, yet still looking smart. So you choose a suit at Studd and Millington's. It has a short, slightly fitting belted coat with classic collar and revers, pockets, a skirt built for walking, ginger brown check on a beige ground.

Accessories for this suit (in the photograph on the right), all come from Debenham and Freebody. Lightweight woollen warm beige stockings, in a fancy weave. Brown calf shoes with apron front. Dark brown wool gloves gauntleted in moss stitch pattern. Brown fur felt hat with feather mount. Woolly in green alpaca yarn, fastening with wooden buttons, and scarf tie in rust and brown. Alpaca yarn scarf, reversible, beige and brown.





YOU want Last Word, Last Minute tweeds, for smart country wear, for town wear (with changed accessories). So you choose a suit from Peter Russell's, lipstick red coat, hairy brown skirt, and three-quarter sleeved gilet. The edging on skirt and waistcoat is selvedge of coat material. The gilet back is crêpe de chine. Four pockets, stick-out revers, slight waist and vent at centre back. Skirt straight and slender, slit at side.

Accessories, all from Marshall and Snelgrove, photographed, on the extreme left. "Oakbrook" silk stockings, copper shade, three thread crepe twist. Brown suède tie shoes with stitching and twisted silk thread trimming. Brown suède handbag with square chromium fastener and large mirror, loose purse. Stitched suède gloves, brown, kid palms. High hat with dented crown, brown felt with twisted brown and fawn velvet band.

BOOKS:

Companions of the Voyage

Reviewed by
Arnold Palmer

TIM HEALY, the author of "And Far From Home," listening to Benjamin's story of the black battle on the plains

BETWEEN the man who spends his life plotting queer journeys which will give him material and excuse for writing a new travel-book and the man who keeps, for his own amusement, a diary of travel and then is "persuaded" by his friends to give it to the world, there are many varieties of traveller. Genuine students of biology, geology, botany and geography; stunt lovers; sufferers from a certain form of egotism; men and women irked by civilised surroundings, or spurred on by an adventurous disposition; hunters and invalids, fishermen and sociologists, archæologists, missionaries, and simple explorers, they occupy the same compartments, board the same ships, but they do not write quite the same books. They write, indeed, every sort of book, of every sort of quality and on every kind of subject. But as in train and ship, they meet again on the counters of the booksellers and librarians, where they are all lumped together as purveyors of Books of Travel.

NOT presuming to break through a national habit, I have collected a few new publications dealing with foreign parts; but I shall do my best to differentiate between the authors. *Secret Africa,* by Lawrence G. Green (Stanley Paul, 18s.) is, as its name suggests, a "popular" volume devoted largely to the "I don't attempt an explanation, I merely give you the facts" type of traveller's tale. Books of this nature seldom rank high, being usually the work of credulous fools. Mr. Green, however, is not one of them, and he has chosen a title for his volume which does him less than justice. Only occasionally does he fall back on the unsubstantiated and the "steep." Most of the time, he is content to be a man who, knowing parts of Africa well, sets out to do his best to interest his readers; and on the whole he succeeds. His book is not important, but it is entertaining, easy to read, and well stocked with those scraps of out-of-the-way, curious information which, secretly or openly, we all enjoy.

DEALING with other kinds of secrets at the other end of Africa, *Abyssinian Stop Press* (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.) is the work of six authors, edited by Mr. Ladislas Farago, himself already known in connection with the recent war by a very vivid book, *Abyssinia on the Eve.* All the six authors were among the four hundred journalists and reporters who attached themselves to one side or the other, and one of them, Monsieur Demaitre, was with the Italian army of the South as the representative of the Paris paper *Excelsior.* As a Frenchman and as a pressman on the Italian side, Monsieur Demaitre might have given us a view of the war not previously available to English readers; actually, his contribution consists of little more than sentimental anecdotes about pro-Italian natives,

The English Country

"The Gentleman of the Party": *by A. G. Street*
(Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.)

"Cottage into House": *by Anthony Armstrong*
(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

"Strolling Through Cottage England": *by W. S. Percy*
(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

A. G. STREET

HERE are three books on rural life—a novel, a volume of humorous reminiscences, and a gentle guidebook. Mr. Street is well known as a writer on agricultural subjects; Mr. Armstrong is the author of *Ten Minute Alibi*; and Mr. Percy, also a man of the theatre, has opened new possibilities to the strolling player. The hero of Mr. Street's novel is a farm, whose changing and recurrent phases he traces through the last sixty-five years. He knows his subject, he knows the agricultural labourer; and with a sympathetic eye for truth and a distaste for ostentation, he has written a sturdy, moving story. A good piece of work, worth a dozen of the "brilliant" novels which the season is sure to produce.

Mr. Armstrong has added one more volume to the large library of books dealing with the humours of townsmen setting up home in the country. Against a background of Nature his Americanisms and facetiousness promise as much enlivenment as the litter of a picnic party; but as time goes on the influence of the garden, and the author's inability to disguise for ever his seriousness and intelligence, have their effect, and a book which begins like a hearty slap on the back ends by having talked a good deal of sense. Any reader who is making a garden for the first time will find Mr. Armstrong distinctly helpful. Mr. Percy's book is of a different kind—instead of conveying more information than it appears to do, it conveys less. Pleasant to read, it is at times so vague and sketchy that one wonders why the author bothered to write it. The truth seems to be that his knowledge of England is patchy. On cottage architecture in some of the counties he is often sound and interesting, and it is perhaps a pity that he did not confine the scope and purpose of his work within narrower limits.

and is disappointing. The volume as a whole, indeed, falls short of expectation, for more than one of the chapters seem to have been written before the campaign ended, and all show that it was difficult for the journalists to see and understand anything that did not occur in their immediate vicinity. That was not their fault, however, but an inevitable result of working in a primitive country. There are good chapters by the editor and by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, and the volume, in spite of the weaknesses already mentioned and an air of letting bygones be bygones for which some readers may be hardly prepared as yet, can be recommended to all who wish to see the course of the campaign in focus. It is illustrated with some thirty photographs.

BRED in the Blue, by W. S. Chadwick (Melrose, 10s. 6d.), also deals nominally with Africa, but that it is an Africa with any real existence I find hard to believe. Mr. Chadwick's book is composed of short stories, written round the adventures of an heroic Alsatian dog in the central districts of the Continent. These tales demand a sweeter tooth than I possess, as well as a far stronger leaning towards the anthropomorphic treatment of animals. But some of Kipling's less discriminating admirers may enjoy them.

DAVID WYNN, author of "The World My Oyster," photographed with the famous Indian author Rabindranath Tagore

BEFORE reading many pages of *And Far From Home* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) one is conscious of being in the company of a very definite personality. The author, Mr. T. E. A. Healy, was an Australian journalist who, finding himself out of work, wandered for several years among the pearl fishers, aborigines, and other inhabitants of the northern coast and interior. The material is excellent, and the writer is worthy of it. Energetic and modest, he encountered men of very varied types, leading very varied existences, and was accepted by all of them. The strangeness of the scenes he describes and the simple liveliness of his narrative combine to make his book an unusually good one. The illustrations are few but well chosen. As one lays aside this interesting volume, one wonders why it is that some parts of the Empire suffer from a plethora of self-appointed interpreters, while others, like the districts travelled by Mr. Healy, are still so strange to us.

MR. DAVID WYNN, author of *The World My Oyster* (Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.), has, like Mr. Healy, an adventurous disposition; but there the similarity ends. Mr. Wynn is a young American who, tiring of domesticity, ran away from home and has made his way, without a ticket when possible, to many parts of the globe. His book makes excellent reading, for it reveals with exceptional clarity a certain type of youthful adventurer common in the world to-day. Insecurely supported by a baseless and brittle philosophy of which he is inexplicably proud, Mr. Wynn believes that he and his associates have a grievance which entitles them to prey upon the world. The grievance is that, although they are longing to work, no man will hire them. It seems, however, that Mr. Wynn was offered work by kindly people on several occasions,

(*Continued on page* 76)

Four Novels

JOHN BROPHY, author of "The Ramparts of Virtue"

ROBERT BRIFFAULT, author of "Europa"

"The Ramparts of Virtue": *by John Brophy* (Cape, 7s. 6d.).

MR. BROPHY'S new novel is written round a wistful theme—the mutual attraction of two people hopelessly divided by age, upbringing and circumstance. The problem has no solution, and Mr. Brophy is careful, with the perhaps unnecessary aid of the arm of coincidence, not to solve it. He is a gifted story-teller, and from the first page until the last he holds the reader's attention without an effort. The effort, in fact, has to be made by the reader whose affairs compel him to lay down the book.

"City for Conquest": *by Aben Kandel*

(Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.).

AN American novel of the strong meat, strident school, in which the author sets out to lay "bare the soul of a city in a fighting, thrusting, shouting tale of New York." The reader, whether impressed or merely dazed by his experience, will not deny the appropriateness of any of these epithets. Period 1907–1927.

"London Pride": *by Shaw Desmond*

(Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.).

PERIOD 1899–1936, this is a novel of life in London. Mr. Desmond and Mr. Kandel were moved by similar impulses, but the results are astonishingly, and instructively, different. The two novels, representing nearly 1,500 pages in aggregate, are worth studying side by side. They will be found to provide the same sort of contrast as the works of Mr. John Dos Passos and Mr. Coward's *Cavalcade*.

"Europa": *by Robert Briffault*

(Hale, 8s. 6d.).

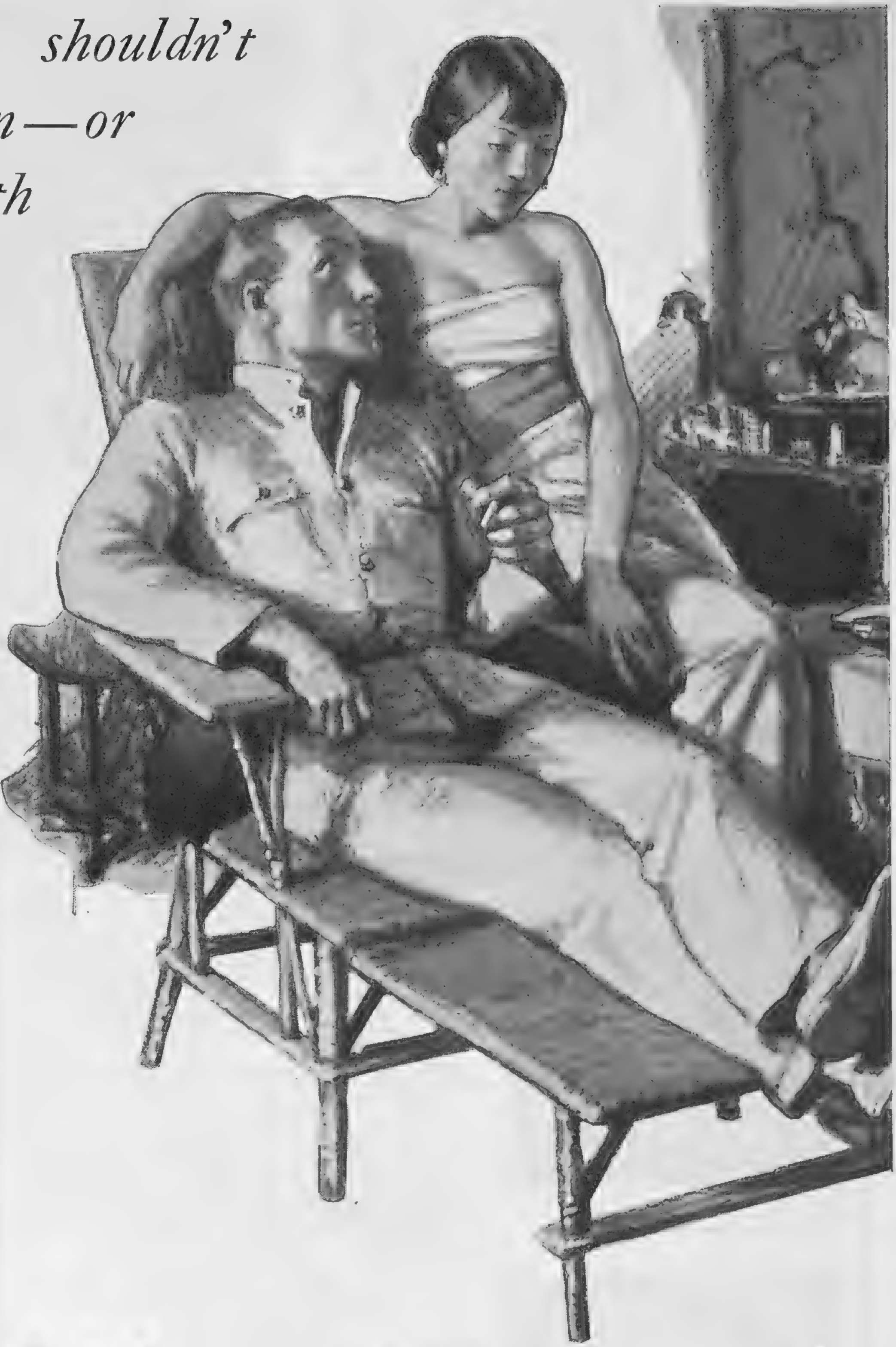
YET another large canvas, on which is shown a view of England and the Continent during the thirty years surrounding 1900. Of the novels here mentioned, this is the most cultured and the richest. (Sometimes, when the almost omniscient author is tempted a little too far, it is as rich in errors as a wedding cake in currants.) Mr. Briffault, whose first attempt at fiction this is, has an intimate knowledge of many countries and circles, and his book is confidently recommended to all who enjoy leisurely contact with a ripe and experienced mind.

NIGEL BALCHIN author of "Lightbody on Liberty"

ARTHUR STRINGER author of "Tooloona"

These two books were reviewed in our October issue, but unfortunately the portraits of the authors accompanying the article were misplaced.

"Queer Cards" shouldn't marry too often—or play poker with "queer cards"



The Captain

ON the palm-shaded veranda of Quong Kim's Tongay Island house, Captain "Ace" Skelly was playing poker. Because Quong Kim himself was his worthy opponent "Ace" Skelly did not attempt his usual crookery of daubing cards. He knew better than that. For in all the Malay Archipelago there was no man harder to cheat, or easier to be honest with, than this rich and venerable Chinese planter, Quong Kim.

With all his gentility and culture, Quong Kim nevertheless had a passion for draw poker. His was the perfect poker face. It was an enormous, round face, with a ponderous braid coiled over it and folds of overflowing chin beneath. When Quong Kim picked up a hand he always held it for a moment of impassive scrutiny with all five cards closed, so that he could see only the first while his opponent could see only the back of the fifth. Then Quong Kim would always "skin" the hand slowly, exposing the other four cards one by one until they were finally fanned; and then, regardless of whether he held a royal flush or a pair of deuces, he would fix his gaze with a dead, baffling sadness on the cards for a long minute before making a bet.

When he did make a bet it was always a stiff one.

Now, without a word, he pushed a tall stack of blue chips into the pot.

Skelly laughed and threw his own hand down. "Lili," he remarked to the eighteen-year-old Chinese girl who was perched on the arm of his chair, "your poppa's outa my class. He's 'steen fathoms too deep. If I don't haul anchor from here quick, he'll have my shirt."

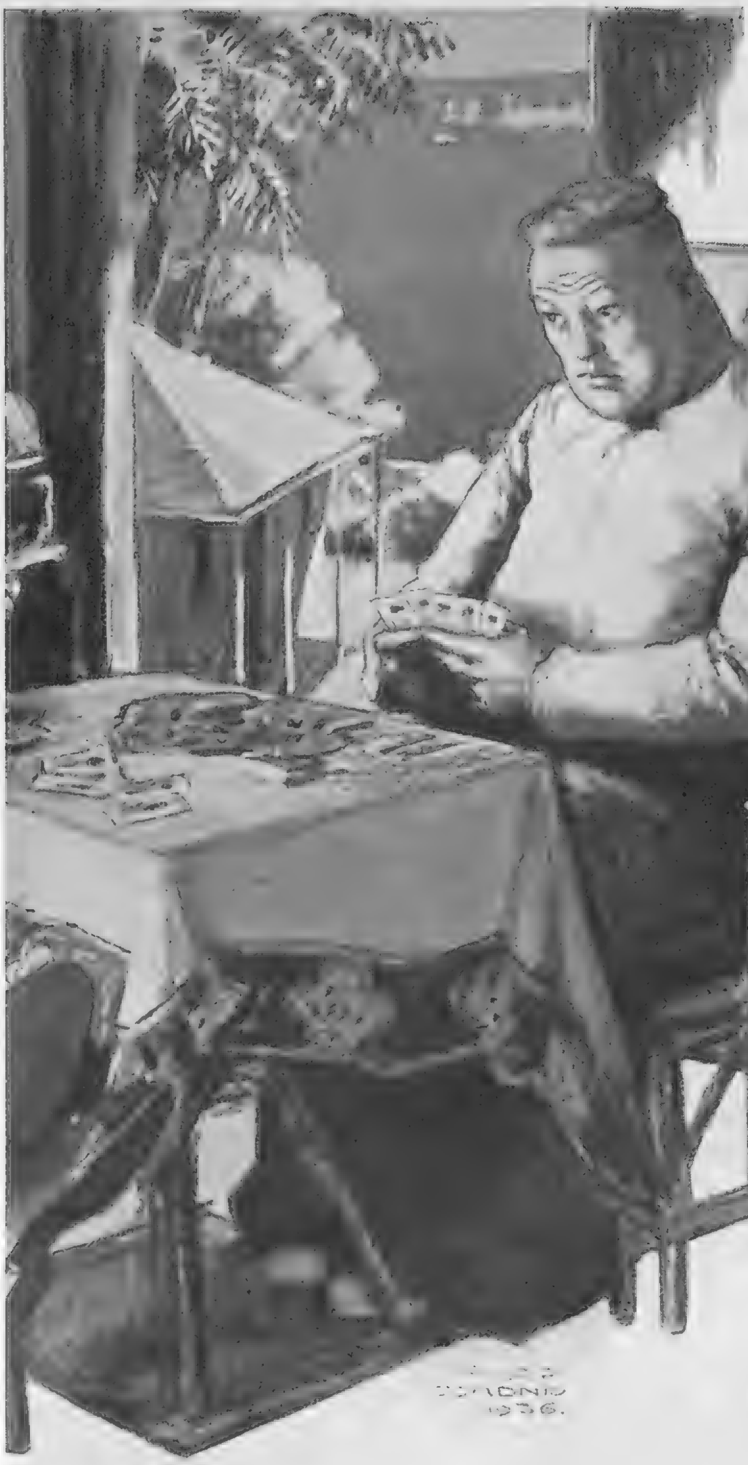
Looking up at Lili, Skelly reflected that her ivory, oval face was hardly more readable than her father's. She was pretty and slim, delicately enticing in the blue-flowered Javanese sarong which was wound tightly over breasts and hips. A damned nice armful, thought Skelly, even if she was as inscrutable as a Buddha priestess.

As inscrutable now as three years ago when, on the occasion of her fifteenth birthday, Quong Kim had invited her to choose any gift she might fancy. She was Quong Kim's only child, motherless since infancy and the idol of Quong Kim's heart. She might have called for the finest silks of the Orient or for Quong Kim's yacht at anchor in the lagoon; or even for this broad, green Malaysian island whose every acre was Quong Kim's.

Instead, the girl had pointed to a handsome, brown-eyed Yankee skipper, "Ace" Skelly, who was a guest of the occasion and whose frowsy freighter had put in with a cargo for Quong Kim. "I like him for marry," Lili had announced simply.

Naturally the statement had startled Skelly. Then quickly his wits had grasped it as a windfall of fortune. What if she was Chinese? As the daughter of Quong Kim she would bring with her a handsome dowry. And what if Skelly was already four times married? Five wives didn't matter, as long as each knew nothing about the others. Rich brides, by Skelly's easy philosophy, were smooth vehicles to fortune. And because he was endowed with a certain jaunty appeal of face and manner, rich brides had four times been his for the taking. Each a thousand leagues by sea from all others, however; always he had made sure of that.

In this instance Quong Kim, by many precedents, should have



HE was too canny to try cheating. So the luck ran even, while Lili perched primly on the arm of Skelly's chair

By Allan Vaughan Elston

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

had Five Wives

denied Lili's request. A high caste Oriental girl was not usually given in marriage to one of an alien race. But Quong Kim was not bound by such a prejudice. He was a liberal of parts and a law to himself; a kindly, kingly gentleman with the wisdom of old China and yet not too shackled by traditions.

So three years ago Skipper "Ace" Skelly had married Lili Kim, receiving with her a generous dowry and the blessing of Quong Kim. The father's single stipulation had pleased Skelly all the more. It was that the girl must not sail away to sea with her husband; she must remain here to attend and comfort her father within the span of Quong Kim's life, thus being with her husband only when his freighter called at Tongay Island.

That made it all very simple. For some day, Skelly calculated, this chit of a Chinese wife would inherit Quong Kim's vast estate. In the meantime she was always here, safely anchored. "An ace in the hole," he was pleased to think of her. In all he had five of them in as many ports of the seas.

Each of them he saw only about once a year. But only this one remained young and pretty. Two were growing scrawny, two were growing fat. The recompense for fading attractions was that it made the subjects all the easier to wheedle money from, which was all that counted. There was a certain hazard of exposure, but Skelly was used to hazards. A sailor must brave many storms, in or out of harbour. The hazard gave even a constant thrill to "Ace" Skelly. To win by deception brought him a certain elation.

It was the same when he was able successfully to cheat at cards.

But now, as he played draw poker with his father-in-law on the island of Tongay, he was too canny to try cheating. So the luck ran even, while Lili perched primly on the arm of Skelly's chair. Skelly was thinking less of the game than of to-morrow morning's tide, when he must up anchor for Shanghai. Already, from the standpoint of his San Francisco owners, he had dallied too long at this Malaysian isle.

"So pletty lady!" Lili exclaimed suddenly. "So plenty pletty!"

She was indicating a heap of the discard. The cards there lay face down, thus exposing backs with the inevitable pictorial decoration. This particular deck Skelly had purchased at a Los Angeles drug store, and it was one he had never daubed. The figure on the back of each card was a girl's face—a type which might have adorned the cover of a magazine. To Skelly it was just a face, and meant no more than had it been a bicycle or a dancing clown.

"Not bad looking at that," he conceded lazily. "But not half as pretty as you are, Lili, my pet."

Then the idea came to Skelly. It hit him with a jolt, the biggest and boldest idea of all his poker-playing life.

He saw a way by which he need never again daub cards, or crease their edges with his thumb nail. He evolved a scheme by which even with a virgin deck he could identify any card by its back. He saw how to win unerringly from all comers, even though they be as sharp as Quong Kim.

Skelly brought the game gracefully to a close, then took a stroll down the beach. The sun was setting and the gulls were in full cry. To Skelly's right lay the small, grass-roofed town of Tongay, a settlement composed entirely of servants and dependants of Quong Kim. To it came a single file of Javanese workers each with two baskets of sugar cane suspended from either end of a pole balanced on one shoulder. Inland the neat fields slanted from terrace to terrace, with a rampart of coconuts beyond.

Apart from the town was the rambling bamboo residence of Quong Kim, swarming with servants, and near this was the rose-drowned bungalow which had been one of Quong Kim's wedding gifts to Lili. A bit of paradise, Skelly admitted with a sigh, and one he wouldn't see again after to-morrow for a full year. Still, he further reflected, two weeks was long enough for any self-respecting seafarer to remain in one port.

He went on toward the pier, beyond which two ships lay at anchor. The white, graceful one was Quong Kim's private yacht, in which the planter occasionally made business trips to Macassar or Hong Kong. The other ship, the stubby one with the paint scaling off its sides, was the tramp freighter under Skelly's command.

Far Harbours was the name of the freighter. Harry Higgins, her Cockney mate, was now seated on the pier shying shells at the gulls.

" When do we up-hanker the 'ell outa here, skipper ? " Higgins asked peevishly.

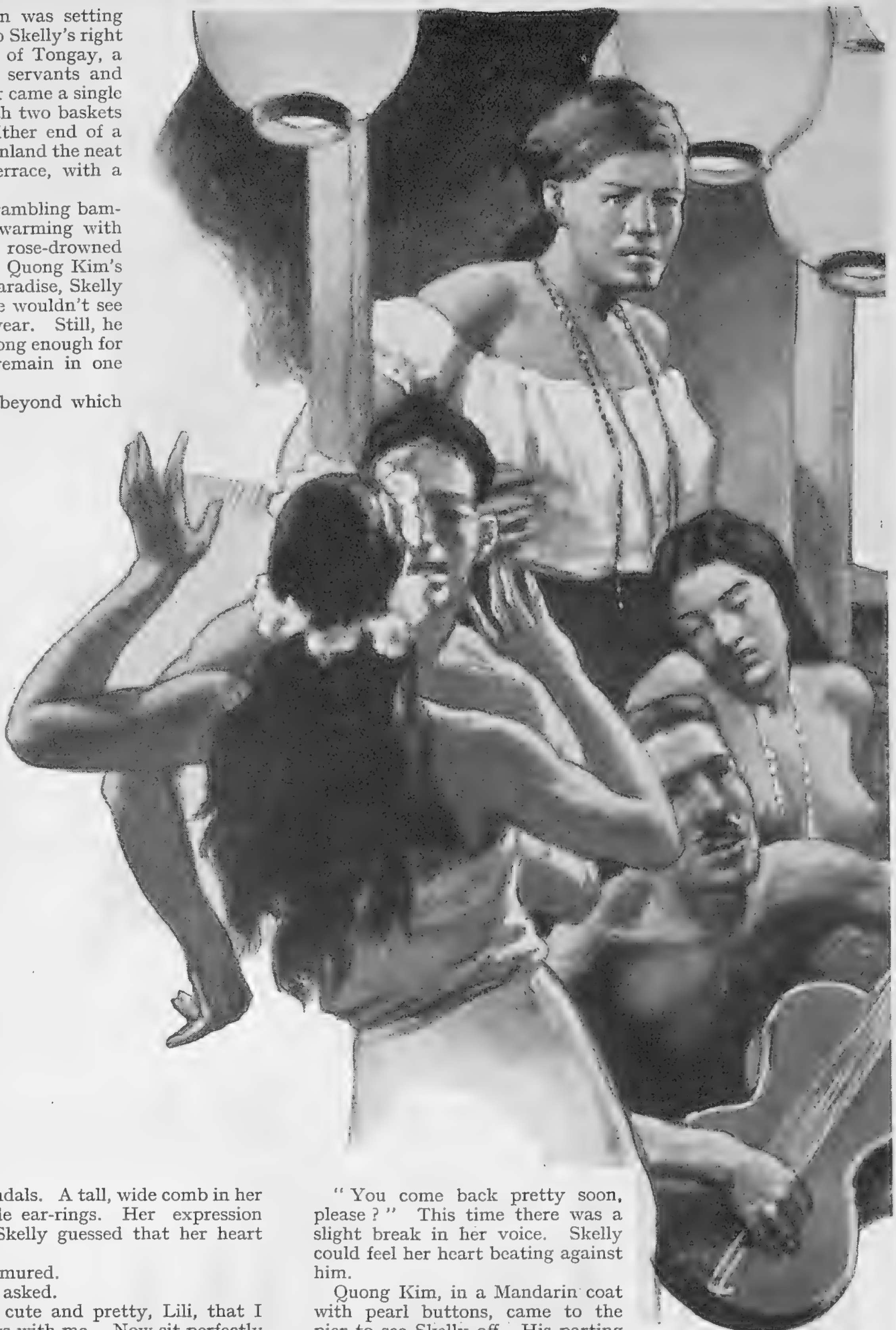
" With the morning tide," Skelly said.

" Hany special horders, skipper ? "

" Yes. Just one. Before I go aboard in the morning, Mr. Higgins, I want to take a few pictures. There's a kodak in my cabin. Send one of the Kanakas ashore with it. And two rolls of film."

" Aye, skipper." The mate slouched into a dinghy and rowed toward the freighter.

Skelly turned and walked toward his bungalow and Lili.



WHEN the morning light was good, Skelly posed his slim, little Chinese wife on a palmetto stump. She wore an ankle length kimono from beneath which peeped tiny silver sandals. A tall, wide comb in her hair matched low-hanging jade ear-rings. Her expression evidenced no sorrow, although Skelly guessed that her heart was mourning his departure.

" What a poker face ! " he murmured.

" What you say, please ? " she asked.

" I was just saying you're so cute and pretty, Lili, that I must have a picture of you always with me. Now sit perfectly still. Don't move until I tell you."

She was a past mistress of sitting perfectly still. Skelly took position for a close-up, taking pains to steady his kodak with a small tripod.

There was a twelve-film roll in his kodak. He clicked film number one, then turned the roll quickly to number two. As deftly as he could he took twelve shots, the girl all the while maintaining an immobile pose.

" I spoiled that one," Skelly said. " Don't move. I got to get a good one."

Quickly he removed the exposed roll and put in another. He went through this one the same way.

" That's all," he said finally. And Lili Kim Skelly relaxed.

He had taken twenty-four shots for good measure. All he really needed was thirteen pictures of the same girl in the same dress and pose.

" And now I must leave you, sweet one." Skelly took her in his arms.

" You come back pretty soon, please ? " This time there was a slight break in her voice. Skelly could feel her heart beating against him.

Quong Kim, in a Mandarin coat with pearl buttons, came to the pier to see Skelly off. His parting gift was a gold watch so fine that Skelly guessed it would be pawnable for at least forty pounds.

" May the waves make safe cradle for thy sleep, my son ! " said Quong Kim.

Skelly shook him heartily by the hand. Then, after kissing Lili again, he was gone.

TEN days later the *Far Harbours* steamed into Shanghai. She was moored to a rotting wharf there. Leaving his mate to discharge cargo, Skelly put on his swankiest uniform and went ashore.

In the European quarter, he found the shop of a Danish photographer. " Develop these films, please," he said. " One print each."

Skelly next made the rounds of curio and novelty stores, where he purchased some trifle in the way of a gift for each of his five wives. These he considered to be shrewd investments. It was

like anteing a white chip with a big pot of blues at stake. They would help to insure his welcome at any and all of five ports.

He mailed the gifts. The next day he called for the developed pictures of Lili. These were so alike that at first glance all seemed to have been printed from the same film. Still, he knew that each would present to his own searching study some slight individuality. The angle of the chin would be different, some stray strand of breeze-blown hair, the fold of the girl's sash. " It'll beat daubing cards all hollow ! " chuckled Skelly.

After selecting the thirteen best pictures, he destroyed the other eleven. These he took to a German Jew who made etchings and half-tones.

" I want a half-tone plate made from each of these thirteen photographs. And exactly this size." Skelly handed over an ordinary playing card.

When the half-tone plates were delivered, Skelly went to a playing card factory operated by a firm of Chinese. " I want you to make me a special deck," Skelly said with a wink. " A trick deck, see ? To amuse my friends in the parlour on dull evenings. Get the idea ? "

The Chinese merchant bowed. " All thing are possible if you pay special price. What you like for trick ? "

" This." Skelly placed his thirteen half-tones in a row on the desk. " Print the first one on the backs of the four aces," he instructed, " the second one on the backs of the kings, the third on the queens, and so on."

" How many these deck you like ? "

" A couple of dozen, please. And I want each deck sealed in a regular commercial carton, just as though I'd bought it at a store."

Two weeks later the *Far Harbours* left Shanghai with jute bags for Honolulu. And as usual Skelly had been able to pick up a couple of passengers. It was his business to sell the *Far Harbours'* one supernumerary cabin when he could, entering the fare on his books as ship's income and turning it over to his owners. Actually he made no such entry, always keeping the passenger money as petty graft for himself.

Moreover, the passengers generally made good dupes for poker.

Of these two, one was a buyer of Oriental rugs and the other was travelling for his health.

" Looks like yer might do some business, skipper, if yer thumbnail's workin'," Mate Higgins said slyly when they were a few hours out of Shanghai."

" I don't know what you mean," Skelly said stiffly. " If you're insinuating I'm a card sharp, you'd better mind your tongue. Just now you can go to your watch, Mr. Higgins."

Higgins went forward with a wise look on his face. Skelly scowled and resolved to take on a new mate at the first chance. This one was getting entirely too nosey.

Later, smart and jaunty in his whites and brass buttons, Skelly joined his passengers in the saloon. He made himself an affable host, setting out drinks and finally suggesting a game of poker.

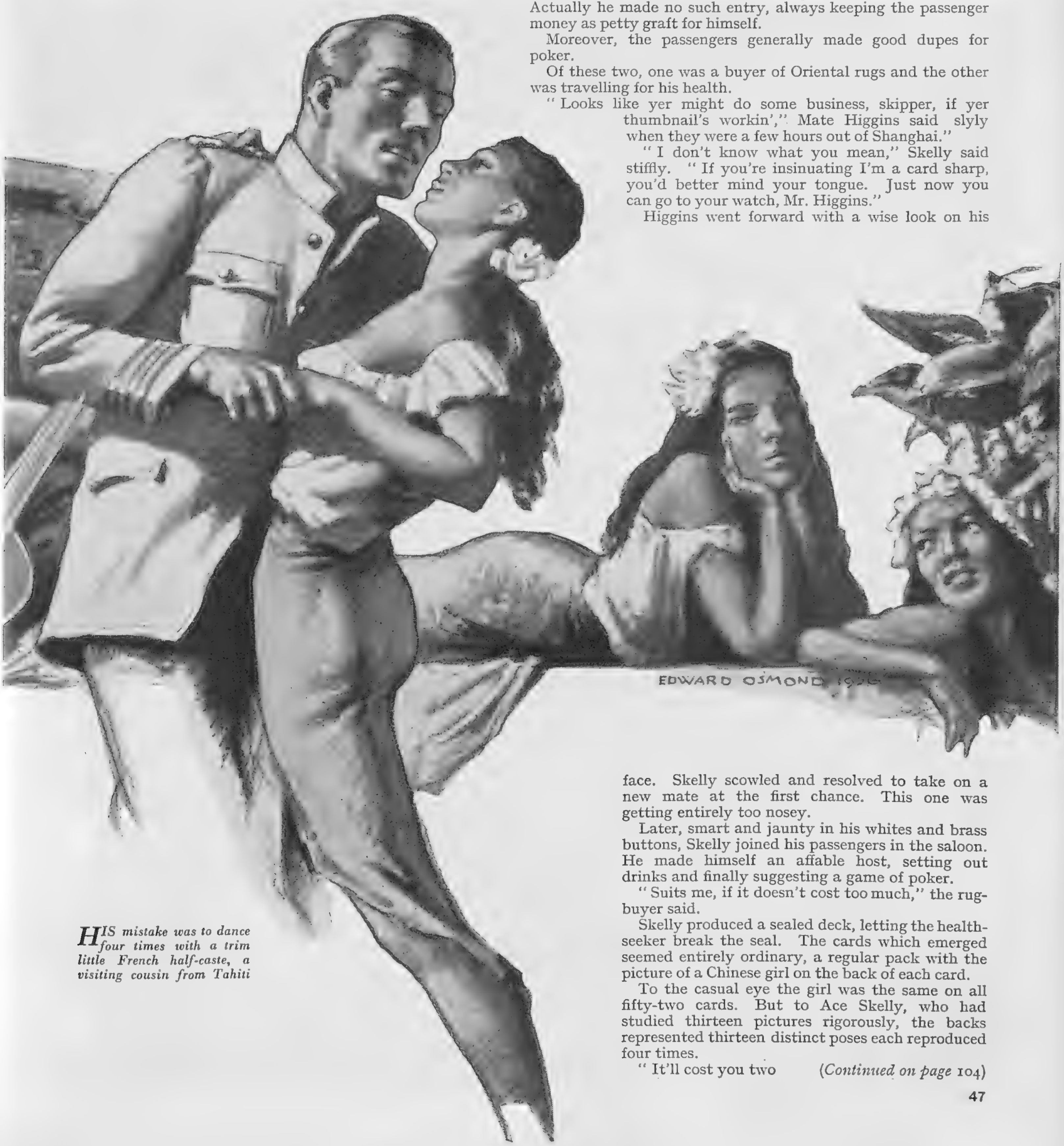
" Suits me, if it doesn't cost too much," the rug-buyer said.

Skelly produced a sealed deck, letting the health-seeker break the seal. The cards which emerged seemed entirely ordinary, a regular pack with the picture of a Chinese girl on the back of each card.

To the casual eye the girl was the same on all fifty-two cards. But to Ace Skelly, who had studied thirteen pictures rigorously, the backs represented thirteen distinct poses each reproduced four times.

" It'll cost you two

(*Continued on page* 104)



HIS mistake was to dance four times with a trim little French half-caste, a visiting cousin from Tahiti

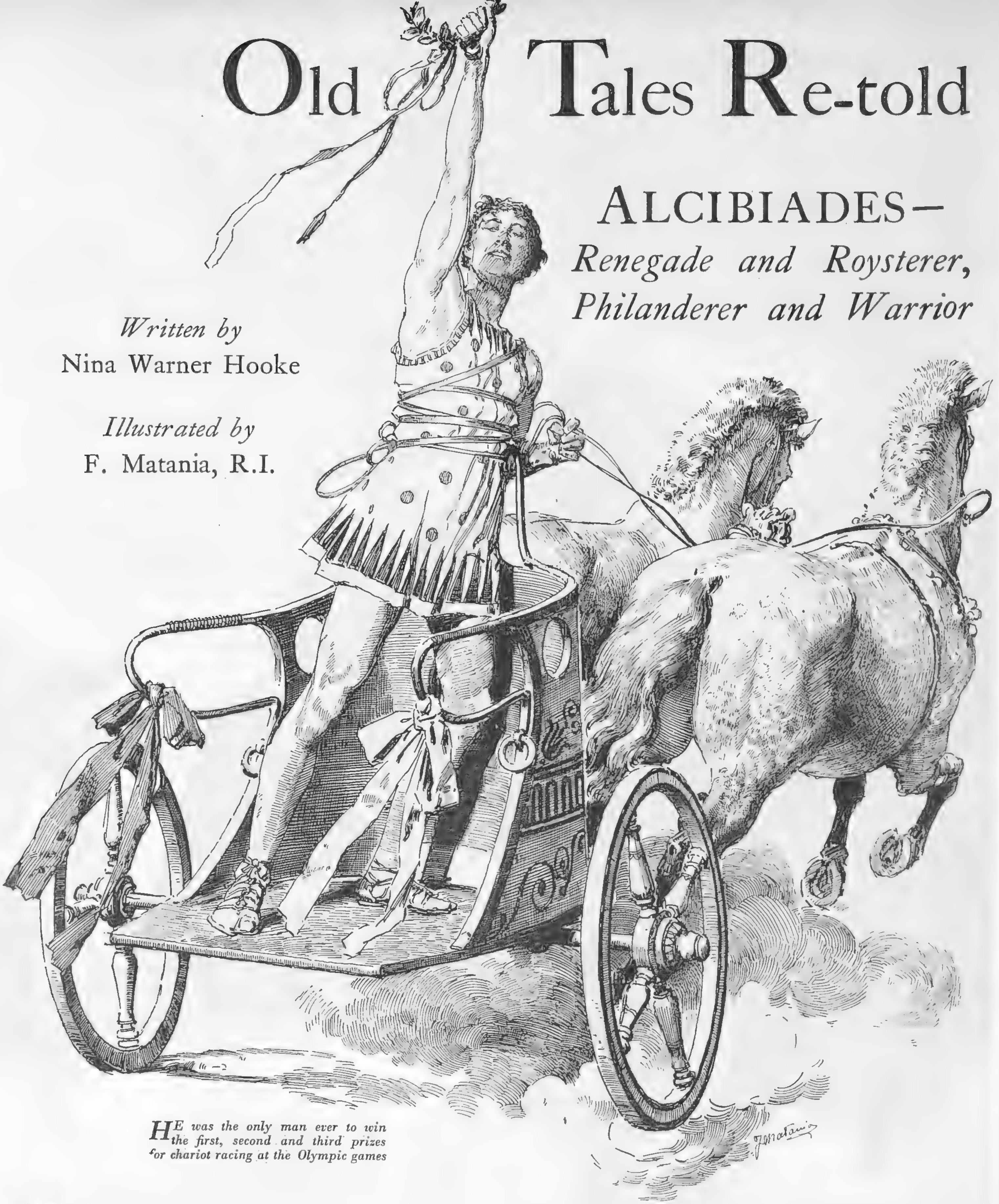
Old Tales Re-told

ALCIBIADES—

Renegade and Roysterer, Philanderer and Warrior

Written by
Nina Warner Hooke

Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.



HE was the only man ever to win the first, second and third prizes for chariot racing at the Olympic games

ALCIBIADES had every gift which a beneficent Providence could bestow. Nobly born, heir to enormous wealth, beautiful as a statue by Praxiteles, he possessed in addition such extraordinary personal charm that he could sway a multitude by a word or a smile. His intellect matched his other qualities, and it is said that his tutors could scarcely keep pace with him. He had a natural gift of eloquence, and later became acknowledged as the finest orator of his time—in spite of a slight lisp which, it seemed, only added to his charm. He could play upon the lyre as well as any professional musician. As for his physical prowess, if he had no other claim to a place in history, he would have been memorable as the only man ever to win the first, second and third prizes for chariot racing at the Olympic games. There was nothing he could not do. Small wonder that, while he was yet a stripling, he was the idol of Athens, always surrounded by a crowd of flatterers and parasites, universally applauded and spoiled. No man would willingly have denied him anything; but to women he was irresistible. Famous beauties competed for his favours.

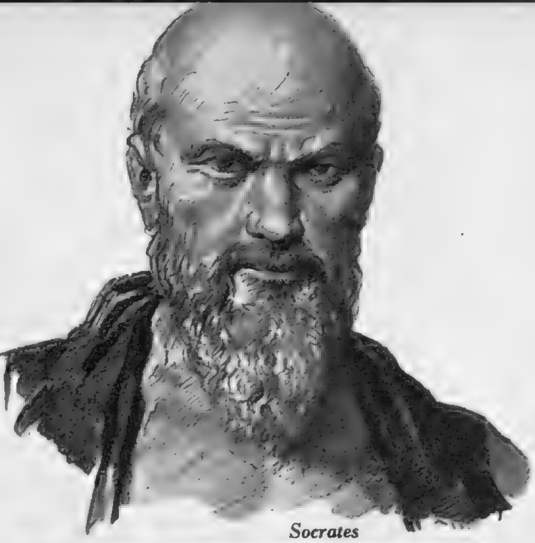
If his head had not been turned by so much popularity and adulation, he would have been superhuman. And, despite his godlike attributes, he had rather more than his share of mortal failings.

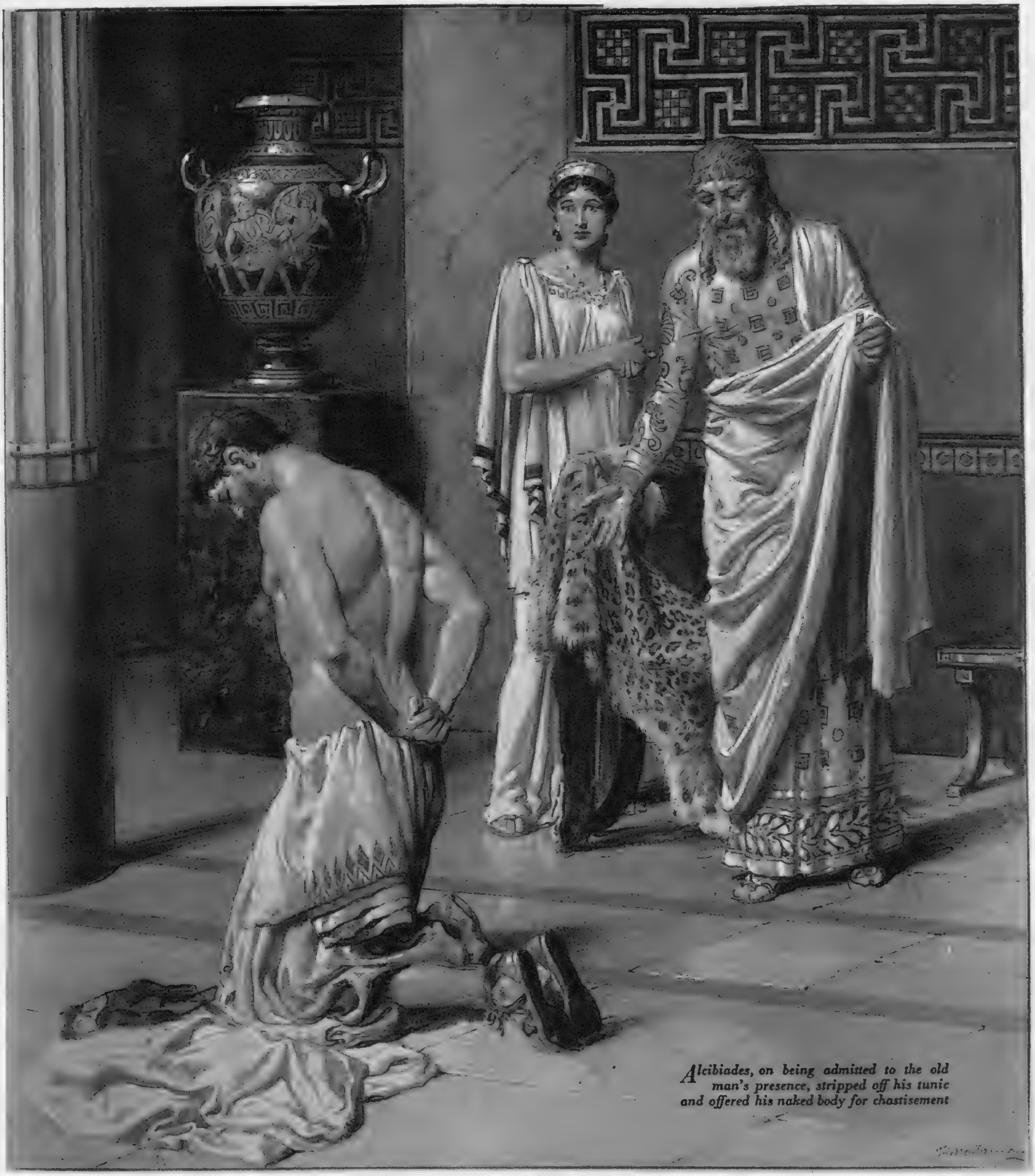
Even as a small boy he had a violent and imperious temper.

Anything in the nature of resistance aroused in him a passion for supremacy. He would resort to any extremity, fair or foul, in order to avoid being beaten. On one occasion, during a wrestling match, he was guilty of a lapse of sportsmanship which would be just as heinous to-day as it was in the arena of ancient Athens. To extricate himself from a certain hold, he used his teeth on the hand of his antagonist. When the latter complained of him that he bit like a woman—" No," said Alcibiades, " *like a lion* ! "

He was dicing in the street one day with some other boys. When it was his turn to throw, a loaded wagon came lumbering by. Imperiously he commanded the driver to stop, that the roadway might be clear while he made his throw. The driver contemptuously ignored him, whereupon Alcibiades flung himself down in front of the horses and told him to drive on if he dared.

As he grew up, he could not help being aware of his good looks and soon developed an inordinate vanity. He dressed conspicuously, and refused to learn to play upon the flute because it distorted his features. The Athenian flute, it should be noted, had two pipes instead of one, and it was necessary to blow very hard and to wear a bandage round the lower part of one's face, in order to conserve all the air possible, when playing it. So we must allow Alcibiades some justification for saying disgustedly : " A man is hardly to be known by his most intimate friends


Socrates


Alcibiades, on being admitted to the old man's presence, stripped off his tunic and offered his naked body for chastisement

when he plays upon this instrument." Instead of the heraldic devices proper to his noble lineage, he had painted on his shield a picture of Eros with a thunderbolt—in boastful reference to his conquests among the fair sex.

He was generous to a fault, and recklessly extravagant. No one—be he king or governor—must possess more magnificent horses and chariots, or dine in greater state. His vast fortune flowed through his fingers like water. Only one man had any influence over him, and that was Socrates.

The discerning eye of the philosopher had recognised in Alcibiades the seeds of future greatness. Under the flamboyant exterior, there was that in the brilliant and headstrong youth which could be turned to the good of the state. And thus there grew up one of the strangest friendships in all history.

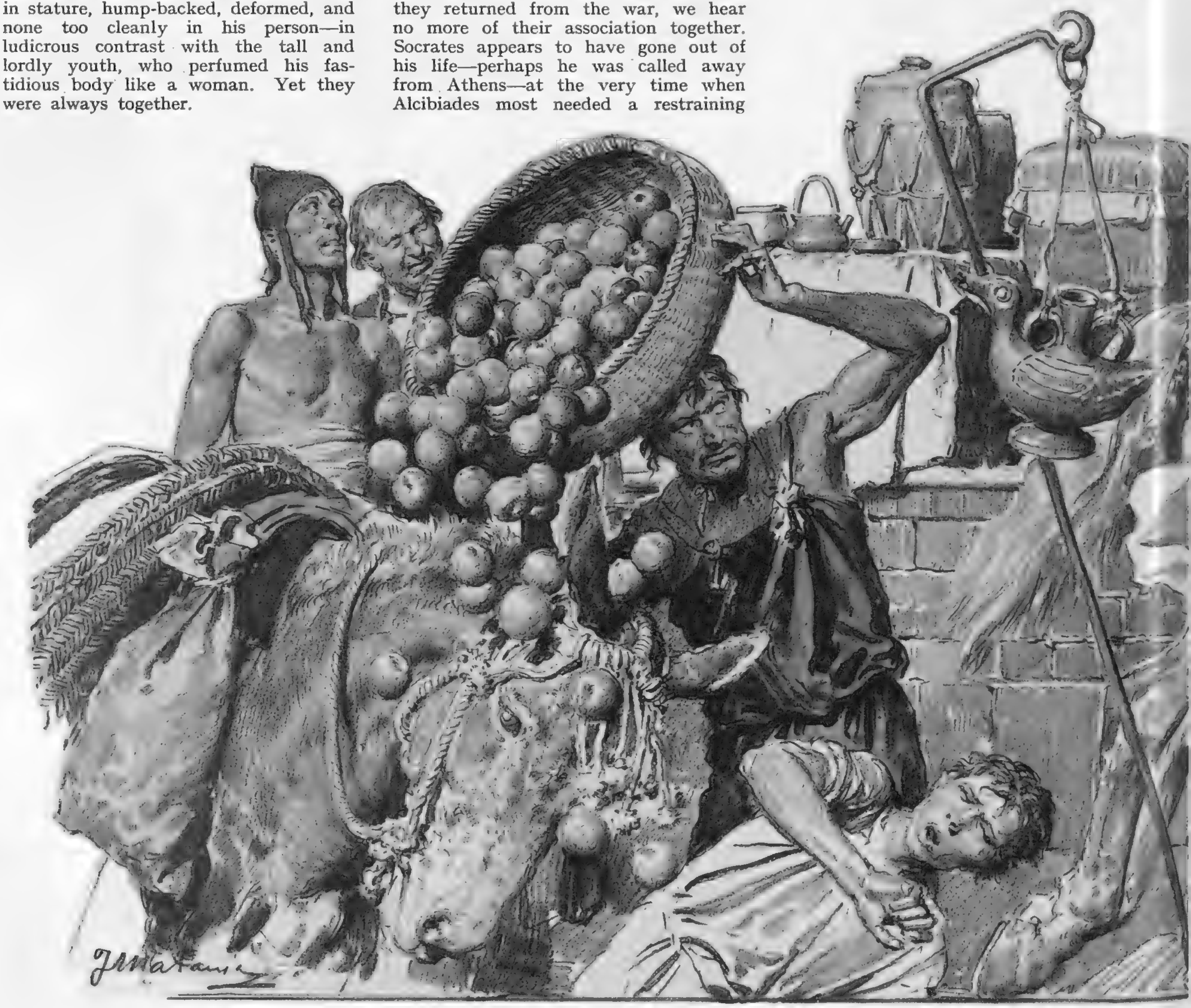
For Socrates fell a victim to the charm of Alcibiades; and his far-sighted interest in the young man's career gave place to a deep and genuine regard. Alcibiades, for his part, found in the wisdom and goodness of this man a welcome palliative to the ineffectual life he was leading. They must have made an odd pair, these two. For Socrates was the ugliest man imaginable, dwarfish in stature, hump-backed, deformed, and none too cleanly in his person—in ludicrous contrast with the tall and lordly youth, who perfumed his fastidious body like a woman. Yet they were always together.

Skilfully Socrates drew the boy away from the corrupting influence of his parasites and admirers, moulding his character by wise discourse, and instilling in him the ambition to accomplish great things.

It says much for Alcibiades that he was willing to listen. But there were in him, as the sage had so unerringly perceived, the seeds of greatness. Although violent, he was never cruel; though dissolute, not vicious; and he was man enough to acknowledge his many faults.

Side by side, the two friends went into their first military campaign, even sharing the same tent. When Alcibiades fell wounded, Socrates defended him until help came, saving both him and his arms. For this gallant deed, Socrates was awarded the coveted prize of valour, but he refused it, asking that it should be given to Alcibiades instead. This he did in order to foster in the youth a love of heroism and the desire for true glory—an act which bore fitting fruit when the boy reciprocated by saving Socrates' own life with conspicuous gallantry in a later engagement. Alas, that the influence of this great and good man could not have lasted indefinitely. But from the time when they returned from the war, we hear no more of their association together. Socrates appears to have gone out of his life—perhaps he was called away from Athens—at the very time when Alcibiades most needed a restraining hand. Lauded as a hero and made much of, yet deprived of the counsel of his spiritual guardian, he was left, as it were, half-way between good and bad. And in this state of inconsistency he was to remain for the rest of his short but eventful career. Thus, while he began to take part in the public life of the city, exhorting the young men in his orations to great deeds in the name of the republic, he became more arrogant and overbearing in his personal conduct than ever before. Often his behaviour was both callous and insolent. When Anytus, one of his former friends, invited him to a banquet, he rudely refused. But on the night of the entertainment he arrived, unannounced, at Anytus' house in company with a number of his drunken boon companions, who forced their way in and carried off most of the gold and silver goblets on the tables. It was characteristic of him to give the booty next day to a poor man called Thrasybulus—but this could not excuse him the outrage.

Again, he imprisoned the artist Agatharcus in his house until he had painted frescoes over the walls; and then dismissed him with a handsome present.

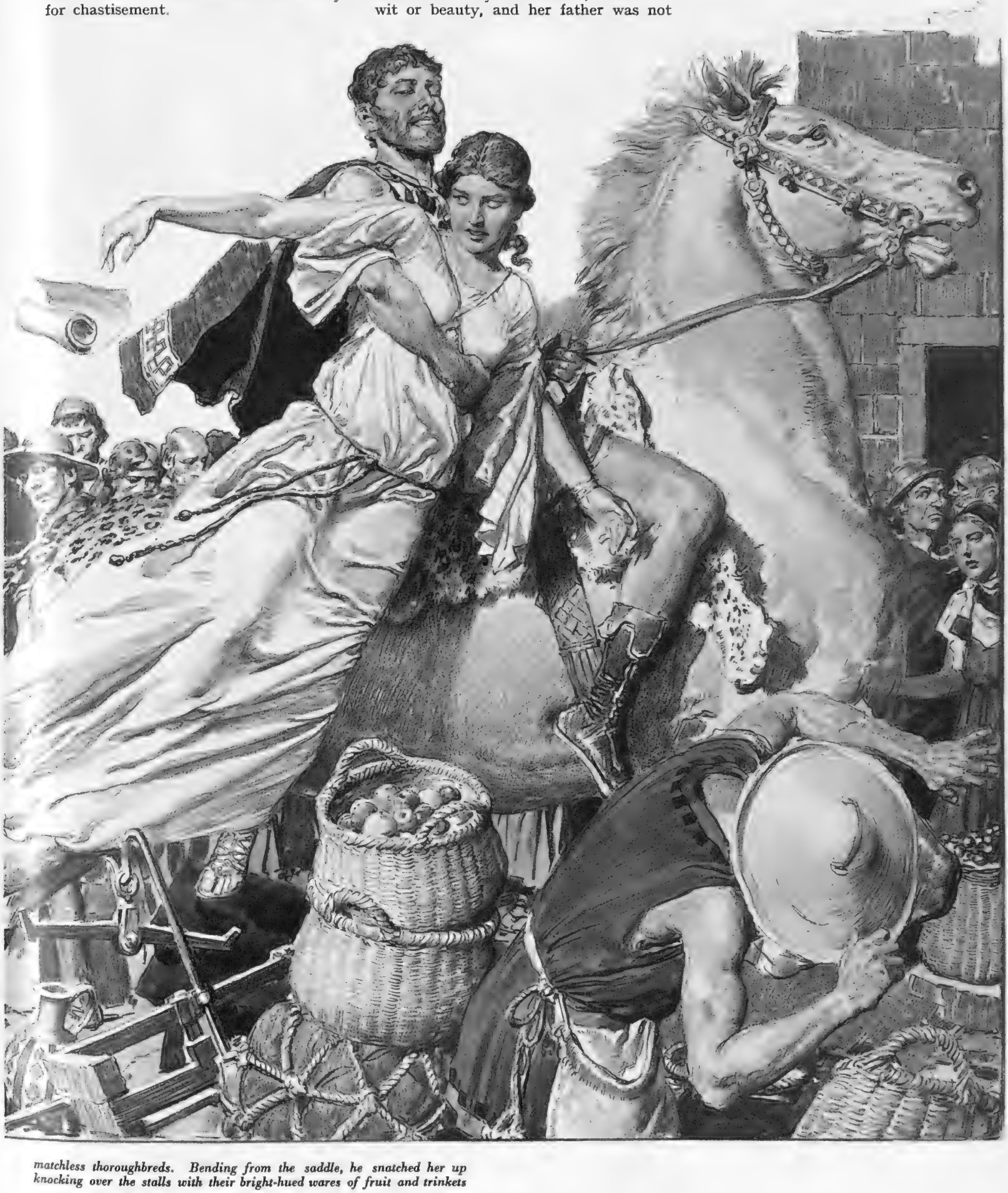


Alcibiades galloped towards her on one of his
in his powerful arms, scattering the crowd,

On another occasion, he boxed the ears of a distinguished and elderly nobleman named Hipponicus—not because he had any quarrel with him, but simply because he had wagered one of his satellites that he could do so with impunity. This piece of effrontery, however, had unforeseen consequences, for the following day Alcibiades was seized with a fit of remorse. He went back to the house of Hipponicus and, on being admitted to the old man's presence, stripped off his tunic and offered his naked body for chastisement.

" Beat me," he said. " Punish me as you will. I have behaved like a graceless boy, and I deserve to be treated like one."

Hipponicus was so touched by this abject contrition that he freely forgave him, and even offered him the hand of his daughter, Hipparete, in marriage. It must have caused considerable astonishment when Alcibiades accepted, and the wedding was subsequently celebrated with much magnificence. For Hipparete was in no way remarkable, either for wit or beauty, and her father was not even a particularly rich man, as wealth was reckoned in those days. And Alcibiades, with his striking looks and enormous fortune, could have made his choice from among half the women in Greece. Nevertheless, he married Hipparete. And what is more, he appears to have grown extremely fond of her. She became, indeed, the first of the three great loves of his life. Not that

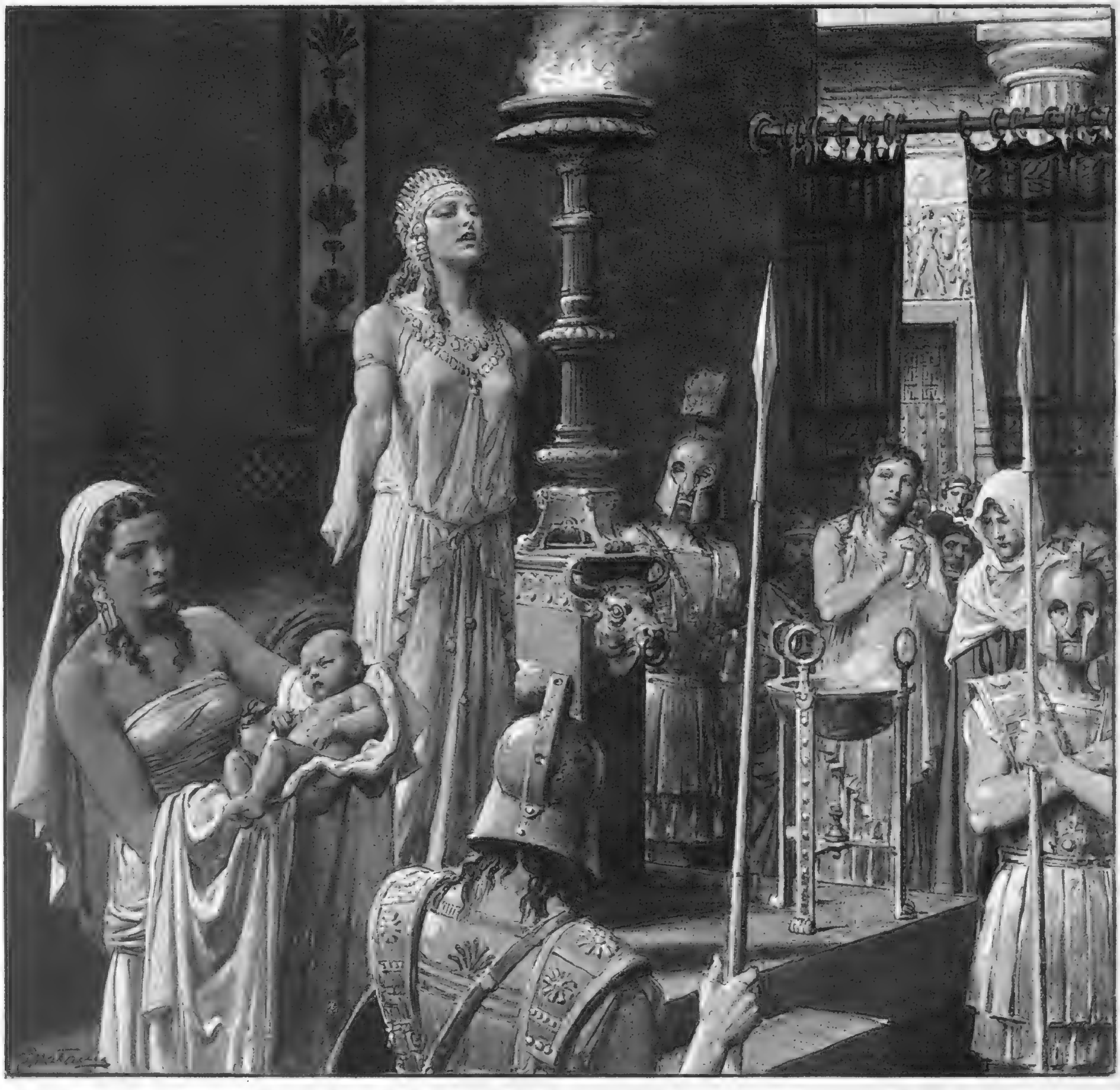


matchless thoroughbreds. Bending from the saddle, he snatched her up knocking over the stalls with their bright-hued wares of fruit and trinkets he was faithful to her. At that time he could not have been faithful to any woman alive. But he had a queer, almost childlike dependence upon her.

She, for her part, adored him. She was the perfect wife, capable, docile and loving. When she gave him a son, the strange tie that bound him to her was doubly strengthened. She stood for all those things which his wealth alone had been unable to procure for him—peace, a home, a son who had the right to bear his name.

If only Hipparete had understood this she would have saved herself much unhappiness. But she could not. To her simple mind, the fact that he could philander with other women proved conclusively that he did not love her. Unable to alter him by persuasion or entreaties, she left him and went to live with her brother.

Immediately Alcibiades' behaviour went from bad to worse. He filled his house with courtesans of the lowest type. He had a picture of himself painted in the arms of Nemea, the most notorious woman of her day, and exhibited the picture publicly. Heart-broken, Hipparete made up her mind to divorce him.



She was so shameless in her love for her paramour that she did not even attempt to hide the child's paternity. She bade the nurse hold him up in front of all the court. "Whatever posterity may call him," she cried, "you are to know that his name is Alcibiades"

Now, to affect a legal separation, it was necessary in Athenian law for the wife to present a petition to the *archon*, or magistrate; and this she must do personally. No other hand might deliver the document. But when Hipparete set out to cross the market place with her petition, she suddenly heard behind her the thunder of hooves. Her heart leapt as she turned and saw Alcibiades galloping towards her on one of his matchless thoroughbreds. What was he going to do to her? She was not left long in doubt. Bending from the saddle, he snatched her up into his powerful arms. He laughed aloud, the petition fluttered to the ground, and the horse plunged on, scattering the crowd, knocking over the stalls with their bright-hued wares of fruit and trinkets, and frightening the strings of mules and donkeys till they kicked off their loads of unpacked merchandise. No one dared to stop him Nor, if they had seen the radiance on Hipparete's face, would they have thought it necessary to intervene. Clinging to him, she was borne back to his home like a barbarian's bride. She never left him from that day until her death, which occurred, unfortunately, not long afterwards. When his wife died, Alcibiades flung himself with renewed energy into the affairs of the republic. He began to inflame the people with a desire to capture Sicily.

"Give me a hundred triremes," he said, "and six thousand men, and I will sweep through the island before the inhabitants have time to realise that they are invaded."

They believed him. And there is small doubt that he could have carried out his undertaking. Nothing was beyond his achievement—if only he had been able to curb his appetites. But again and again the results of his own excesses were to dog him, like Nemesis, and bring to ruin all his mighty schemes. It was so with the Sicilian expedition.

The eve of the fleet's departure happened to be also the date of the festival of Adonis, and a terrible thing took place. When the solemn procession set out at dawn for the temples, the people were horror-stricken to discover that all the statues of Hermes had been broken and mutilated in the night. At first no clue could be found to the mystery. And then some bold spirit accused Alcibiades himself, alleging that he and a party of his companions had perpetrated the outrage during one of their drunken revels. No one could believe this, until his enemies brought forward evidence to prove that he had committed sacrilege on other occasions. Shameful details were brought to light concerning a parody of the Eleusinian Mysteries which took place in his house, and in which he had played the derisive role of high priest.

The people were horrified. Deeply religious, they held that there could be no greater crime than this profanation of all that they held most sacred. Rising in a body against their former idol, they clamoured for his arrest. But here they were faced with a dilemma. The troops were loyal to Alcibiades to a man, and refused to sail for Sicily under any other commander.

It was decided, therefore, to allow him to proceed with the expedition and to bring him to trial afterwards.

The fleet accordingly set sail. Arrived at Catania, in Sicily, Alcibiades called a meeting of his captains to draw up a plan of campaign.

But meanwhile, his enemies in Athens had stirred up the people to such a pitch of resentment, by bringing more charges against him, that they condemned him to death in his absence. A galley was sent to bring him back for execution . . .

Alcibiades must have been bitterly shocked by this violent change of front. But he was too brilliant a man to waste time in repining. He could meet treachery with treachery. Leaving his forces in charge of his two least competent generals, he quietly betrayed their plans to the enemy, and made good his escape to Sparta. It must have been no small satisfaction to him that the expedition was a complete and terrible fiasco.

At the court of King Agis of Sparta, he explained his predicament as an outcast from Athens, and offered his services in return for permission to live there. King Agis was astute enough to realise that good use might be made of this brilliant man whose country had turned on him so cruelly; and accordingly, even though Alcibiades had formerly been his enemy, he received him with great kindness and appointed him to a position of high authority.

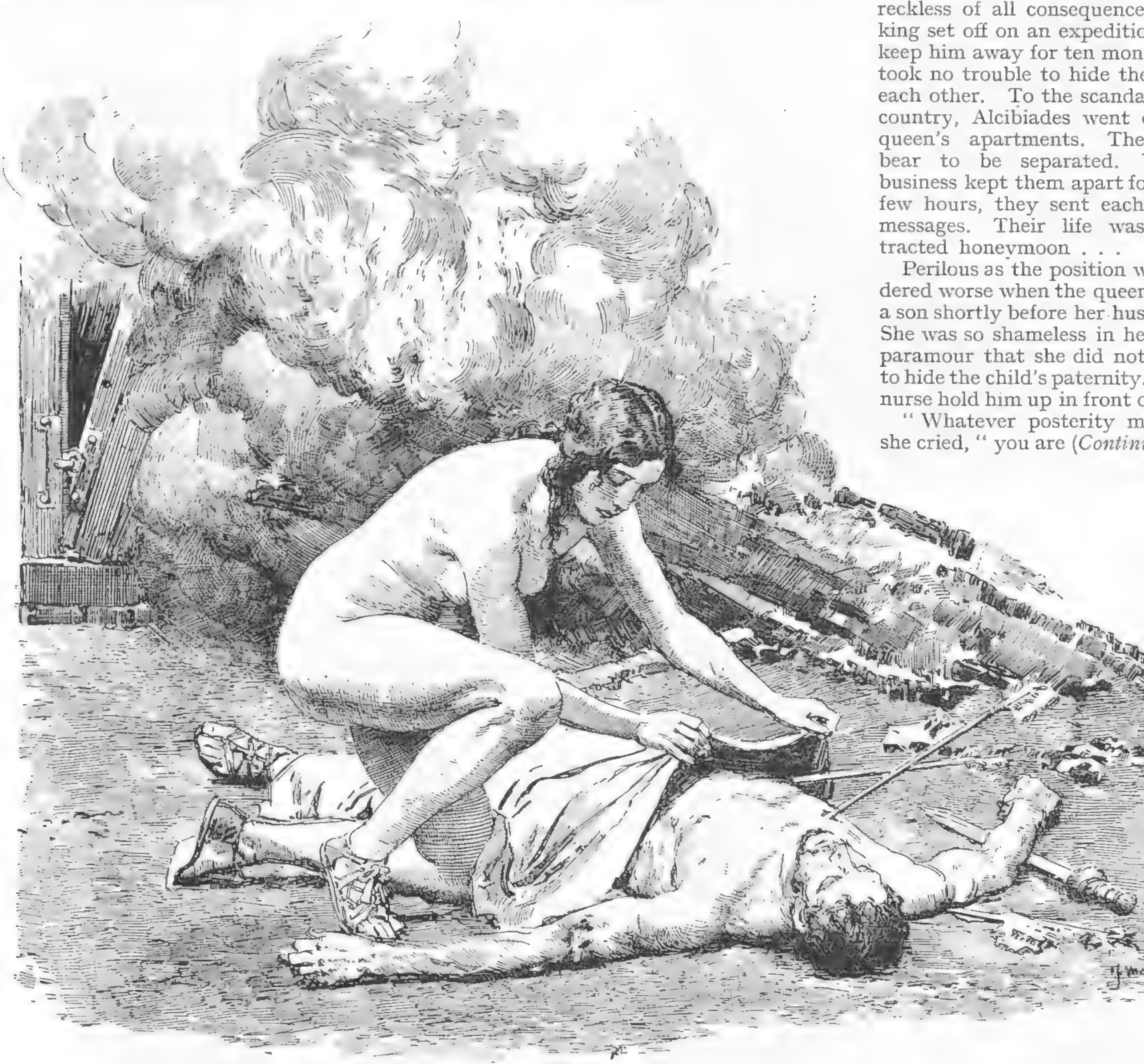
ALCIBIADES worked well for the people of Sparta. He adapted himself to their customs, and won instant popularity by his athletic feats and personal charm. All might have been well if the queen, Timaea, had not happened to be so fascinating a woman.

From the first moment their eyes met, these two had been irresistibly attracted to each other. It was inevitable that the queen, whose husband was much away on affairs of state, should take an interest in this newcomer to the court—especially since he was the most handsome man she had ever seen. And it was no less inevitable that Alcibiades, being what he was, should return the interest of a pretty woman, were she queen or serving-maid. But Queen Timaea was something more than a pretty woman. She had wit, glamour—every beguiling quality.

In a short while she had aroused in Alcibiades a blind passion that made him reckless of all consequences. When the king set off on an expedition that was to keep him away for ten months, the lovers took no trouble to hide their feelings for each other. To the scandal of the entire country, Alcibiades went openly to the queen's apartments. They could not bear to be separated. When urgent business kept them apart for more than a few hours, they sent each other ardent messages. Their life was like a protracted honeymoon . . .

Perilous as the position was, it was rendered worse when the queen gave birth to a son shortly before her husband's return. She was so shameless in her love for her paramour that she did not even attempt to hide the child's paternity. She bade the nurse hold him up in front of all the court.

"Whatever posterity may call him," she cried, "you are (*Continued on page* 79)



SHE took off her own robe and dressed him in it. Then with her own hands she dug a grave and buried him

Left: Once a lumber-room, now a restful sitting-room in a recently converted Mayfair flat

Left, below: A long dressing-table placed so that the roof slope is less noticeable

Right: In this attic studio sitting-room, an irregularly shaped recess includes bookshelves and cabinet. *(Duncan Miller)*

ROOM BENEATH

By Baseden Butt

THOSE two or three rooms which are found at the top of almost any large house are treated more respectfully to-day than they used to be.

They generally have sloping walls, caused by the pitch of the roof, and they are often either quite small or rambling and awkward in shape.

So the roof-rooms used to be filled with trunks or lumber—anything the family might possibly want in the indefinite future, and many things they never conceivably could want. At best, they were equipped as rather bare, comfortless bedrooms for the servants.

It was common to describe these rooms beneath the roof, rather contemptuously, as attics. Yet the word "attic" really means Athenian and should suggest refinement. We are beginning to appreciate this fact.

One reason for this changed point of view is that many of the newest houses are being built on the lines of a modern chalet.

They have a steeply pitched roof which is carried down fairly low and shows long, sweeping, extremely picturesque lines. But this treatment means that at least three, and often all four or five, of the bedrooms are definitely roof-rooms, with at least one wall sloping.

Moreover, many of the older houses are now modernised and divided into luxury flats. This means that the roof-rooms have to be used not only for the principal bedrooms but frequently for living-rooms, too. So the way in which the roof-rooms are equipped and decorated has grown very important. With a little care and forethought it is possible to make them really comfortable and attractive.

IN the past one of the greatest objections to making fuller use of the roof-rooms was that their position immediately beneath the roof made them liable to extremes of temperature. They were extremely cold in winter and oppressively hot in summer.

This is still a difficulty to be faced, though it can now be overcome. No roof-room can be considered up to date or complete unless constructed with some sort of insulating material. There are, for example, special insulating bricks and tiles, or insulating plaster may be used for the ceilings. For a house in the country an excellent roofing is Norfolk reed thatch, on account of its non-conducting properties.

If the house is already in existence there is generally no difficulty in fixing heat-resisting wallboards both to walls and ceiling. The wallboards can be nailed or screwed into position and then finished with paint or distemper; or they may be plastered and papered, this treatment, of course, concealing them completely.

As wallboards range in price from 3½d. per square foot and upward, there need be nothing prohibitively expensive about this item, if the room is of ordinary dimensions, while the practical benefit will be considerable, because the interior will enjoy more equable temperatures at every season.

ANOTHER objection to the roof-room used to be concerned with firing. The carrying of coal from the ground floor to the top of the house was an arduous operation, and dust and ashes were liable to be scattered through the house.

But modern homes have fewer stairs than those of a generation or so ago, and there are several alternatives to coal fires. The roof-room may be warmed by electric panel heaters hidden in walls or ceiling and equipped with thermostatic control, or by an electric radiator, a gas fire, or by a radiator supplied with hot water from the boiler.

In either event, the wallboards or other insulating

THE ROOF

materials tend to reduce the amount of artificial heating needed.

In making the roof-room comfortable, as well as presentable in appearance, one of the chief problems is how to deal with the sloping wall caused by the roof.

If this particular roof-room is to be a bedroom and if the wall has windows in it—or in other words, using the architectural description, if the windows are dormers in a mansard roof—the slope may be partly and sometimes altogether hidden by having a small dressing-table built-in beneath each window.

If, however, the slope is in another part of the room, it is a good plan to paint it cream or white, matching the ceiling, instead of treating it like the other walls. This gives a suggestion that the sloping portion is really a part of the ceiling and creates an illusion of spaciousness.

SOMETIMES it is possible to place the head of a bed, or chest of drawers, against the sloping wall, thereby making it less noticeable, or a special wardrobe or a group of cupboards may be built-in against it. Of course, all the furniture must be as small in size and low in height as possible.

A low divan, too, could be used instead of a bedstead. There is often room for this along the base of the wall which slopes. Furniture of this kind can make the roof-room really comfortable.

In modernised flats, of course, one often sees roof-rooms furnished as sitting and dining-rooms. There is no reason why they should invariably be equipped as bedrooms. A roof-room can make an excellent library, or a study, a boudoir, or a rest-room or play room.

If the roof-room is used as either a study or a playroom, the insulating wall-boards have another advantage, for they are non-conductors of sound as well as of heat.

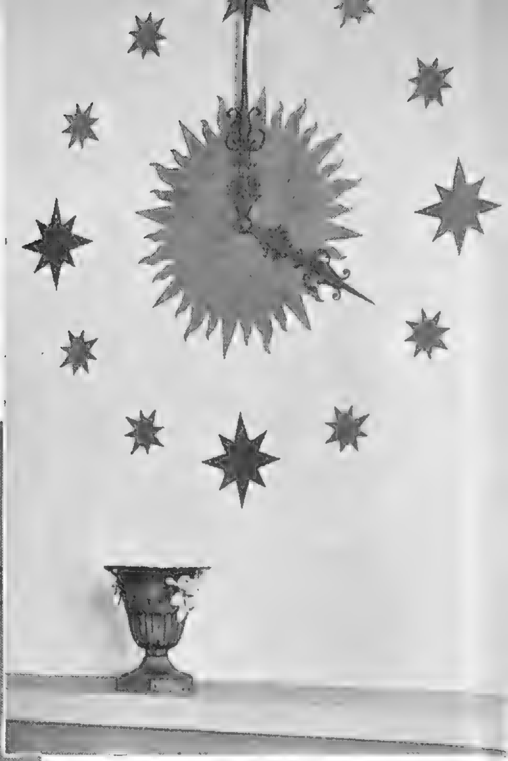
For a playroom a rambling, irregular shape can be a positive advantage. Children love to play in nooks and corners, and a toy railway, for example, can be laid so that it goes winding in and out from one end of the interior to the other.

Many people would never want to disguise sloping walls or irregular shapes, holding that these things add charm and atmosphere and make the attic a room in which it is fun to sleep, eat, work and live.

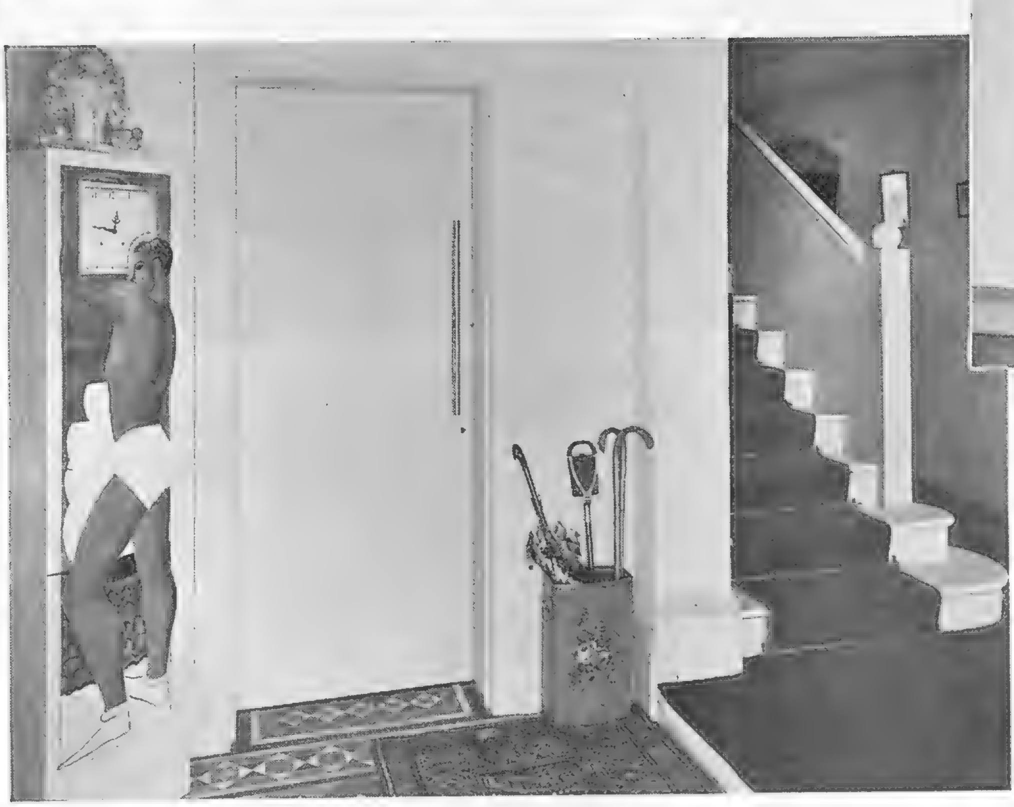
Above : Roof-room as dining-room. An unusual interior in an upper flat in London. The furniture is Sheraton

Below : An attic becomes a day nursery in a country house

CLOCKWISE



Painted face. A clock over the mantel in a modern sitting-room. The coloured stars replace conventional numbers; the decorative hands are in gilt



Left:
Modern version of the grandfather clock. The case is painted to match the colouring of the walls and the front panel cleverly decorated

The original grandfather—still one of the best-loved features of an antique decorative scheme.

AT one time it could at least be said of clocks that they were sometimes beautiful. Unreliable they may have been, but those were the days before this obsession for time and punctuality had robbed us of the art of loafing—that most charming of accomplishments.

Our former timepieces had personality. They were decorative. At times, so pleasant to look at that the mere function of indicating the passage of time became a matter of trifling importance.

Nowadays, we stand an object of indifferent charm on the mantelpiece, wrangle incessantly with other members of the household as to its dependability and call ourselves progressive.

All the same, in gaining efficiency, clocks have lost their charm.

There is a country hostelry, not far from London, in which patrons may inspect one of the most fascinating collections of clocks extant.

One hundred and ninety-one timepieces of varying character, size and antiquity are there. The sonorous voices of ponderous grandfathers join with the falsettos of frivolous cuckoo clocks. Fragile clocks, clumsy clocks, witty clocks and clocks that are merely eccentric all jostle together. If you have ever doubted the interest of the clock as a decorative unit, study a collection like this one.

After all, some of the finest craftsmen in the world have devoted their talents to the creation of timepieces. Clocks have been the subject of the craftsman's humour, his ingenuity and his skill since the first of them conceived the idea of measuring the passage of time by mechanical means.

It seems a pity to have lost sight of this interesting tradition. Surely modern principles of efficiency can be applied to clocks that have an appeal to the eye? Time passes so quickly that something should be done to soften the blow.

Perhaps you are thinking that the elaborate clock designs formerly so popular are out of harmony with modern principles of decoration. So they are, to some extent. Nobody wants to put a Victorian marble and ormolu clock in a modern decorative setting.

But take a look at the two modern timepieces illustrated in this article and ask yourself if the possibilities of the modern clock in decoration are not exciting.

The little modern clock that we have grown so used to is perfect in its way with its open countenance and complete denial of frills and fuss. As a purely utilitarian object, portable, reliable and unobtrusive, it does all we ask of it, but there is no excuse for it in the living-room or in any

(*Continued on page 124*)

GET IN A HANDY-MAN

THE simple title of this article conceals a campaign against helpless husbands and heads of households who can perform miracles with a golf swing, but can't use a hammer.

The idea is to encourage wives who are tired of waiting for the fulfilment of promises to put up a new curtain rail in the sitting-room or stop the draught under the dining-room door, to get in a handy-man.

A good handy-man has a value beyond rubies. He will not only provide the little details of comfort that "make a house a home," but he'll do it without argument.

A handy-man will build you a shelf, repair a lock, put a new castor on the easychair, or convert the grand piano into a sideboard, and he'll do it without once asking you to hold the nails and without cutting his thumb off and involving you in a lot of surgical assistance.

It may cost you a little more in hard cash to get your jobs done in this way, but what it saves you, first in persuasion and later in endeavours to get the thing done as *you* want it, will amply repay you.

It's very seldom that we indulge the luxury of a handy-man, but it's a great oversight when you think of all those irritating little jobs about the house that could so easily be put right by a man with the right tools and the will to please.

Think of the number of houses you know that suffer from badly hung curtains. Antiquated fixtures rob window treatments of their smartness and cause endless confusion by refusing to "run." A handy-man will make curtain fixture a pleasure to you in no time, and the cost is hardly worth counting.

An admirable idea to screen a little courtyard from a London flat. Painted slats, and at the base a box is bright with flowers. The wall has been colour washed and decorated

A fitment in a hall where there was no room for conventional furniture. Any handy-man worth his salt could make something similar

If you have children about the house, the same gentleman can do you a service by building a toy cupboard for each of them. Perhaps in their playroom—a row of them along the wall—or in their bedroom. They can even be in the sitting-room if there's no other place.

Each little cupboard will be labelled with the owner's name, if you're wise.

Cupboards now. Here is a job carried out by a handy-man that seems worth telling.

There were children in the little house concerned — several of them—and the problem of outdoor clothes was rather acute. Under the stairs was a broom cupboard

(*Continued on page* 114)

(Left) This interesting wall unit is one of the very latest productions in architectural lighting by the G.E.C. The sunray effect is obtained with tubes of glass emanating from the semicircular base. The lighted tubes are slightly reminiscent of neon lighting

This standard lamp (on the left) is a new G.E.C. production, in chromium with a mirror ball within a guard of thin red wires. The vellum shade is ivory with black lines. Price 24/-

(Below) Aladdin Industries, so well known for the production of oil lamps, present these new pottery lamps for electricity. The pottery is the work of Anton Lang, world famous in connection with the Passion Plays at Oberammergau

LIGHT: YOUR

WINTER evening. Dusk creeping through your home. Guests arriving . . . your finger on the drawing-room switch. Light. Will it be warming, restful, flattering to your home, or will it be merely illumination ?

If you have the comfort and beauty of your home at heart you will ask yourself this question.

It's a funny thing about light. You can make use of it to conceal the shabby spots in a home and you can use it for the very opposite purpose—to enhance the points you are most proud of. It is not difficult to do either, and yet lighting is hardly ever fully exploited.

A good explanation for this is that to install interesting lighting effects in a completed house is always troublesome and often expensive.

Builders—and some architects—are astonishingly conventional when the installation of lighting arises. There is no reason whatever why the most modest villa should not be fitted with a lighting system which will add substantially to the comfort of its occupants and to the distinction of the interior. If the installation is done at the time of building it is no more expensive to be unconventional. Yet we still find each room in the house fitted with the bleak and impracticable centre pendant.

In the great number of modern flats that I have been shown within the past year—many of them elaborately fitted for comfort and easy maintenance—I can think of only two or three instances in which the important matter of lighting had been given the consideration worthy of its importance to the occupants.

It would have cost no more when building was in progress to have installed lighting that would have been a comfort and a delight to the tenants. But no, light is only just beginning to dawn on us in this country.

But the fact remains that most of us have houses or flats in which the arrangement of the lights is unimaginative, and our problem is to get the best effects possible without wading into the expense of an entirely new system.

Plentiful lighting points about the house make the matter simpler, and these can be installed without much fuss and at a fairly reasonable cost.

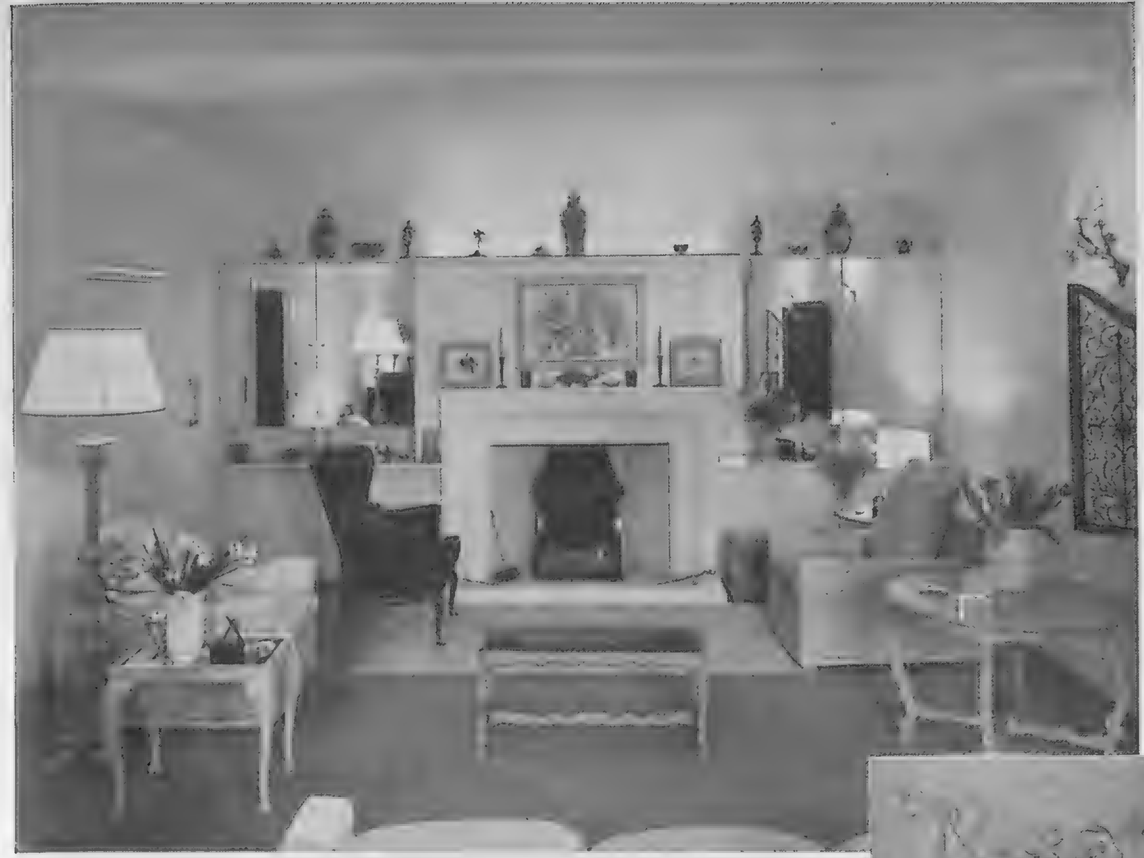
Suppose you are working on the lighting effects of a sitting-room. You have a long room, we'll say, with casement doors at one end and a square bay window at the other. The fireplace is centred on one wall between these two, and facing it, a little to the left, is the door.

At present you have a centre pendant and one standard lamp in a recess beside the fireplace.

Well, to start, forget the centre pendant. Scrap it. It is simply throwing useless light down to the centre of the floor, and with its present thick vellum shade is casting eerie shadows into the farther corners of the room, already bleak through being distant from the fire.

The lamp standard can be put to good use, but not exactly where it is now. For one thing, it is awkwardly situated in front of the bookshelves which are built into the recess, and by illuminating one side of the fireplace only you have merely emphasised the shadows on the other side.

It is important to consider the shape and



A simple modern interior made interesting with clever lighting. Note the lighting thrown upwards to the ceiling silhouetting the colourful pottery above the mantel. Mirror-faced cupboards reflect the colourful glow of lamps set at strategical points

SERVANT

description of furniture when plans for lighting are discussed. So much comfort depends upon getting each lighting unit in a position that will add to the comfort and usefulness of the furnishings as well as to their beauty.

In our imaginary sitting-room there is a settee. This stands against the wall between the door and the casement doors and on the opposite side to the fireplace.

The settee is an important adjunct to the comfort of this room, but it is too big to draw near to the fireplace. Its present position then, though not actually cold, is cheerless. This is where lighting comes in.

Two very simple and exactly similar little tables can be placed at either end of the settee. Their height should be a little less than that of the arms of the settee, and it is better if the breadth of each is slightly less than that of the settee. Two lamps exactly matching each other stand on each of the tables. The size is carefully chosen in proportion to the tables and the shades are of unobtrusive shape not likely to be in the way of those seated on the settee.

You will be astonished how much interest this piece of grouping adds to the settee by day, and, when the lamps are lit at night, more than ever surprised at the warmth and comfort they have imparted to this side of the room.

Now bring the tall standard lamp farther out towards the centre of the room and slightly behind one of the easy chairs. Here its light will be useful to the occupant of the chair ; passage to the bookshelves will be unhampered and lighting will be more evenly distributed over the area of the fireplace.

This leaves the bay window the only part of the room which is out in the cold. Here, if you are prepared to spend a little more money, you can get a very charming effect with concealed lighting. If you have heavy velvet or silk curtains with a gleaming surface to pull right across the opening at night, get a pelmet fitted, and let your electrician arrange a light point underneath it so that light—tinted if you wish—is shed down upon the curtains.

(*Continued on page* 132)

Lighted alcove over a fireplace. This is in a bedroom. The interior of the alcove is painted a darker shade than the pastel green walls, and exquisite glass is grouped on the shelves

By Winifred Lewis

TOOTH CARE

I would like to call up any ancient Egyptian and ask: "What did you do to keep every tooth in your head free from decay?" For there is scarcely a mummy but has his, or her, full complement of perfect natural teeth. Which seems odd, because apparently the Egyptians fed on the same soft farinaceous foods as we do to-day.

Yet there is not a sign of a stopping, unless it is a diamond inserted in a front tooth; no hint of pyorrhea; no picture in the hieroglyphics of a dentist, and none, I believe, of Egyptians washing their teeth.

They must have had a secret—positively must have had a secret; for when American dentists have ground down and analysed mummies' teeth, the bone composition is no different from ours. Yet when our skulls are dug up in the future, we shall surely be known as the toothless race.

Not so, I believe, our children. Parents are wide awake to the tremendous importance of sound teeth; so are schools, and most children spend a fifth of their time at the dentists'. Teeth are not permitted to overcrowd, jaws are widened, irregularities made even.

There is a marvellous formula now on the market, in the form of capsules, which directly affects the teeth and introduces an enamel-strengthening substance into the body, rendering the teeth for all time decay-proof.

This enamel-making formula has been proved up to the hilt after years of research. But the capsules have to be taken before the age of twenty-one and pretty continuously, as if taken after that age the ingredients have no effect. As the capsules are expensive, they only become cheap when considered in the light of a future health insurance. I think they should be made compulsory.

Several other things I would like to advise are: Use, and let your children use, tooth-paste or tooth-powder. Right here, I can recommend Forhans, a fine product. I believe they call it a "two-way" dentifrice because it cleans and whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time. But, at least once a week, clean the teeth with common household salt, and at another time during the week, with bicarbonate of soda.

Few mouth-washes will eliminate acid so rapidly as two teaspoonfuls of Epsom salt to a tumbler of water, if followed by a rinse—a long, active one—of plain water. I'll agree that the Epsom salt taste is not helpful.

If you want a delicious occasional mouth-wash, buy the best carbolic gargle going. Every chemist makes his special one. Use it once every three days in the ordinary way, but in cases of gum infection, illness, or where a milk diet is being followed, twice daily. Regular use of Listerine antiseptic as a mouth-wash is about the best habit you can get into.

Another once weekly tip is: Rub over the gums with a soft rag steeped in eau-de-Cologne. It tightens and tones them.

I would like the bathroom to be made the third reception room in every house. Some American hostesses are doing this, and after meals, guests forgather quite naturally in shining bathrooms for their mouth-spray.

After all, individually and collectively, each one of us is fighting the alarming spread of pyorrhea. And there is only one way to fight it—*do not omit to spray your mouth after meals.* For this purpose some men and women carry small syphons, no bigger than a baby flask, with them. These can be used at restaurants. But every one who can afford it should have his house equipped with an electrically-driven pulsating water-jet for a mouth-spray.

First-class hospitals have these jets for their patients, so do first-class dentists. And so should private people, for they are as essential to health as modern drainage. But before I describe the pulsating jet let us consider what pyorrhea is.

In healthy gums, the skin of the gum folds over and down the inside of the gum in the finest layer which attaches itself to the teeth. More often than not, this layer is pushed away from the teeth with secretions of tartar, an acid thrown out by the saliva glands and probably due to some form or other of wrong diet.

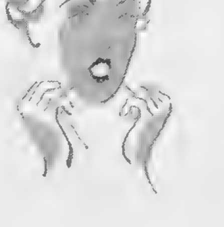
The tartar is mainly white; if black, it bespeaks a highly acid condition which will certainly result in racing pyorrhea. In any event, the tartar should be scraped away every few months by the dentist. Else, as it pushes away the inner gum from the tooth, so will the outer gum recede in an effort to clasp the tooth firmly, *and also in an effort to prevent debris and infection from sliding down the side of the tooth to the jaw-bone.*

Once infection slides down, and the bone becomes affected, a process of erosion takes place which eats away the jaw-bone. This is called *pyorrhea.*

The poison given out is absorbed by the body. This poison may attack the heart, the nerves, the stomach, which is why the teeth have to come out. Once the teeth are out the gum closes firmly down over the bone and erosion ceases.

But even if pyorrhea has started, although it cannot be cured—as nothing will replace bone that has been eaten—it can be checked. And one of the home ways of checking it is by the mouth-spray after meals.

If this spray is an electrically-driven pulsating water-jet—installed near the basin and which you can push on or off when you have inserted the nozzle in your mouth—the water (*Continued on page* 119)



John
Everard

UPLIFT...

No point in woman's figure is lovelier than a firm young bust. Even a slim hip looses value unless it is dominated by an up-and-outward sweeping breast-curve. Yet plenty of women contentedly add years to their appearance by neglecting this key-factor to their health, beauty and attractiveness.

Odd, isn't it? Well, nothing ever happens until it does, and *now* a glass-bell, the device of a German doctor, is going to ring the knell to all that.

I have observed its miracle-working properties on two friends. One, a woman of forty-seven, superabundantly chested; the other, a girl of twenty-three, athletic, slightly-built, but, for some reason, droop-busted, and looking positively concave.

This article is to help the woman with the flat, the drooping, or the too large bust.

Three weeks of the simplest home treatment with this bell has given back youth in perfect contour to the woman of forty-seven, and invested the girl with form and appeal.

This was the treatment. Twenty minutes' practice night and morning with the bell, and whenever possible, twenty minutes in the middle of the day. Baths at a moderate temperature. A towel wrung out in cold water bound round the bosom for three minutes after the baths, to guard against the muscles relaxing. Massaged with muscle-flexing creams before adjusting the glass-bell, which was then able to strengthen the muscles in double-quick time, tone the tissues, and draw the breast back into a firm and perfect shape.

It is these incidentals which make or mar a treatment. And to be certain of these etceteras, which vary in every case, it is better to call at the salon where treatment is demonstrated, so that the correct fattening or reducing pastes can be prescribed for you.

You will then be initiated into the use of the glass-bell, and able to procure one that is meticulously fitted to yourself. Precise fitting is always more difficult when details are sent by post. But for those who may be unable to call, I am going to outline treatment for the three different cases, and give a description of the glass-bell.

Don't, of course, consider this treatment if you are an expectant or a nursing mother.

The bell, which is made in several sizes, is equipped with a rubber-tubing and bulb, which forms an air-pump. This bulb is pressed as soon as the bell is fixed firmly over the breast against the chest-wall.

In this way a vacuum is created inside the bell, which lifts the breast up and out, and brings the blood springing to the parts. *This accentuated shape-directed blood-circulation revitalises and builds the tissues into the required form.* So, you see, the working of the bell is based on scientific principles. The method is safe, the result certain.

For Those Who Wish to Reduce.

Reduction must be effected before the process of shaping is started. Use hot fomentations daily. Wring out a fine huckaback towel in boiling water, open it and insert half a packet of reducing salts. Re-fold the towel and hold it over the chest for from three to four minutes. Repeat this three or four times. Now massage-in a reducing paste. Use both hands, bringing the paste down between the breasts and then up and round them.

End the treatment with three to four fomentations, which will finish the remaining half-packet of bath salts. A final brisk up-patting over the chest with a tonic lotion is good after this.

As soon as all fatty deposits have been removed

(Continued on page 146)

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Bed and

Addresses from which these articles can be obtained on application, with stamped addressed postcard for reply, to Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Breakfast

6

Photographs by Elsie Collins.

7

1. A blue linen border with matching insertion embroidered with white spots decorates these fine white linen sheets. £1 . 14 . 6 for one sheet and pillow-case, single-bed size.

2. Linen sheets, with drawn threads and coloured borders with contrasting coloured linen appliqués, make any bed look elegant. £1 . 14 . 6 for one single-bed sheet and pillow-case.

3. This cosy hand-tufted bedside rug of white with a design in rust, brown and grey, makes getting out of bed in the morning not quite as bad as it might be, £1 . 8 . 6.

4. A good bed-coverlet, fleecy wool covered with artificial silk, £2 . 14 . 0. The satin-bound blanket is in all colours, 60″ by 80″, 12/3.

5. You don't need bedspread, many blankets or quilt if you have a Quilette bed-covering. This gives you complete ventilation, warmth without weight, decoration too. (It comes in twelve good colours.) Prices: For the baby's cot, 5/9. Single-bed size, £1 . 3 . 6 to £2 . 12 . 6.

6. Breakfast-in-bed set on a very useful table tray. Even a hot-water plate is included in this pretty green and silver stripe set, which costs £2 . 5 . 6. The table legs fold underneath, making a tray for those who prefer knee balance.

7. Many people hold that coffee is best made by pouring boiling water on to the grounds. For this, there is nothing better than fireproof coffee pots like these in mottled dark blue. 4/- for 1½ pint, 2/6 for 1 pint.

8. Something new for keeping breakfast food and drink warm. A lighter rather like a nightlight is placed in the glass container, 7/- and 2/9.

9. Blue Polka dots and a flower-motif china make a fresh-looking breakfast table. Service for six, £2 . 13 . 0.

10. Josiah Spode made this Blue Italian ware a best-seller in your grandmother's time. It still is. Breakfast service for six, £1 . 12 . 9.

11. Breakfast for two can be served on two tray cloths or large oblong mats with matching napkins. These have corded stripes embroidered in different shades of green. Tray cloth, 2/3. Napkins, 1/6½. Walnut toast rack, 4/6. Walnut butter dish, 5/3.

8

9

10

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I'll Tell You All I Know

IF you are worried about your double chin, take heart. Carole Lombard has a beauty, and she 's young, glamourful, and a star. Also plenty of babies and schoolgirls have them. Also almost every young woman over the age of twenty-five has one.

Yet I can't think this is a good enough reason for going on with double chins. They 're pretty ugly. After all, once people died of appendicitis. Now they 're up and around in three weeks.

A new salon has arrived in Bond Street (but with reasonable prices) which thinks the same way. They have a staff of experts who not only have magic and sympathy in their fingers, but who know how every muscle in your face and body should be handled ; they have the newest in safe, electrical appliances ; they have a string of excellent and logical beauty preparations and treatments ; they have new ideas.

One is for double chins. Young 'uns can be cured in no time. Older ones can be cured, too — not in a sitting, they don't claim to do miracles—but by clever contour manipulative treatments and a series of home exercises.

They aim at bringing back the correct blood circulation to ageing faces and skins. They claim, rightly, that a proper blood flow brings new hope, new life and movement to lazy muscles, tones down wrinkles, builds up flabby, connective tissues.

You will find, if you are being treated for a chin, that they possibly won't touch your chin at all, or hardly. But there will be clever hand and electric massage on your back, the pinning up of drooping muscles at the sides of your face. (Try this yourself. Hold up the sides of your face, just in front of the ears. See ? The double chin goes. . . .)

One of their quickie beauty treatments is a skin cocktail. Dab it on, to freshen up a tired face before making up for a party. It gives a lift.

Now for another quickie home treatment, one of my own special favourites—a pine mask.

This is a soft, smooth spreading cream which contains pine oil, and consequently smells like heaven. The fragrance alone refreshes and stimulates.

While it is an immediate, ten-minute beautifier, its purpose is more deep-seated. Winter winds and November fogs roughen, dull and dirty your skin. A few of these masks softens and braces it, counteracts the drying wind effect, cleanse deep inside.

First open the pores, clean with a good cream. Spread the mask on. It dries, but not too stiffly, for ten minutes. Wash off with tepid water, rinse finally with cold. When the skin is particularly dry, remove the mask with a warm wrinkle oil.

The results will make you grateful.

There is something irritating about the smug young woman who says : " Oh, I just wear the same underclothes winter and summer ; never more than silk bras and panties." She is horrified if you confess to a woolly vest. You might have said you wore a red flannel petticoat.

As for me, keeping warm is what counts.

I know that knowing you look nice beneath your frock helps your poise. I say you can look grand, yet still be warm. The lace-soft woolly underwear of to-day could hardly be more attractive. They have reached the top, I think, in fabric, light, warm cosiness, sleek-tailored cut.

There is a new woolly one-piece garment which suffers only from the name combinations. That is all they have to improve in this affair. Otherwise it is perfect.

Yes, the trunk end is closed. There is a small back opening with a flap which comes forward, buttons comfortably in front. This opening has an elastic bind which gives with the body in movement and yet returns always to a perfectly closed position.

An ample gusset gives freedom, but allows no gaping. There are narrow shoulder-straps, a very low back, a fitting waist, and the prettiest lacy pattern to the wool.

Reading in bed is high up in my list of the joys of life. But when I have to wear glasses, it slips down a few places. If you lie on your side, the spectacle sides press on to your head, twist around, make marks on your nose. If you lie on highish pillows, you have to hold the book high to keep it in your line of vision. If you are me, you don't wear your glasses in bed.

That is in health. In illness, and having to lie flat, there 's no reading to be done at all, unless the book is suspended upside down above you.

Probably after being ill in bed themselves, a famous firm of spectacle-makers turned their attention to what they call recumbent spectacles. These are fitted with special lenses which reflect the page of your book. You don't look at the book at all. You simply look ahead, while the book rests comfortably on your chest.

If you want to turn sideways, you arrange the book so that it can be held in complete comfort, angle the spectacles to it, then look ahead again, with no straining of neck muscles.

You can buy either the entire fitted spectacles, or have the lenses fitted to your existing glasses.

Nearly all my life I have been looking for something that removes every sort of spot without leaving a larger spot behind.

And now I 've found it—an all-in cleaner. It takes anything out, anything—grease, food, oil, fruit, drink stains. There 's no odour ; it cannot hurt even the most delicate fabrics. It never leaves a ring.

When it has proved what it can do to clothes, try it on soiled head-rests, chair-covers, curtains. It is specially good for furs, for very old lace that can't stand washing. Even for your dog's coat.

The methods of using this powder cleaner are different for dry, hard, old spots, for freshly-made spots, for dark materials. But they are all so easy, your small child could do them. In fact that's a good way of keeping her busy on a wet Saturday afternoon. The price is easy on your purse, too. A shilling a tin.

Since we seem to be so domestic, here is a nice little tube of stuff for any hussif to run around the house with, putting things together again.

It is a tube of adhesive, with really formidable powers of sticking. Is your husband about to practise as a doctor, madam ? Then you can put up his brass plate for him. It sticks metal to stone. Use it behind the wooden plaque announcing your new house-name. It sticks wood to stone. It holds together licence-holder to wind-screen, fixes loose knife and fork handles.

Laff if your maid breaks china, because this repairs it. It fixes chips in sinks, basins, loose tiles anywhere in the house, sticks tiles on to wood.

I wouldn't have this sticky stuff in the house if I had two people around whom I wanted to keep apart. . . .

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4, and enclose stamped envelope.

ENTERTAINING

On The Maid's Night Out

By ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT

With modern labour-saving appliances, and all sorts of little gadgets, the problem of entertaining without a maid or on the maid's night out is greatly simplified.

Foremost in importance is the adaptable tea-trolley. One fitted with sliding shelves and a cutlery drawer is most practical, giving knee-room when the trolley is converted to table use. The electric kettle, coffee percolator, waffle iron, and miniature grill are all successful aids to easy entertaining. A table heater of some kind is a necessity.

If you run your own kitchen, or servants do it for you, its equipment should be kept up to date. Cooking apparatus, naturally, is the principal concern. It is hard to produce good results on an inefficient stove. A gas or electric cooker fitted with a thermostatic oven control is practical and time-saving. Aluminium pots and pans are clean to work with and require less heat than the cumbersome iron pot.

Those housewives whose budgets have hitherto not stretched to such luxuries as refrigerators, will find the newer models, with their attractive, easy-payment terms, quite within their reach. This is a wise investment, the refrigerator dealing effectively with food which has to be prepared well in advance.

Aim at simplicity. One or two courses perfectly served, will appeal to the most fastidious guest, and will also allow you to deal more effectively with the actual serving of the meal.

In a lot of homes the informal Sunday-night supper has practically become an institution.

Supper, being rather a vague term, may cover anything from light eats to a substantial meal of two or three courses. But if you are maidless on that night yet want to feed your friends, your best way out is a snack supper.

Although we have come to associate canapes and tit-bits with the sherry or cocktail party, many of these savouries can be enjoyed happily at supper.

On your trolley arrange a pile of plates with a napkin between each so that the guests may pick them up together. Have coffee pot, coffee cups, with their etceteras, next to the plates. Put your plates of food underneath on the shelf.

Here are some snack ideas: bridge rolls filled with creamed sweetbread, or cottage cheese flavoured with some piquant relish; éclair cases stuffed with diced chicken and mayonnaise; tomato sandwiches with the tomato skinned, and put between two rounds of bread, the top round cut with a doughnut-cutter; cocktail sausages grilled and served hot or cold.

One particularly attractive dish is hard-boiled eggs cut in half, lengthwise, and filled with alternate red and black caviare. Arrange on a large dish with quarters of lemon piled up in the centre.

Crisp individual salads can be made up with crab, lobster, meat, or chicken, on a bed of lettuce with a garnish of sliced tomato and curled celery.

But perhaps you and your guests prefer to sit down to a more substantial meal. Start with soup. A previously prepared consommé, well seasoned and flavoured with sherry, is easily reheated on the table or sideboard cooker. So are patty cases of puff pastry stuffed with things like veal and ham, oysters, and sweetbread.

Devilled bones are an idea, too. These are legs of game or chicken previously cooked, then scored across at intervals with a sharp knife. Into each crack chutney, curry paste, and other spicy flavourings are spread, then the bones are quickly grilled or reheated in a casserole.

A cold sweet is generally a pleasant finish to a supper of this kind. Little chocolate creams, lemon sponges, and other things of a similar nature, can be previously prepared and served in decorative glasses topped with a spoonful of whipped cream.

A praline soufflé is a star sweet. To make it, take two yolks of eggs and beat them with one dessertspoonful of castor sugar in a basin over hot water, till thick. Remove from the water and beat till cold. Add two ounces of crushed almond rock, one gill and a half of whipped cream, and a quarter of an ounce of dissolved gelatin.

Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites, using a metal rather than a wooden spoon.

When it begins to thicken, pour it into a china soufflé case which has had a double band of kitchen paper about two inches thick tied round the outside. Leave till set, tear away the paper gently, then spike the sides with shredded almonds and cover the top with whipped cream.

The popular and elegant crêpe Suzette, prepared from (*Continued on page* 132)

Foremost in importance is the ever-adaptable trolley.

WINE WISDOM

Wine is almost infinite in its variety. It has many shades of colour, varying and subtle degrees of dryness and sweetness, it can be still or sparkling, newly made or mellowed with age, and in every variety it can be perfect.

The great bulk of wines produced is simple, wholesome stuff, consumed where it is made. The rest are fine wines which have their origin in the famous vineyards—wines with that inestimable quality known as "breed." These are the wines which appear upon the banqueting tables of the world and delight the palates of the epicures of every nation.

It is inevitable that traditions should have grown up about so fine a work of art as a good wine. The shape of the glass from which the precious liquid is taken; the storage; the decanting; the order of the wines and the foods with which they should be taken. All are subject to conventions devised to enhance the magic of a fine wine.

Even when sealed in a bottle, wine is extremely sensitive to outside conditions and the greatest care is necessary to protect it both in storage and in service.

Experts have declared fifty or fifty-five degrees to be the most suitable temperature at which wines should be stored, so if your "cellar" can be kept at this temperature, so much the better for your wines.

All wines throw off impurities and by-products, which sink to the bottom of the bottle, and every care must be taken not to disturb this sediment either by vibration while the bottles are stored, or at the time of serving.

In the cellar, lay the bottles on their sides so that the cork is covered with liquid. This horizontal position should be maintained for two reasons. First, to prevent evaporation of some of the best elements of the wine through vapour and, second, so that impurities remain undisturbed.

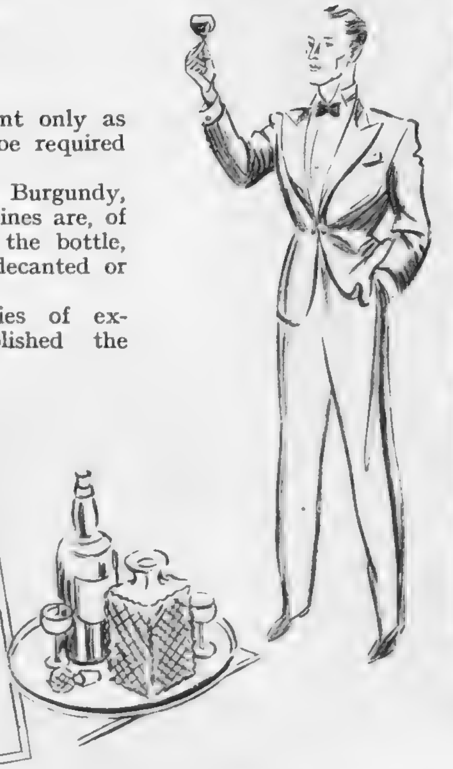
Decanting has two purposes. Decanters are decorative. They look well at table and minimise the danger of pouring sediment from the bottle.

Before decanting, the wine bottle should be allowed to stand upright for twenty-four hours. This gives the sediment time to sink. The cork should be drawn with the greatest care not to shake the wine in the bottle and the contents should always be poured against the light so that the cloudy wine at the bottom can be easily seen.

Sherry, Madeira and Port definitely improve in a decanter, but Claret and Burgundy are stale a day or so after decanting. So in the case of the latter

- Serve white wine with chicken, red wine with meat or game.
- Cheese is an excellent background for wine. With mild cheese serve Claret and Burgundy, with strong cheeses serve Port and Sherry.
- Sweet Champagne is a dessert wine. The

By Louisa Kay



wines it is as well to decant only as much wine as is likely to be required at a sitting.

Champagne, Sparkling Burgundy, Sauternes and other white wines are, of course, always served from the bottle, but Liqueur wines can be decanted or not, as preferred.

Long usage and centuries of experimentation have established the temperatures at which certain wines should be taken.

dry ones should be drunk with fish.

- A good Madeira is one of the best after-dinner wines.
- Sherry is one of the wines which improve in a decanter.
- A wine must always be chosen with the view to laying a good foundation for the next.

Warmth is believed to develop the bouquet of Claret, so this wine should be taken at room temperature. In order to reach this, the wine is brought into the room where it is to be served some hours before it is needed.

Sherry and Port are also served at room temperature, but Burgundy, to be perfect, should be taken at about sixty degrees. The temperature for white Burgundy is a little lower—about fifty-five degrees.

Most light, white wines are best chilled, but it is pure sacrilege to put ice into any wine. The best method of chilling is to wrap the bottle in a wet cloth and stand it in a cool draught of air.

Certain foods have the capacity of bringing out the best flavour of the wines, so each should be carefully considered in relation to the other.

The order of wines is, generally speaking, white wine before red wine, dry wines before sweet wines, and lighter wines before wines of greater fullness.

The true æsthete deplores the use of heavily-cut wine glasses and demands such as those on the left—plain crystal, hand-made, exquisitely turned. Many wine lovers will prefer the beautiful hand-cut Spear Head design on the right, however. The glass is by Hamptons

Serve a light, dry wine with hors d'œuvre. The same with soup. These include light Sherry, Graves and white Burgundies.

With fish, light dry wines are again the perfect accompaniment. That is to say, Hock, Moselle, dry Champagne or white Burgundy.

With meat, the red wines come on. Claret, Burgundy or Chianti.

The heavier, sweet wines arrive with dessert. These are Sauterne, Madeira, sweet Champagne and, of course, Port.

Some of the customs which have grown up around the service of wines seem trivial enough, but the connoisseur would as soon omit these embellishments of service as he would omit the most elementary rules of hospitality to his guests. Here are some of them.

Wine is always opened in full view of the diners and it is customary for the first wine from the bottle to be poured into the host's glass so that he may first test it for possible deterioration.

The wine is then served to the right, the bottle being carefully held at the same angle throughout the service in order that the sediment should remain undisturbed.

Wine glasses should never be filled more than half-way, but they must be constantly replenished.

Vintage is talked of a good deal, but in point of fact there are not many people who, ordering dated wines, really know why they are doing it.

Certain seasons are associated with a fine crop of fruit resulting in specially fine wine. The age of wine has very little to do with Vintage. A wine may be ten or twenty years of age, but still not of a Vintage year. It is important, however, to know something of the ages at which each type of wine is considered to be at its best.

Champagne is thought to be at its finest from twelve to twenty years old, while the epicure will generally choose a Burgundy that is between ten and twelve years old.

There is, of course, no fixed rule about this. Certain wines differ with each crop, and the Burgundy of one year which reaches perfection in twelve years may differ utterly from the Burgundy of another which takes fifteen years to mature.

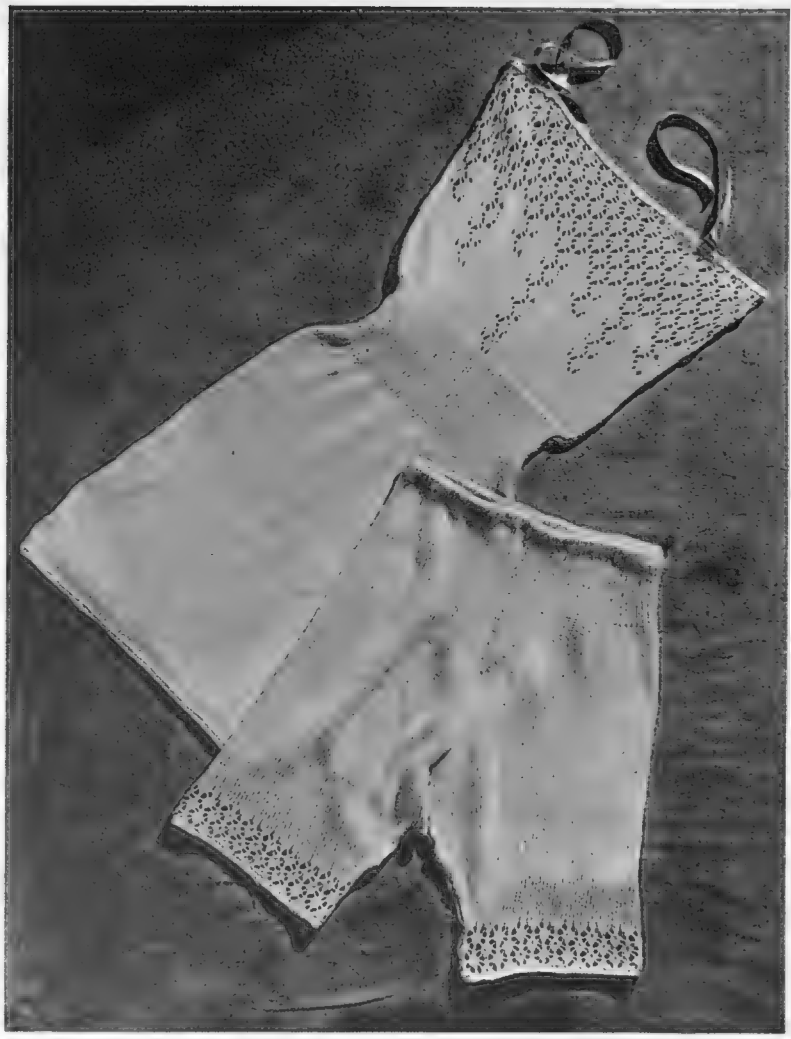
There is more than one school of thought on the subject of wine glasses. The true æsthete is apt to deplore the use of any other than a perfectly plain, hand-made crystal stem glass.

Elaborate form and intricate decoration are, to him, demeaning to the precious liquid which the glass contains.

Nothing, he argues, must obscure the glorious colouring of the wine nor anything prevent his enjoying its exquisite shades when it is held to the light.

Moreover, the glass should be thin enough to permit the heat of the hand to warm the wine when necessary. Heavy cutting, naturally, interferes with this.

To the average wine lover, however, the pleasure of the wine is greatly enhanced by the beauty and quality of the glass in which it is served.



Materials : 7 ozs. Halcyon 2-ply yarn (4 ozs. for vest and 3 ozs. for panties). 1 pair pins size 10 and 1 pair size 12. 1 yard of ribbon for shoulder-straps and 1 yard elastic for waist.

Abbreviations : K. Knit ; P. Purl ; sts. stitches ; pat. pattern ; inc. increase ; dec. decrease ; M. Make ; tog. together ; Knit into the back of all cast-on stitches to give a firm edge.

VEST AND PANTIES

VEST—FRONT.

Cast on 100 sts., on No. 10's, with double wool. Break off second wool. Work 4 rows garter st. Change to stocking st. and work till 14 ins. are done. Change to No. 12 needles.

Next row : K.8, K.2 tog., repeat to end of row. (90 sts.) Work 37 rows in K.1, P. 1 rib, making one st. each end of the last row. 92 sts. Now start bodice.

1st row : K.43, M.1, K.1, M.1, K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog., K.43.

2nd row, and every alternate row, P.

3rd row : K.43, M.1, K.3, M.1, K.3 tog., K.43.

5th row : K.43, K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog., M.1, K.1, M.1, K.43.

7th row : K.43, K.3 tog., M.1, K.3, M.1, K.43.

8th row : P. Repeat these 8 rows once.

17th row : K.19 (M.1, K.1, M.1, K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog., K.18) three times, K.1.

19th row : K.19 (M.1, K.3, M.1, K.3 tog., K.18) three times, K.1.

21st row : K.19 (K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog., M.1, K.1, M.1, K.18) three times, K.1.

23rd row : K.19 (K.3 tog., M.1, K.3, M.1, K.18) three times, K.1.

24th row : P. Repeat rows 17 to 24 inclusive once.

33rd row : K.7 (M.1, K.1, M.1, K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog., K.6) 7 times, K.1.

35th row : K.7 (M.1, K.3, M.1, K.3 tog., K.6) 7 times, K.1.

37th row : K.7 (K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog., M.1, K.1, M.1, K.6) 7 times, K.1.

39th row : K.7 (K.3 tog., M.1, K.1, M.1, K.6) 7 times, K.1.

40th row : P. Repeat rows 33 to 40 inclusive once.

49th row : K.1 (M.1, K.1, M.1, K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog.) 15 times, K.1.

51st row : K.1 (M.1, K.3, M.1, K.3 tog.) 15 times, K.1.

53rd row : K.1 (K.2 tog., K.1, K.2 tog., M.1, K.1, M.1) 15 times, K.1.

55th row : K.1 (K.3 tog., M.1, K.3, M.1) 15 times, K.1.

56th row : P. Repeat rows 49 to 56 inclusive 3 times. Cast off with double wool.

BACK.

Work as for the front until the ribbing at waist is finished. 92 sts.

Work in stocking st. for 64 rows and then work 16 rows in pat. as rows 49 to 56 on the front. Cast off, with double wool.

PANTIES—RIGHT LEG.

Cast on 98 sts. on No. 10 needles. Work 3 rows garter st. Then work 16 rows in pat. (as rows 49 to 56 on front of vest). Change to stocking st., inc. 1 st. each end of every plain row till you have 136 sts. Work 5 rows without inc., ending purl row.

Now dec. each end of *every other* plain row until you have 114 sts. Work 5 rows without dec. Now start waist.

1st row : K.1, P.1, knit to end.

2nd row : P. to the last 2, K.1, P.1.

3rd row : K.1, P.1 (twice), knit to end.

4th row : P. to last 4, K.1, P.1, twice.

Continue inc. ribbing at front edge by 2 sts. every plain row until 12 sts. are in rib, and then inc. the rib in every row until there are 40 sts. in rib.

Next row : Rib. 40, knit to end. Now start shaping for back.

1st row : P. 55, turn and knit back.

3rd row : P. 50, turn and knit back.

5th row : P. 45, turn and knit back.

7th row : P. 40, turn and knit back.

9th row : P. 35, turn and knit back.

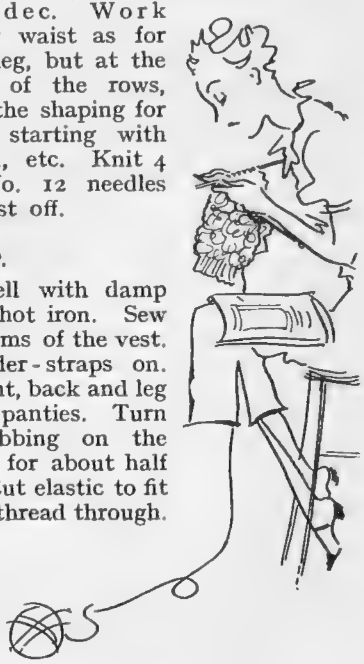
Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib for 4 ins. Cast off.

LEFT LEG.

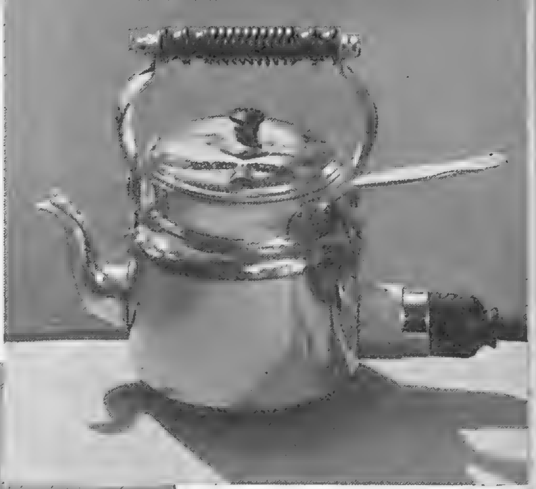
Work as for the right leg until you have dec. to 114 and worked 5 rows without dec. Work ribbing for waist as for the other leg, but at the other end of the rows, and work the shaping for the back, starting with K. 55, turn, etc. Knit 4 ins. on No. 12 needles in rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.

Press well with damp cloth and hot iron. Sew up side seams of the vest. Sew shoulder-straps on. Sew up front, back and leg seams of panties. Turn in top ribbing on the wrong side for about half an inch. Cut elastic to fit waist and thread through.



THESE HELP HOUSEWIVES



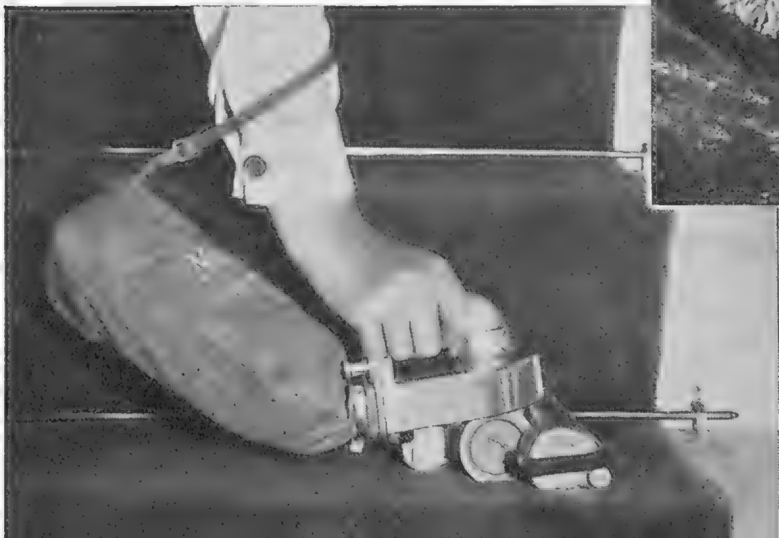
The "Swan" combination kettle and saucepan can be supplied in any voltage. The element is fitted with a patent safety device which ensures that the kettle shall not boil dry. The saucepan can, of course, be lifted right out so that the kettle can be used independently. Price 25s.

This soup-straining ladle holds back fat, bits of bone and other substances not intended to be served at table. Price 1s.

A strainer that will fit any gravy-boat of regular design will appeal to those who slop the gravy over the edges, over themselves and on to the floor, when using the ordinary circular strainer. Price 8d.

The Pentecon "Grilla" saves fuel, time and attention. It grills on both sides at once over a single gas or other flame burner, requires no turning or basting, retains all juices, and makes the toughest meat tender. Price 15s.

The Aero Mop, a comparative newcomer, combines many useful features. It is exceptionally light, has a rotary movement which ensures effective dusting and polishing, and is very flat so that it can be used easily under low furniture. The detachable mop pads can be washed and replaced. Price 5s., spare pads 3s.



Ten years' written guarantee accompanies the Newmaid stair cleaner. This light and handy machine needs no electricity; it has amazingly powerful suction which, aided by a revolving brush, draws every particle of dirt into the dust-bag. Price 25s.

Further details on application, with stamped envelope, to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

All That Is Necessary To Make

A PERFECT CURRY

MORE than half of the people who say they don't like curry have never had the chance of trying it at its best. After tasting myself some of the horrible concoctions which pass under the name of curried this or that, I can fully sympathise.

The first thing to remember about curry is that it is *not* a stew thickened at the last minute with flour and flavoured with curry powder. I hope that the following directions will increase the pleasure of people who already agree that a perfect curry is one of the best dishes in the world, and convert a great many of those who do not.

Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of curry—the dry curry and the dish with a curry sauce. In either case, however, it is essential that the curry powder is put in at a stage when it can have time to fry with some of the ingredients.

If you are making a dry curry, little or no liquid is added, while for a "sauce" curry you put in the stock much later.

For curries of meat, poultry or game—and you should remember that it is an excellent method of using up once cooked meats—it is most important to trim the meat very carefully, removing bones, skin, fat and gristle, and cutting it into small tidy pieces.

This rule does not apply, of course, to a curry made with a whole raw chicken, in which case you would cut it into five or six pieces as for a *poulet sauté* or a *poulet en casserole*.

When using already cooked meat, I always heat it separately (having first trimmed and cut it up) and add only at the last minute to the curry foundation.

CHICKEN CURRY. Carve the chicken, raw, into five or six pieces; two wings, two legs, the breast. Cook these in butter, starting with the legs and turning the pieces to brown them nicely.

Remove and keep hot.

Add one onion finely chopped, brown it, and add two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, salt and a lump of sugar. Cook this, stirring well, for about ten minutes.

Now add the flesh of one or two tomatoes peeled, cut up and the pips removed. Cook very slowly until the tomatoes have become soft and well worked into the onions. Add sufficient stock to make a good sauce, and simmer for another quarter of an hour. By this time you should have a fairly thick sauce without the addition of any flour.

During the last five minutes put back the pieces of chicken and serve with plainly cooked and well-dried rice.

CHICKEN CURRY II. This time you are using the remains of a cold roast chicken, or game or joint of mutton. Cold roast beef is not good for this purpose, as the meat becomes too hard.

Start as before by cooking the onion and curry powder, adding also a few tomatoes. The carcase of the bird can be used to make a stock, which you put in after the curry powder has cooked for at least ten minutes.

Meanwhile trim the meat or poultry well, cutting it into small pieces and tossing them for a few minutes in butter or bacon fat. After the curry has simmered for about a quarter of an hour or so add the meat, stirring it well in.

Serve also with plain rice.

DRY CURRY. Pieces of mutton are best cooked this way. They should be well trimmed and cut in pieces about two inches square. Start as usual by frying the chopped onion. Add the meat, also the curry powder and salt. Cook on a very slow fire for about twenty minutes, stirring constantly and adding a little butter if the dish becomes too dry.

CURRY SAUCE. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of curry powder. Cook for a minute or two, stirring all the time.

Now add a puddingspoonful of flour, stir well and cook for a minute. Have ready some hot milk and add this, little by little, whipping well and boiling all the time until you have sufficient sauce the consistency of *Béchamel*.

The sauce should cook at least twenty minutes, so you may have to add more milk from time to time, as it will get thicker as it cooks. Whip it occasionally and, when finished, pass it through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan.

At the last minute add a tablespoonful of cream. The sauce can also be made with chicken or veal stock as you would make a *velouté*, and in any case is excellent with eggs or as an accompaniment to a pilaff of meat or fish.

CURRIED SCRAMBLED EGGS. For four people, peel and chop one onion and peel two or three tomatoes, cutting them up and removing the seeds. Cook the onion in a little butter or bacon fat until brown. Add the tomatoes, salt and a puddingspoonful of curry powder. Cook this together slowly for about ten minutes, stirring so that you have a smooth paste.

Meanwhile beat together eight eggs and pour them into the curry mixture and cook very slowly, stirring all the time until the eggs are set. Serve on pieces of bread fried in bacon fat and use either as a breakfast dish or a luncheon entrée. The dish is also very good for an informal supper.

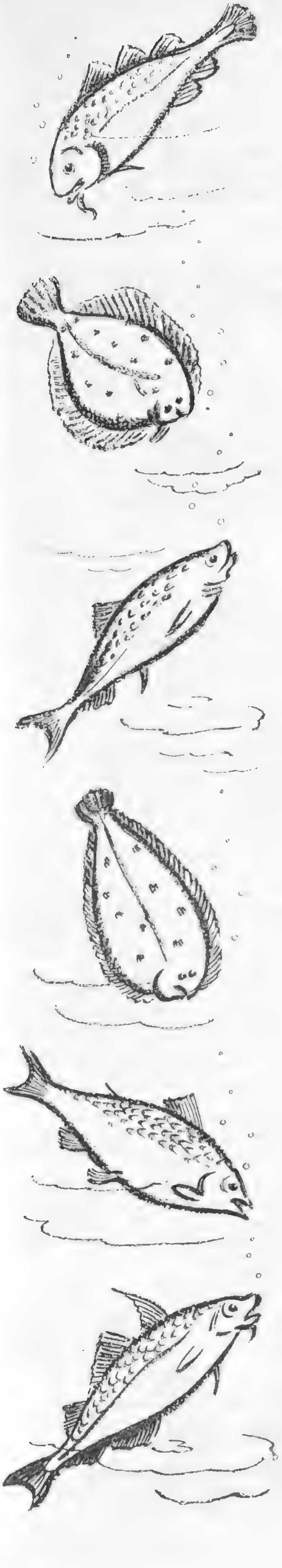
RICE FOR CURRY. This is a very simple and really foolproof method. Put a handful of rice for each person in a thick saucepan, with salt. Cover with hot water and bring to the boil. Cook fairly slowly and add more hot water from time to time as the rice absorbs it and stir occasionally, keeping the fork flat along the bottom of the pan.

Go on cooking and adding water until the rice is ready, which you must judge by tasting a grain occasionally.

Above all, do not overcook it. It must be soft, of course, but still firm when you bite into it.

Put the rice into a colander, and if you have hot running water let the hot tap run hard on it; if not pour over a kettle of boiling water. This is much simpler than using cold water and heating the rice again. Shake well and shake again for a minute or two, before serving, over the fire.

FISH DISHES



By A. H. ADAIR

ALL over the world England is recognised as the outstanding country for fish of the very best quality and the greatest variety.

It is, therefore, surprising to notice the rarity of fish dishes served in an average household.

When they do appear it would seem that English cooks have only two ideas about cooking fish, frying and boiling. In the first case the fish is usually served quite plain (perhaps a slice of lemon) and, in the second, the inevitable white sauce vaguely flavoured with parsley or anchovy essence is pretty certain to appear.

This is really a great pity, and a waste of first-class raw materials, for there are so many different ways of cooking fish, from the simplest of grilled or poached "steaks" to elaborate party dishes of fish served with smooth, rich sauces and garnishings.

Before going on to recipes, I want to make one or two general remarks about methods of cooking fish, which make a great difference to the finished dish.

BOILING. Fish is nearly always greatly overcooked. In fact, "boiling" should really read "poaching." Once the liquid has reached boiling point again after you have put in the fish, it should be kept only barely boiling until the fish is cooked.

Never attempt to work by fixed times for cooking fish. Put a fork gently into the thickest part near the bone to see if it is done.

Never use plain water for poaching fish, but cook it in what is called *court bouillon,* which is water, salt and pepper, an onion stuck with a clove, a carrot cut up, and a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and a bay-leaf tied together.

Let this boil for about twenty minutes, so that the water is well flavoured before you put in the fish.

GRILLING. The same principles apply to grilling fish as to flesh or fowl. The grill must be made very hot and then painted with butter or oil. The fish is also buttered and applied right into the flames of the grill, so that it slightly chars it on both sides, after which you reduce the heat to finish the cooking. Before buttering the fish make a few deep incisions on both sides with a sharp knife.

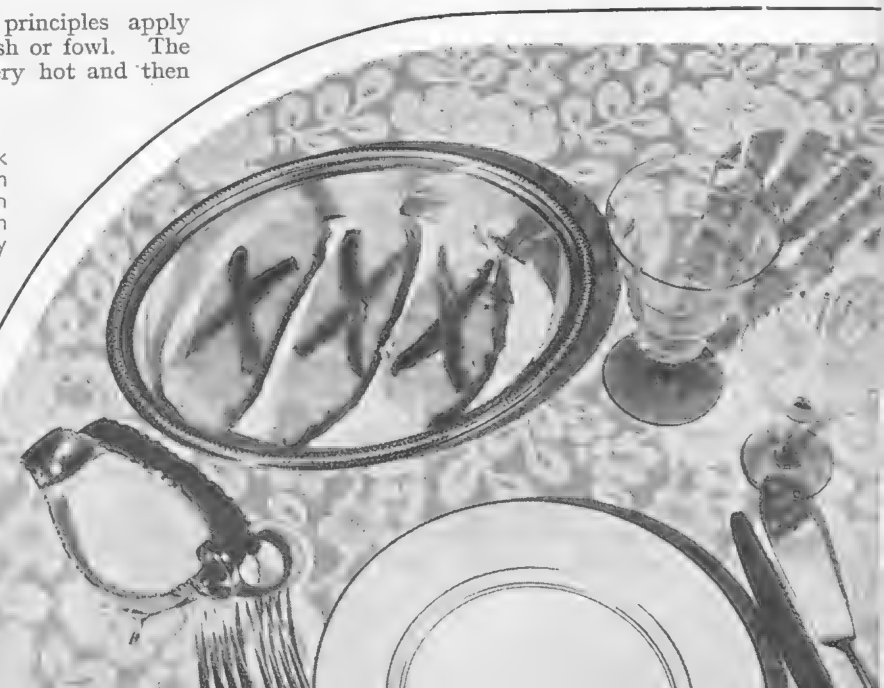
BAKING. Many excellent dishes can be made with baked fish. A large fish boned and stuffed is very good wrapped in greased paper with herbs and slowly cooked in the oven, while white wine or cider will make a very elaborate sauce for fish baked in another way.

FILETS DE SOLE CHOISY. The fishmonger will fillet the soles for you, but see that he sends you the heads and bones of the fish. First prepare and cook a *court bouillon,* as described above, but add the heads and bones. Put in the fillets (one large or two small for each person), and poach them for five or six minutes, remove and keep them hot in a flat dish, covering them with some of the stock to prevent them from drying.

Boil the remainder of the stock very fast and pass it through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan. Bring to the boil and reduce until you have only two tablespoonfuls left. Add, for four people, a large cupful of cream, and let this boil fiercely for two or three minutes to thicken.

Meanwhile drain the fillets well, put them in a hot serving-dish and arrange around them a few button mushrooms, cooked in water with a little butter and lemon juice.

Take the cream sauce off the fire, put in a small piece of butter and shake the pan (always off the fire) till the butter has melted, which acts as a further thickening. Pour the (*Continued on page* 114)



Turbot Grillé . . . thick pieces, painted with butter, grilled for ten minutes. Served with fillets of anchovy

CARILLON
ATKINSON
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CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised products.

A NEW perfume is certain of success if it is subtly haunting, yet has a freshness that never stales. In "Carillon," Atkinson's newest production (photographed above), these qualities are happily combined.

This scent is amber coloured, and is contained in a most attractive bottle, shaped and grooved into an arch-like construction. The bottle in its turn is presented in a pretty blue and silver box.

Those who know Old Bond Street and its environs, and have listened with pleasure to the melodious notes of Atkinson's carillon, will have guessed at once how this perfume got its name.

NOVEMBER, always a treacherous month with its damp mists and fogs and sudden changes of temperature, generally marks the arrival of the first epidemic of colds. It is never too soon to take precautions to guard against the dangers and discomforts attendant upon this common, but by no means innocuous, complaint.

The regular use of Vapex Inhalant is an excellent safeguard against such infection. If a cold has already developed before this preventive measure has been taken, the curative powers of Vapex are indisputable. This inhalant attacks the germs at their source, in the warm recesses of the nose and throat, and brings immediate relief.

IF you are thinking of replenishing your nursery china, you should consider the Shelley Nursery Ware, designed by Mabel Lucie Attwell; it's so attractive. You can see illustrations of it in a new catalogue recently issued by Shelley Potteries, Ltd., of Longton, Staffs, a copy of which will be forwarded to all applicants. Any small person would be enchanted to receive a "Sleepyhead" Electric Night-light, supplied with a 15-watt bulb and electric plug.

In addition to this nursery ware, the catalogue contains many illustrations in natural colour of the newest Shelley designs in breakfast, dinner and tea sets, and a complete price list.

MANY home dressmakers who find their Singer sewing machines invaluable, even indispensable, do not take advantage of all the wonderful attachments available for fancy sewing.

There are Singer attachments for binding, darning, edge-stitching, hemming, quilting, ruffling, shirring, tucking, embroidery and many other kinds of fancy stitch, and free tuition in their use is given at all Singer shops, of which there are over 900 in Great Britain and Ireland.

To give an example of the time saved by using Singer attachments, the ruffler will sew a yard of perfectly spaced pleats, three or four to the inch, in a couple of minutes, a job which could not be done by hand in less than three-quarters of an hour.

There are many different Singer models, hand, treadle or electric, which may be bought either for cash or on easy terms from 2s. 6d. weekly. A free trial before purchase can always be arranged

NO matter how perfect your make-up may be, when you leave home you find that at some time during the day running repairs are necessary. Since your own toilet-table is not at hand, the Fifth Avenue Cosmetist will prove an invaluable handbag accessory.

This miniature boudoir, though no bigger than a cigarette case, contains cleansing cream, foundation cream, rouge, lipstick, powder, comb, mirror and puff. Non-spill snap lids are fitted to the bowls containing powder, rouge and cream.

For 10s. 6d. the Cosmetist is yours, and the enamelled case is available in ten attractive pastel shades. After this initial outlay, complete refills in any of three harmonised shades—light, medium and dark—may be obtained for 2s. 9d.

A NEAT little handbag torch scarcely bigger than a lipstick has recently been put on the market by the Ever Ready Co. It is called the "Opalite," costs 1s. 6d., and is the very thing to use for finding latchkeys and keyholes, change for your taxi, and for all those many occasions in cinemas and theatres when to use a spot-light is permissible, but to strike a match is out of the question.

The "Opalite" gives plenty of light for such purposes and is attractively finished in a choice of glossy coloured enamels. It is sold everywhere.

'Somebody knows Santa's telephone number is "4711"'

By Appointment

You may think of the cost at Christmas—but only the cost of the best! If *she* could choose her gifts before they are given —*"4711"* Genuine Eau de Cologne would be one. For *"4711"* Genuine Eau de Cologne carries a message which never changes—"only the very best is good enough for you." This Eau de Cologne enriched by the reputation of nearly 150 Christmasses. Aunts, mothers, sisters—and others!—rejoice when they open the gift box that holds *"4711"* Genuine Eau de Cologne. Uncles, fathers, brothers—and others!—also recognise the genuine spirit in *"4711"* Genuine Eau de Cologne. A gracious gift for her—a thoroughly sensible gift for him—*"4711"*!

Packed specially in beautiful Gift Boxes, the Standard Bottles cost 5/- and 9/-. Wicker-covered Bottles cost 7/6, 14/-, 27/6 and 52/6. The Jacobean Decanter, as shown, costs 15/6. Other bottles from 2/6 to 36/-

Other special Christmas Coffrets, many containing "4711" Beauty Aids as well as Eau de Cologne, cost from 2/9 up to 36/-. See the parfumeur

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GLOCKENGASSE No 4
EAU DE COLOGNE
No 4711.
4711

No 4711. Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

"NATURAL LIPS
ARE THIS YEAR'S
FAVOURITE!"

The new styles call for naturalness . . . TANGEE is the smartest make-up today!

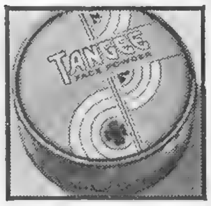
Painted lips are as out of date as last year's gowns. Smart women everywhere are realising that lips should be natural this season. That's why Tangee Lipstick is more popular than ever.

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint.* Instead, by accentuating your own natural colour, it makes your lips lovelier . . . you more appealing.

It stays on for hours, and its special cream base always keeps your lips soft and smooth.

LIPSTICK

Tangee lipstick cannot give your lips that painted look — for Tangee isn't *paint! In two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6. If you prefer a more vivid colouring, there is Tangee Theatrical — specially suitable for evening use.*



POWDER

The New Tangee face powder containing the magic Tangee colour principle, makes your skin look younger, fresher and more natural. *Supplied in Sun Tan, Ochre, Rachel, Light Rachel, Peach and Naturelle. Two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.*

TANGEE
ROUGE

ROUGE

Tangee rouge, also, possesses the same colour magic as the lipstick. As its colour is natural in any light, it is the ideal rouge for both day-time and night-time use. Packed in smart gunmetal box with mirror and puff. Natural or Theatrical, 3/6.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

City Gents

(*Continued from page 17*)

sudden impulse into Mr. Borton's house next door. He could telephone from there, and hide his sin of omission by waiting till the stores sent the things up.

It looked rather odd, of course. He would have to explain why he could not just go and do it from his own house, but he felt Mrs. Borton would not be a very difficult person to explain things to.

She opened the door to him herself. The baby sat, very lightly clad, on her hip. He got the impression he had come in the middle of its bath. Mrs. Borton looked hot. Her forehead and her upper lip were damp. Her hair was darkened on her forehead and her sleeves rolled up. It comforted Mr. Morpeth oddly that she had not bothered to remove her rubber apron, or let them down before she opened the door to him. It gave him a comfortable feeling of being one of the family.

When he explained what had happened, Mrs. Borton laughed.

" Here, hold him and I'll get on to the stores for you. I understand the telephone. It's sometimes a bit odd."

Mr. Morpeth took the baby.

He took it gingerly, but it appeared to have entire confidence in him, and took a large handful of his tie. The smallness of it appalled him. . . . Surely a breath of wind would blow the little thing away. All the same, it felt fairly solid, and remarkably warm. . . . He looked up and caught a sudden glimpse of himself in a long mirror, the baby in his arms.

It was a unique situation, and it gave him a very curious feeling. " So this is what it feels like," thought Mr. Morpeth, and he essayed a few clucking noises and shook the baby very gently up and down.

His efforts were a great success. The baby crowed, and held on by the end of Mr. Morpeth's nose.

The little house wasn't at all smart. It wasn't even very tidy. The practised eye of Mr. Morpeth, accustomed to perfection, saw a line of dust along the sideboard, but it did not seem to matter. It was, somehow, comfortable, and there was the very chair—the very chair he had looked at from his own dining-room window.

Mr. Morpeth sat down in it gingerly. The baby did not mind. It trusted him implicitly from the first.

Mrs. Borton had finished with the telephone and came and said the stores would send the things up at once.

" I could tell them to take them next door."

He said no, he preferred to wait.

" You always seem rather happy in here," said Mr. Morpeth, looking about him. He had given up the baby, with some regret, and Mrs. Borton was going on with its toilet, quite simply, before him. Apparently she hadn't the will, or else she had no time, to impress!

She nodded, pulling the baby's arm through a travesty of a sleeve.

" We have our worries, like other people. Business is rather bad at the moment, and I suppose we shall always be poor. But it doesn't really matter in the long run, does it? I mean, it's not all life—money."

Mr. Morpeth, who had only money, said " No; it's not "—and realised how starved he had been of the things that are really life.

Mrs. Borton picked the baby up and held it against her face. It was ridiculously like her, in a minute and puddingy way.

" Say good-night to the kind gentleman."

The baby blew a bubble, which may have been its well-intentioned means of reply. Guiltily Mr. Morpeth faced the fact that he had not been particularly kind. Indeed, in all the years they had lived next door to one another, all he had ever done was to come in to-night and borrow her telephone. But he would have liked to do more. He would have liked very much to cut her a bunch of his finest roses.

As she went out of the room, he saw that without any doubt her petticoat dipped a little at the back. Certainly she wasn't smart. Indeed, he supposed she was just one of those domestic drudges one reads of. But for all that she gave Mr. Morpeth a feeling that all Myrtle's slickness and so-called smartness had never awakened. It was as if, for the first time in his life, and for a brief moment, he warmed both hands before the fire of life.

Mrs. Borton's work-basket stood on the table. Indeed, the woman seemed to have a lot to do. There was a complicated tangle of knitting—obviously a baby's vest. There were socks of every denomination. There was a waistcoat of Mr. Borton's, in for running repairs. There was a roll of check cotton stuck with a needle. Not content with all the repairs she had on hand, the woman was evidently making something as well. He very much doubted whether, in a few years' time, she would be able to call herself a well-preserved woman.

But would it matter?

The queer warm glow in Mr. Morpeth's heart told him that without a doubt it would not matter at all.

She returned when he got as far as that. She had parked the baby somewhere aloft, where it remained without a squeak, but she had not powdered her nose. It was shiny, very shiny. The stores man arrived with the things, and Mr. Morpeth explained to her all about the party before he departed. . . .

" It's my managing director and his wife. . . . We have to try and impress them, you see," said Mr. Morpeth, ruefully.

" Have you? " said Mrs. Borton, and she pushed the damp hair back from her forehead, and laughed as if she thought that very funny. Suddenly he knew Mrs. Borton would think all sorts of grim things merely funny, and so, funny they would become. Life might be real, and life might be earnest, and all that—but not in her house.

" There must be more in that fellow than one supposes, if he can make a woman as happy as all that with no money," thought Mr. Morpeth. Aloud he said:

" Hubby know anything about book-keeping? "

Mrs. Borton was vague. She rather thought he had passed his exam.

" He can do anything he sets his mind to," she said proudly.

A nice little woman. A good little woman, and one with no high-falutin delusions about her place in the scheme of things. To his horror, Mr. Morpeth got a lump in his throat, realising that never, never—not even if he rose to be managing director and a knight, would she put her arms about him and draw his head to her breast and tell him he was a fine fellow.

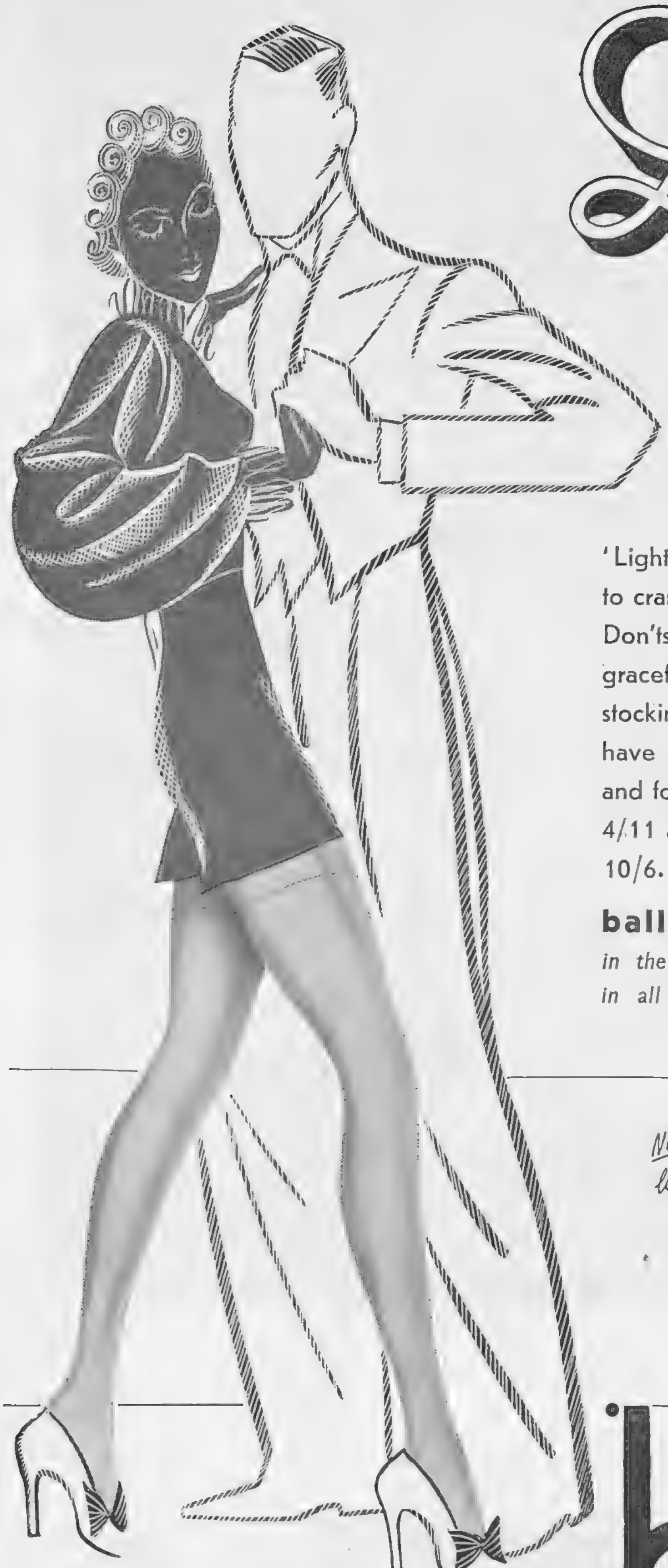
MYRTLE thought it was a splendid party, and went off very well. She had a new frock. It was very tight-fitting and revealing. It was black and shiny, being composed entirely of sequins. Mr. Morpeth thought in his own heart it showed too much of Myrtle's shape. It made her look a bit like a sea-lion he remembered once having met in the Zoo.

Myrtle talked without ceasing all through dinner, as she was rather apt to do when out to impress. No one else got a word in edgeways. She mentioned a great many titled people by name, and more than once managed to give the impression she knew them personally, which was not true at all. Mr. Morpeth more than once had a sinister feeling that neither Sir Wallace nor Lady Benson was impressed, and that they were bored to the extent of casting sidelong glances at the clock.

He hoped for the best. In life's grimmer domestic moments a man can only hope for the best.

He did wish, though, that she would not press his good points almost as if he were a line of hardware and she the salesman. And twice, when Lady

(*Continued on page 76*)



Dance well

in ballito

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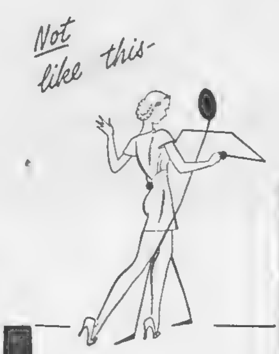

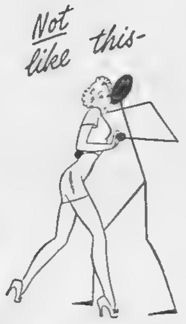

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'MUCH MORE THAN MILK ALONE CAN GIVE'

Wallace spoke to him, Myrtle answered before he had time to. It made him look rather a fool. And she would talk knowingly about the Excelsior Ice Cream Containers, as if she too were a member of the staff.

Rather painful, really. He was glad when the evening was over. Poor Kitty, in the kitchen, was weeping into her apron, exhausted by the strain. She had dropped a coffee cup, and if looks could kill, she should have been lying a corpse on the kitchen floor even now.

Furtively Mr. Morpeth gave her half a crown.

"It all went off wonderfully, Kitty . . ."

She sobbed: "The mistress isn't pleased."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say: "Don't worry about that. Surely you know by now that the mistress is never pleased." It would have been disloyal. He bit it back.

But, alone with Myrtle, he took it upon himself to say a word about Kitty.

"Another time, when there's company, you'd better get someone in. It's too much for the poor girl."

Myrtle was drawing on the small net cap she slept in to preserve her curls for further conquests.

"Nonsense. Kitty is just getting lazy. And there you go, siding with her—instead of backing me up. Dropping a cup like that. I don't know what Lady Wallace must have thought."

"I expect," said Mr. Morpeth, unexpectedly courageous, "she thought you might occasionally have let someone else get a word in during the evening."

That did it. That let the floodgates of her wrath come down.

"Of all the ingratitude. . . . Here I am, working like a slave to get you on, sinking all my own interests in your career. And this is all I get."

Mr. Morpeth was staring at her, a very odd expression in his eyes. It was as if, after all these years, he saw her as she was for the first time, and saw, in those dark rather close-set, scheming eyes of hers, exactly what he was to her.

A visible means of support—that is all he was. A source of voluntary contribution. He swallowed hard.

"I often wonder," said Mrs. Morpeth, "I often wonder where you would be without me to push you on, entertain your friends, keep up appearances, and make a good impression. . . I often wonder! And as much gratitude as the cat, you have. . . . You should have married some down-at-heel little slut like the woman next door. . . . Hair all wisps and petticoats trailing . . ."

"I wish I had," said Mr. Morpeth loud and distinctly. He went away and banged the door.

"WELL," said Sir Wallace. The big car threaded its way through the intricacies of Camden Town back to Kensington.

Lady Benson said: "For heaven's sake do nothing that is going to bring us into close touch with that dreadful woman. . . . From the moment we arrived until we left she wasn't natural for one moment. And that poor harassed little maid. Did you see the look she gave her when that cup dropped? A terrible woman. . . "

"The poor fellow is certainly henpecked. A henpecked man is never really much good. . . . Yes, I think that settles it. We'll promote Wigram over him."

"Will Mr. Morpeth be very disappointed?"

"No doubt he has hopes. . . But we all have our little cross to bear!"

MR. MORPETH rang Mr. Borton on the telephone at noon next morning:

"If you care to come round this afternoon, Borton, I dare say something might come of it. I spoke to Sir Wallace, and he would like to see you. . . . Yes, bookkeeper's job. . . . What's that? . . . My dear fellow, that's all right. Quite all right. Don't thank me . . ."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "Thank the wife."

He bit it back.

It might have been misunderstood.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 43)

and that, esteeming the labours to be unworthy of his talents, he either scamped the work or refused it. Perhaps he was right; perhaps his true *métier* consists in being photographed. Readers are afforded opportunity to enjoy views of Mr. Wynn dressed as an Afghan chief, as a stoker, as a hobo; Mr. Wynn disguised as a musician in Turkestan, and with a camel in the same locality; Munich with Mr. Wynn in foreground; Babylon ditto; and Mr. Wynn being affable to an inhabitant in Kabul. If the world is his oyster, there is no doubt he is the pearl.

UNLUCKILY, Miss Ethel Mannin's photographs came out too badly for reproduction in her *South to Samarkand* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), and so we shall never know how she looked in the U.S.S.R. Miss Mannin and a companion performed a remarkable feat—they got to Samarkand and back again without the permit required by the Soviet authorities. To do this, it was necessary for the travellers to suffer severe, very severe, discomforts; in a sense, they were too severe, for the description of them occupies much space, and colours the whole book. It is possible to measure the progress of one country by applying the standards of another, but the results of such measurement cannot be accepted as final. However, though her book is evidence of her stamina rather than of the success or failure of the Soviet regime, Miss Mannin provides a very interesting view of the conditions of existence in the more remote districts beneath Stalin's sway; and such views, in spite of the vast accumulation of books dealing with the new Russia, are still none too plentiful.

THERE is a large public for books of travel, and a large public for novels of crime. Are these two publics roughly the same? Do the connoisseurs of intrepidity in Thibet turn with equal eagerness to finding the lady on the detective's card-table? I have no idea, but I am inclined to think the two publics are for the most part separate. The reader who loves to exercise his ingenuity will find nothing in the book of travel, and the reader who likes to bear away a drop of honey, however small, will find nothing to extract from the records of imaginary crime. The two novels about to be mentioned are thus not for the moods or even, perhaps, for the readers suited to the books already discussed. *Murder Mars the Tour* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) is by Mary Fitt, already the author of a highly original story called *Three Sisters Flew Home*. Her new book is less fantastic but no less successful, and she is undoubtedly one of the best recruits to this popular branch of fiction, or whatever it should be called. Miss Fitt really is a novelist, so that even those readers who experience small surprise when the murderer is identified will have to confess that they have had a good time. *Cards on the Table*, by Agatha Christie (Collins, 7s. 6d.)—well, what is to be said of this skilful and amusing practitioner that is not already known and taken comfortably for granted by her army of followers? Poirot is in his best form. When is he not?

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Old Tales Re-told *(Continued from page 53)*

to know that his name is Alcibiades!"

The wrath of King Agis was terrible. In spite of his excellent work for Sparta, Alcibiades would have been put to death without mercy if he had not managed to flee the country in the nick of time.

He went, this time, to Persia; and had soon so ingratiated himself with his ready charm that honours and riches were heaped upon him. But he did not remain there long. He was homesick for Athens, and already was at work on a scheme whereby he might return as a hero, his misdeeds forgotten.

News having been brought to him that Sparta was about to make an attack on Athens, her ancient enemy, he fitted out a miniature fleet of eighteen galleys, and set sail for the Hellespont.

He arrived when the engagement had already begun. Both sides were dismayed when Alcibiades's squadron hove in sight. Would he declare for Athens or Sparta? What ringing cheers must have burst from the throats of his countrymen when they beheld the familiar device of the Owl, the flag of Athens, run up to the masthead of the leading galley! The help of this auxiliary force gave them a glorious victory.

Alcibiades, no longer a hunted exile, was welcomed back with tumultuous plaudits—the hero of the hour.

Resuming his old place as leader of the Athenian forces, he achieved several more victories, both by land and sea, until he had won for his native city a pre-eminence that she had never enjoyed before.

The people looked up to him as to Apollo himself, and there were many who urged him to assume arbitrary power.

This enthusiasm of his followers led to his final downfall. For there was still a certain group who regarded him as a menace, and were greatly afraid of what he might do if set in supreme authority.

They waited, therefore, until he was safely out of the way on a campaign, and then roused the people against him by spreading all manner of ugly rumours. Among other things, they accused him of spending whole days in debauchery with the harlots of Abydos, at a time when the enemy was stationed only a short distance from his fleet. (This was probably true, but in the light of his actual achievements it does not seem to have been of much importance.)

The fickle Athenians accepted these accusations without giving him a chance to vindicate himself, and deposed him from his command.

Disgusted, he quitted them. He shook from his feet the dust of his ungrateful country and went to Phrygia.

It was an odd and sinister thing that, with Alcibiades gone, Athens lost all the good fortune that had attended her. Lysander, the Spartan admiral, made a surprise attack upon her, burned the shipping and demolished the walls. The unhappy Athenians found themselves in virtual thraldom under thirty Spartan chiefs who treated them with the utmost arrogance and extortion. Bitterly they repented of their treatment of Alcibiades. They sent messages to him, begging him to come and deliver them. Had he consented to return, there is small doubt that he could have freed Athens and made himself a king. But he would not. . . .

He was living at that time in a small village in Phrygia with a young girl called Timandra, his last and greatest love. The two were completely shut off from the world. Their house was little more than a peasant's cottage. But they had each other; and Alcibiades knew at last a real and perfect love. This was not the calm affection he had felt for Hipparete; nor was it the burning passion which enslaved him to Queen Timaea. It was neither, yet both—and much more besides. She was very young, with a touching simplicity that was an anodyne after his stormy career.

As for her origin, she was the daughter of a noble house. He had seduced her while on a former state visit to the country. And now she had come to him, offering her youth, her beauty and her sweetness, asking in return only to share his exile. How deeply he returned her devotion is proved by his refusal to treat with the Athenian emissaries. He was still a young man—not yet forty—yet for his love's sake he renounced the world and the great position that was his for the taking. Not for anything would he have returned to Athens.

The pity was that those who plotted against him could not believe in the completeness of his renunciation. He was too great a menace. There could be no peace in the Peloponnesus while he lived. The magistrates of Sparta sent out the dreaded *Scytala*, or secret death sentence, and Lysander was ordered to have Alcibiades assassinated. He assigned the task to Timandra's brothers, who were only too ready to avenge their sister's honour. . . .

Alcibiades had one night a strange dream. He dreamed that he lay in Timandra's arms attired in a woman's robes. Unable to understand it, he related it to Timandra, who became instantly apprehensive. "It is an omen," she said, and refused to be comforted.

Two days later she came running back from the well where she had been drawing a pitcher of water. White with terror, she flung herself into her lover's arms.

"My brothers are outside. They spoke no word to me, but their looks are black and threatening. Why have they come? What can they intend?" Alcibiades made no answer. He knew very well why they had come. He kissed her, long and passionately; took his sword and planted himself in the doorway, defiant as a lion at bay. His enormous strength was a byword in the land, and his would-be assassins had not the courage to attack him.

Withdrawing, they consulted together and presently crept up and set fire to the house. When the two within perceived this trap, they threw rugs on the flames, together with all the curtains and hangings, and their spare clothing. Alcibiades added even the robe and tunic he was wearing; till the flames were smothered sufficiently to enable them to emerge unscorched. Then, with Timandra behind him, and his great sword glittering in his right hand, he rushed upon his adversaries, magnificent as a god. But he had no chance. Keeping at a safe distance, they shot him down with darts and arrows.

When it was all over and the assassins had disappeared, Timandra crept back to bury her dead lover. She had not a piece of stuff of any kind in which to shroud him, for all their possessions had been burnt. So she took off her own robe and dressed him in it, and held him for a long while in her arms, rocking him to and fro and weeping. Then, with her own hands she dug a grave and buried him, and crouched there naked for many days and nights, till some peasants found and pitied her, and led her away from that scene of tragedy. . . .

Thus he lived and so died—a man who united in his person all the splendid qualities which Nature can bestow and who, but for his failings, might have achieved anything.

End

Help the Hospitals

An afternoon's amusement in a really good cause is offered to those who patronise the Tenth Annual Bridge Tea organised by the Kensington District Branch of the League of Mercy. This is being held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Wednesday, November 4th, from 3 to 6 p.m.

H.H. Princess Marie Louise, the President of this branch, is presenting a prize for each table. Bridge tables are £2 2s. each, and single tickets for non-players are 5s. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Max Mayer, 20, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

The object of the League of Mercy, which was established under Royal Charter in 1899, is to encourage personal service in the maintenance of voluntary hospitals. The League has contributed £559,034 through King Edward's Hospital Fund to London hospitals alone.

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Orange juice, shredded peel and pure white sugar, that's what 'Golden Shred' is made of
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Willing

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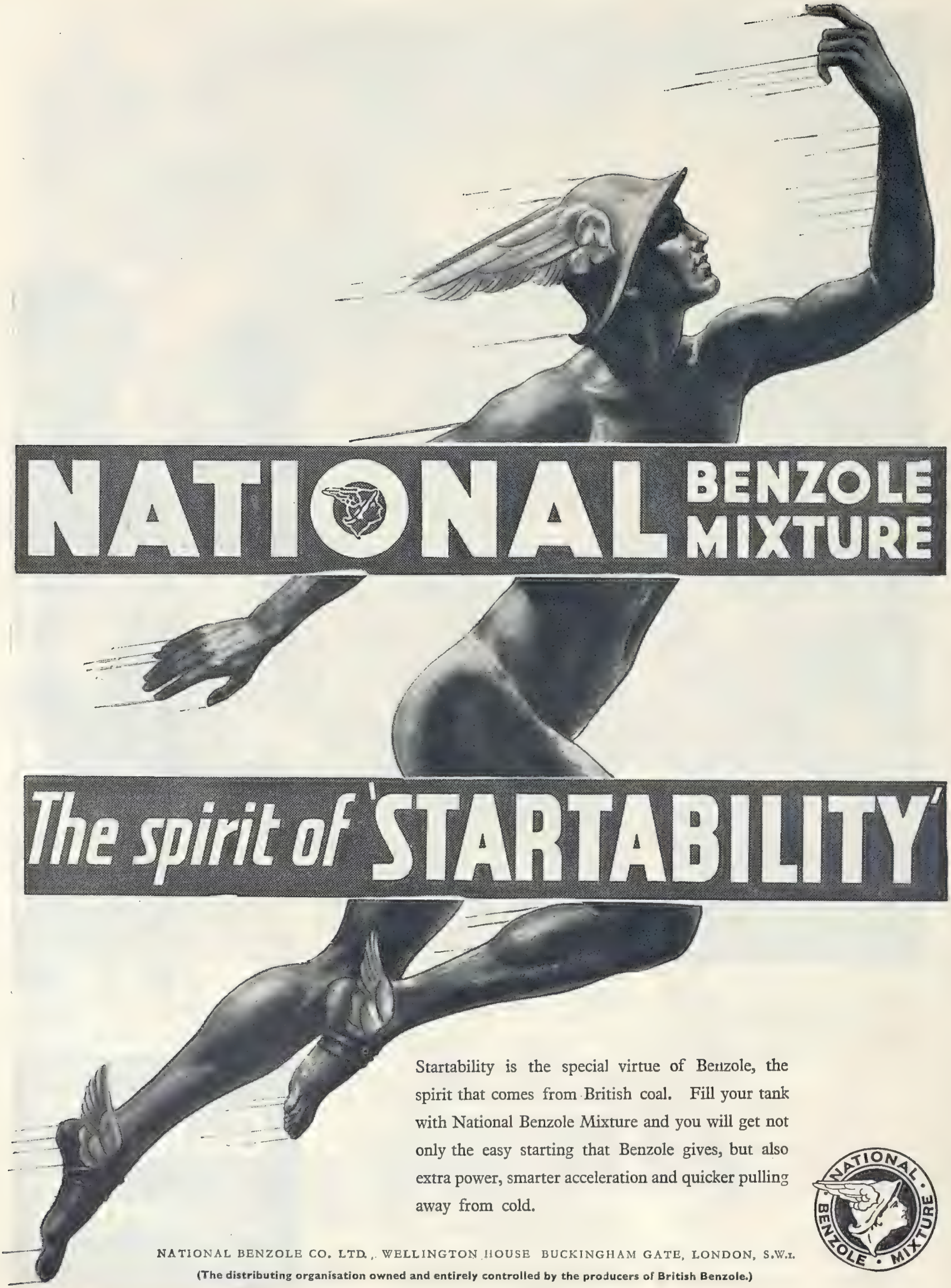
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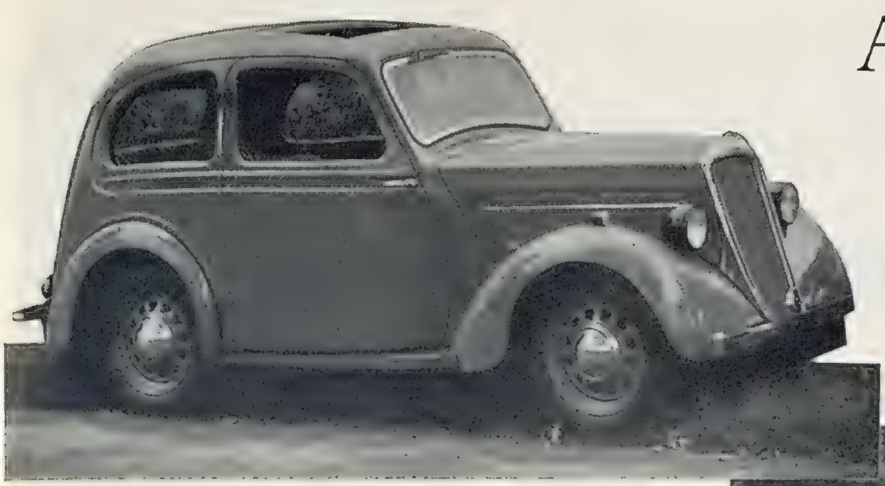
An Excellent New Light Car

The 9 h.p. "Flying" Standard

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE new Standard "Flying" Nine has a sturdy look about it, while having decidedly attractive lines. It has just been introduced at the modest figure of £149

THE saloon body is of the two-door type, and the door on either side is of great width. The coachwork throughout is generously proportioned, and will take four people comfortably

THE back panel is shaped to give a very clean line. Behind the back seat there is a space available for luggage

THE Standard Motor Company has produced a number of cars in previous years of the 9 h.p. category, so that the words "Standard Nine" are very familiar in conjunction. It is safe to say, however, that the "Flying" Standard Nine is a small car which should make a brand-new appeal, even to those who are already favourably disposed either towards 9 h.p. cars in general or towards Standards in particular.

Outwardly, this new Standard has a very smart and thoroughly businesslike air about it. Inwardly—that is to say, under the bonnet—it has certain qualities which I consider to be truly remarkable. The engine is a masterpiece of small-scale efficiency.

In the first place, it is very lively. It will turn over smoothly when the car is just pottering along, and it will accelerate really vigorously without demanding any change of gear. For its small size, the degree of flexibility is unusual.

Then, it is capable of taking the car along at really high speed. On my test run, I was able to record on the speedometer the remarkable figures of 45–50 m.p.h. in third gear and no less than 70 m.p.h. in top gear. Now, we all know what speedometers are. At high speeds they do not profess to be strictly accurate—and the Standard Company has officially estimated that a "Flying" Nine, under normal circumstances, should have a 63 m.p.h. maximum. My own estimate, however, is that this particular car during this particular run was moving at a very good 65 m.p.h., having reached 45 m.p.h. in "third."

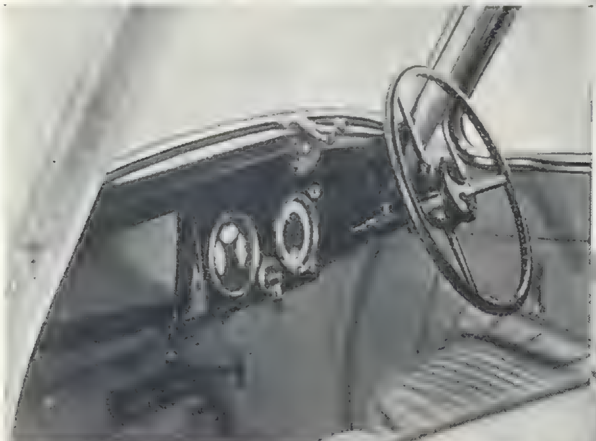
All this represents very high "revving" for a 9 h.p. engine—and this brings us to perhaps the most notable feature, the complete absence of any valve clatter. I should certainly have expected to have heard some noise from the valves after exceeding 40 m.p.h. in third gear and beyond 60 m.p.h. in "top." Actually, no such symptoms were perceptible at all, even at the moment when the speedometer was recording its 70 m.p.h.

This engine, therefore, must be given full marks. The road-holding also is decidedly good, so that, small though the car is, it need never cause the driver any anxiety, no matter how hard he may "push" it. The steering is accurate, and the springing is as good as it can be when one takes account of the very limited wheelbase. A short car cannot, in this respect, be compared with a long one.

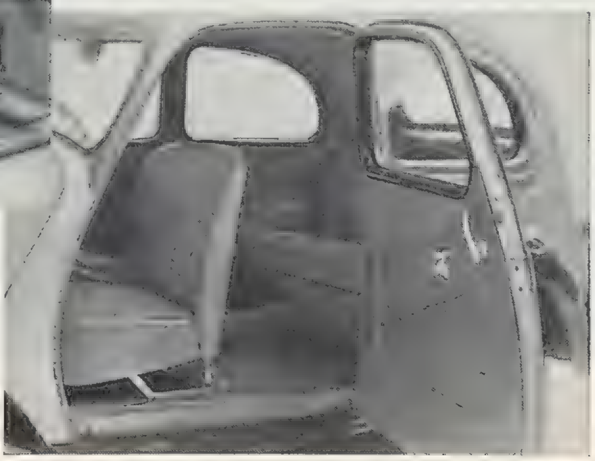
The brakes are most efficient, and the gearbox is one which should be welcomed by the ordinary driver. It is of the synchro-mesh type, with the synchronising mechanism applied to three of the four ratios. Second, third and top gears may all be described honestly as being fool-proof.

I have several times expressed my belief in the importance of an easy second gear, and, if it is agreed that this is desirable in a car of any description, it is obviously much more desirable in a car of low horse-power. Although this Standard will do a great deal in top gear, and a great deal more in "third," there must be many occasions when, to obtain the greatest efficiency, a smart

(*Continued on page 87*)



THE instrument panel is neat, and there are two cubby-holes. The gear lever is placed centrally and controls a four-speed gearbox with three synchro-mesh ratios



THE action of this front seat is very ingenious, and akin to that of a parallel ruler. It is shown in the forward position, giving access to the back seat

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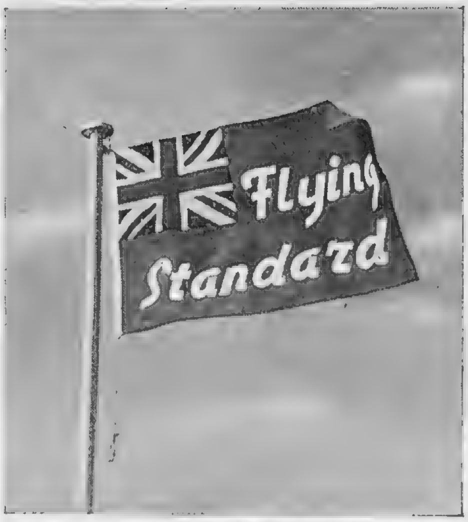

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The flag will show you where to see this new "Flying Standard" range. The Standard dealer will demonstrate them to you. And the cars themselves will introduce you to a motoring revelation.

NEW FLYING STANDARD "**NINE**"	**£149**
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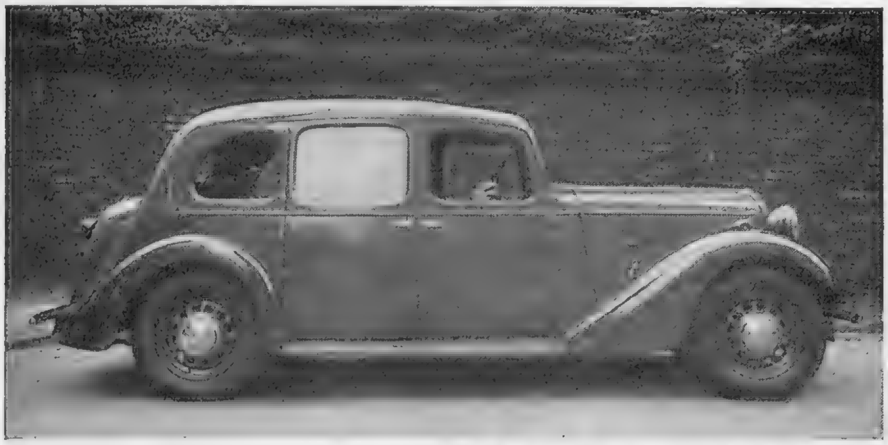

THE new Austin "Fourteen" is possibly the most attractive car in appearance which has yet emerged from the Longbridge factory. The body lines are graceful, and the new style of sloping radiator is appropriate

A New Austin Model

The Goodwood "Fourteen"

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is not every day that a brand-new model is introduced by the Austin Motor Company. More commonly, Messrs. Austin concentrate on improving and developing those models which are already well established in popular favour. The Goodwood "Fourteen," however, is a genuine newcomer, as its appearance will testify in the first instance.

I have to resort to quotation marks in making use of the term "Fourteen," for in actual fact it is a 16 h.p. car. The engine—a six-cylinder side-valve unit—is rated at 15·96 h.p., with a power output at speed of some 39 h.p. Like all Austin engines, it is very quiet and smooth, and is remarkable also for its flexibility. It will "pick up" without the slightest hesitation from what may seem absurdly low speeds.

The power is transmitted to the road wheels through a new type of clutch, which seems to me a very valuable improvement. The clutch pedal now has a longer travel than before, and thus it is a much simpler matter for the driver to set the car smoothly in motion.

The gearbox is a four-speed unit, and has the advantage that three of the four ratios are of the synchro-mesh type, and therefore entirely simple to engage. Second gear can be used with as much confidence as either third or top—and I submit that a good driver ought to use his second gear pretty freely when driving in city traffic, and when compelled to reduce speed to a mere 2 or 3 m.p.h. A good car *will* accelerate in third or even top gear from a crawling pace—but it will do it more efficiently, and very much more rapidly, in "second."

The Austin driver is free to potter along if he is so disposed, or to change right down into second gear if he really wants to "get a move on."

THE tall man should welcome the extensible steering column. When the front seat is pushed back, the steering can be adjusted correspondingly. There is a simple clip which locks it in position

THERE is plenty of room at the back, and the seating is luxurious. In addition to the arm-rest, convenient foot-rests are provided.

Right:

A NOTABLE feature is that, for the first time in a modestly priced car, a special suit-case is a standard fitting. This is a real asset, for it enables the best possible use to be made of the space available

On the open road, this new Austin has plenty of speed available. In third gear, it is possible to exceed 40 m.p.h., while the maximum in top gear is in the region of 65 m.p.h. Up to about 60 m.p.h., the rate of acceleration is rapid and consistent.

The car is very comfortably sprung, and the long, semi-elliptic springs have layers of zinc between the individual leaves. This is a special Austin feature, and an interesting one. Zinc, although itself a metal, has certain properties akin to those of a lubricant, and thus is a helpful addition to the structure of a spring.

The brakes are highly efficient, and the steering is light in its operation. The steering column is "telescopic"—that is, it can be extended or retracted so as to bring the wheel either nearer to or further from the driver. The adjustment can be made while the car is in motion, and there is absolutely no interference with the normal steering action.

This is a feature which I, being tall, always greatly appreciate. For years, whenever I pushed back the adjustable front seat of a car to a comfortable distance, I used to incur the inconvenience of having the steering-wheel too far away from me. Nowadays, thank goodness, I can correspondingly alter the position of the wheel.

Generally speaking, the driving position in this Austin is a most comfortable one, either for the tall or the short individual. For the tall man, however, it would be a further asset if the windscreen could extend for another inch or so in height. At present, one's view of—let us say—a lofty sign-post is decidedly restricted.

The seating both at front and rear is luxurious, and the amount of head-room is certainly ample. The Goodwood coachwork has very pleasing lines, and a chassis modification which is thoroughly in keeping is that the new radiator has a slight backward slope.

There is a luggage locker at the back, which is outwardly of normal type, with a rear panel which will fold down to form a grid. A novel feature, however, certainly for a car of modest price, is that a special suitcase is fitted in as part of the equipment.

It is hardly necessary to say of an Austin that the list price of the new model is fixed at an attractive level. This, of course, is the case—for the saloon with sliding head, fully equipped, costs £235. There is a more economical fixed-head saloon at only £215.

The New Austin in Brief

Engine: 16 *h.p., six cylinders with side valves.*

Gearbox: Four speeds, second, third and top being synchro-mesh.

Performance: Third gear, 40 *m.p.h.; top gear,* 65 *m.p.h.*

Springing: Comfortable, semi-elliptic.

Steering: Light action; extensible column.

Brakes: Of efficient Girling type.

Coachwork: Roomy and very well appointed.

Price: Saloon with sliding head, £235.

IN ONE SECOND

your pistons

make

266* strokes!

AT ONLY 30 M.P.H. IN TOP GEAR

You need a dependable lubricant if you are to prevent metal rasping against metal at the rate of 266 strokes a second! Patent Castrol is more than just a dependable lubricant—it is an economical one. The patent tin and chromium content reduces cylinder wear which, in turn, effects great savings in oil consumption.

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The engines of the most popular cars (8-10 h.p.) make 4,000 revolutions per mile which equals 8,000 strokes per piston or 32,000 strokes by four pistons. Thus the pistons make 960,000 strokes per hour at 30 m.p.h., or 266 strokes per second.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British Firm*, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Traffic Driving *need not be* Alarming

By The Earl of Cardigan

NOW that cars have become so extremely simple to control and are getting still simpler with almost every new model that appears—it is surely rather remarkable that so many drivers still regard with apprehension the idea of driving through heavy traffic, such as that of the West End of London. This is particularly the case with women drivers, of whom a very large number seem to be permanently " traffic-shy."

It was understandable enough in the old days, when gear-changing would sometimes involve real difficulty. To drive well in traffic, it is of course essential to change gear freely and with assurance. With the modern car, however, the veriest novice is able to do this, and need have no qualms about it.

The fact remains, none the less, that there are thousands of motorists to whom a spell of driving in really thick traffic is in the nature of a nightmare. What is the real reason for this ? I believe it is simply the fear of doing the wrong thing and so causing a traffic jam—annoying the police and incurring the scorn of more " professional " drivers.

In fact, this need never happen to anyone who takes a little trouble to think ahead and to plan his manœuvres in advance. There is really, when one comes to think of it, no excuse for getting into the left-hand stream of traffic and then attempting to turn to the right. There is no need to be any sort of an expert in order to avoid so elementary an error.

Generally speaking, it is a good plan to avoid making right turns, except when it is essential to do so. It is always—even when correctly done—rather more of a " business " to turn to the right than to turn to the left, and it is usually possible so to plan one's route that almost everything can be done in a series of left-hand circuits.

TO take an example of this (on ground that will be familiar at any rate to Londoners) let us suppose that we are driving down Piccadilly towards Hyde Park Corner. We wish to turn aside and make a momentary stop in parallel Jermyn Street.

What is the correct way to do this ? I suggest that it is to go on to the turning next *beyond* the desired point, and then turn left. We turn left again to find ourselves in Jermyn Street. Then, to set off again to Hyde Park Corner, we make another left turn, and yet one more turn to the left as we get back into Piccadilly. Four left turns in all.

This is surely better than the alternative method, which would be to take an earlier turning to the left and then turn right into Jermyn Street. This would involve a further turn to the right, and then one to the left, in order to rejoin Piccadilly.

In the former case we have four left turns —in the latter case two left and two right turns. The extra distance covered in making the series of left turns is negligible, while the amount of trouble saved by the avoidance of the two right-handed turns is quite considerable.

I have dwelt on this at what may seem unreasonable length ; but it is the *sort* of thing that is important, even if my particular instance of it is trivial. There is no golden rule for trouble-free traffic driving : it is largely a matter of avoiding potentially troublesome manœuvres.

From the same point of view, it is a good thing to make a point of driving at approximately the same speed as other traffic. Considerable skill is needed for continual overtaking—and it is very trying to be continually overtaken. To drive substantially slower than other people is a very dubious contribution to the common standard of safety.

In any difficult situation, such as when several cars meet at a street crossing where neither police nor traffic lights are operating, it may be difficult for the beginner to know what is expected of him. Is he to go ahead, or had he better give way to other people ?

At such times, a most excellent accomplishment is that of " catching the other fellow's eye." This is really the whole secret of getting along at a good speed without having any awkward encounters. A nod or a glance exchanged between two competent drivers is commonly of more value than any amount of formal signalling.

It is quite a mistake, when another car emerges suddenly from a side turning, to look at the radiator of it, or the front wheels or any other outlying part. Look at the driver. If he gives a friendly jerk of the head, you can safely cross in front of him. If, on the other hand, he has the stern, set expression of one who has a train to catch, it may be wiser to let him cross in front of you !

Although jerky driving is certainly to be condemned, a " definite " style may be cultivated as a virtue. There is nothing more annoying than the person who " drifts " indeterminately up to a crossing, so that no one can tell what he intends to do next. The ideal is something half-way between pushfulness on the one hand and vagueness on the other.

All the foregoing of course has been concerned with matters of ordinary common sense, rather than with any problems of mechanical technique. That is the plain truth about traffic driving : it calls for common sense rather than for any other quality. To common sense let a little confidence and experience be added—and the least adventurous of country drivers can, if he wishes, acquit himself worthily in town.

Enormous success of the *proved* HILLMAN MINX MAGNIFICENT

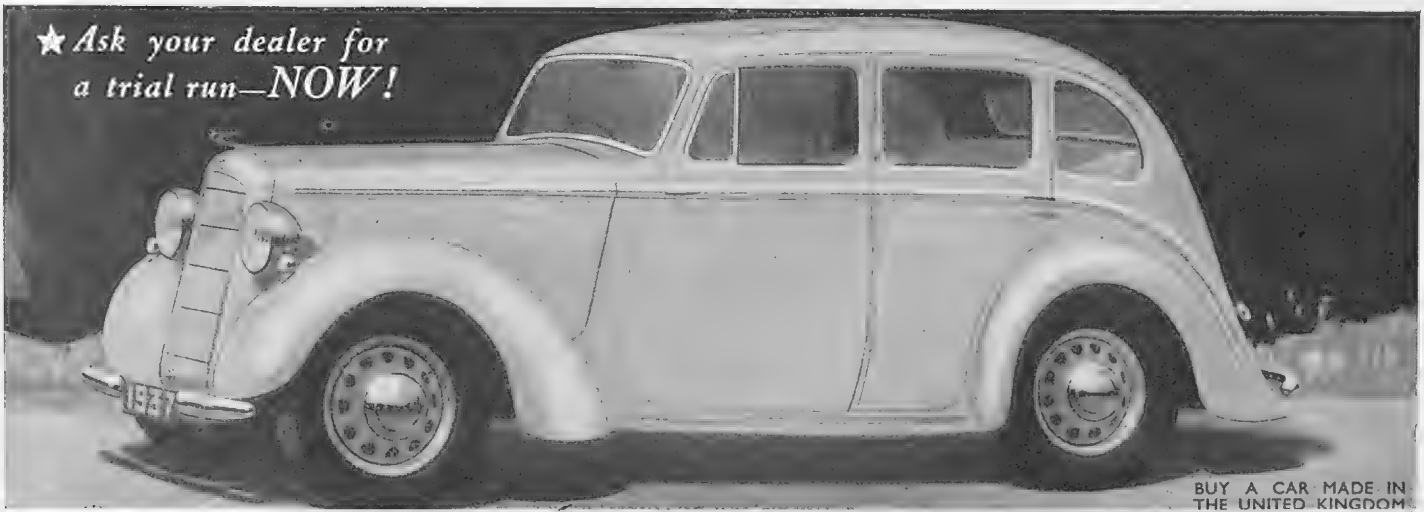
THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS PRAISE ITS ASTOUNDING PERFORMANCE AND COMFORT—

Years ahead of all other light cars in design and efficiency. Tested and proved in every detail—There is no value to compare with it.

£163

SAFETY SALOON
Triplex Glass throughout

(Tax £7.10.0). Five attractive body sty!es offering similar wonderful value.



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The Hillman Motor Car Co. Ltd., Coventry. *Please send me new descriptive folder of "Minx Magnificent."*

NAME..

ADDRESS..

B.E.

BACKED BY WORLD-WIDE SERVICE — HILLMAN DEALERS ARE EVERYWHERE

C.F.H. 165

The "Flying" Standard

(*Continued from page* 81)

change down must be made into second gear. It cannot be otherwise when a mere 9 h.p. is being used to transport four large people.

With this gearbox, there can be no difficulty except when a further change down has to be made from second to first gear. It will be appreciated that this is a rare occurrence, so that perhaps only one gear-change out of a hundred is likely to cause anxiety to the inexpert motorist.

The coachwork has a number of interesting points about it. The two-door type of saloon has been standardised for the 9 h.p. chassis, and provision has therefore to be made for the back-seat passengers to get easily in and out. On the off side, the driver's seat has an ordinary folding back to it. On the near side, however, the front seat is mounted on a sort of parallel-ruler mechanism. When given a push, the entire seat moves forward into a position where it no longer forms an obstruction.

Like all good ideas, this is essentially simple. A push, and the seat goes forward. A pull, and it is back again ready to be sat upon. One marvels that no one has thought of it before.

Of more serious importance, perhaps, is the fact that there is plenty of leg-room and elbow-room for all concerned. Head-room is ample in front, and very adequate at the back. There is some luggage space, suitable for small articles, behind the back seat, in addition to which the de Luxe model has a folding grid.

Prices for this new addition to the range of "Flying" Standards are such as should bring it within the reach of almost every motorist. The ordinary saloon is listed at £149, while the de Luxe saloon, having leather upholstery in addition to more comprehensive equipment, is available at an extra cost of £10.

The Standard "Flying" Nine in brief

Engine: 9 h.p., four cylinders with side valves.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, second, third and top gears being synchro-mesh.

Performance: Third gear, 45 m.p.h.; top gear, 65 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, with shock absorbers.

Brakes: Efficient duo-Servo.

Steering: Light and accurate.

Coachwork: Very comfortable for small car.

Price: Two-door saloon, £149; de Luxe, £159.

SHELL-MEX and B.P., Ltd., made their stand at Olympia, No. 149, into a miniature cinema, where they showed their amusing coloured talkie, "The Birth of the Robot," which is something new in films. As they might say in their famous series of advertisements—"Rest and be thankful while Shell does the work." The rest, by the way, was seven minutes—and well worth it.

A Cat Can Look at a Duchess

(*Continued from page* 31)

So we accepted service like gentlemen, Charles and I, repairing thereafter to the Chien, to think things over and accept further services from that eminent Frenchman, Mons. Joseph (Side Car) Mullarkey. It was too bad you missed the Acceptance Party, because it was the sort of affair which would have warmed the cockles of your heart and might have given you a chance to get the roundhouse curve breaking nicely again. We kept it exclusive. (No women, except Gilda and Mona.) Several times I came pretty near to the verge of tears, thinking about you so far away from all the fun of Acceptance Night, so much so that I even called you on the 'phone once, to get you to come down and play catch for a while, but somebody with a voice like an asp said you had gone out with your mother and Mr. Barclay, so we had to get along as best we could.

Some of the events of the evening are slightly hazy in my memory, except that I seem to remember that Charles and Mona decided to get married, just to keep the cosmic books in balance. That was after I punched the taxi-driver and got punched right back, however, so my recollections are not as clear as they might be. I hoped for one fleeting moment that Gilda was going to sock him, too, but all she did was hide in a doorway. A nice girl, but no *joie de vivre*. Anyway, I hope your Acceptance Night party was a good one. You'll probably be hearing more about mine if you get around.

I keep going on and on, but all I wanted to tell you is that the papers designed to delouse you are now being ground exceeding small in the mills of the law.

As usual,

BILL.

RIVERVIEW HALL,
April 20th.

BILL:

Will you please do something for me: the last thing I ever expect to ask you? Will you stop acting like a degenerate missionary and raising all your merriment in public squares and main streets? What you do behind sealed doors is none of my business any more, but when you make every piffling event in our difficulties the occasion for bawdy parties right out in the limelight, with women and everything, it is bound to reflect on me, as you probably know. That is why you keep doing it, no doubt.

Honestly, I am ashamed every time I remember what I saw while crossing Ainslee Square on what you facetiously call Acceptance Night. And matters have not been helped, believe me, by the fact that I was with mother and Francis at the time, returning from the Daughters' reception. There you were, up to your hips in the fountain and letting out the worst raucous yowls I ever heard. The last I saw you were swinging a top hat, from which something which looked very much like meat balls kept falling in the water. I mean, Bill, fun is fun, as you say, but I draw the line at watching you make an exhibition of yourself before mother and Francis, while I go to Receptions and learn pieces about my duties as a citizen. And, believe me, I don't like having to defend you to mother, and have her say "My poor daughter, my poor daughter!" or hear Barclay going "Tch, tch, tch." Apparently a divorce to you is just good, clean fun, but not to me.

CARA.

P.S.—Where was Gilda Woolatt when you were in the fountain? Had you drowned her, I hope?

HAPGOOD STEEL CORPORATION, INCORPORATED
Office of the President,
April 21st, 1936.

MEMO TO WM. HAPGOOD, JR.

Please see me at noon sure, as I wish to discuss the Detroit business with you, if you are still interested in our affairs.

I hear you were out with your paint-pot again. Apparently you're going to make *your* reputation as the first Hapgood who couldn't take it.

WM. HAPGOOD,
President.

WH/IC

(*Continued on page* 89)

Are you
SUN-STARVED?

The lack of sunshine throughout last summer has greatly reduced your body's power of nerve resistance. It is necessary therefore to recharge it with new vitality to safeguard against ill-health during the winter. PHOSFERINE is the great restorative tonic which will enable you to prevent the effects of sun-starvation. But don't wait until you feel run down . . start taking PHOSFERINE now and keep well.

Mrs. S. Riley, writes:—

"I feel I must write and let you know about the great benefit I have derived from Phosferine. My nerves were in a very run-down state last Spring and in the early Summer, no doubt owing to the lack of sunshine. A friend told me of Phosferine, so I bought a bottle, and after taking it the improvement in my health is wonderful. I keep Phosferine handy, and at the first sign of headache or any other nerve pain, I take a few doses, and it always puts me right in a few hours. I have tried many other medicines but nothing does me so much good as Phosferine."

15, *North Minden, Deepcut, Herts.*

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for	for	for
DEPRESSION	NEURALGIA	SCIATICA
HEADACHE	SLEEPLESSNESS	ANAEMIA
INDIGESTION	INFLUENZA	DEBILITY
BRAIN-FAG	RHEUMATISM	NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists,
TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING.—The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

MORRIS

SERIES II

Ten-four Coupé	*Tax £7.10*	**£215**
Twelve-four Coupé	*Tax £9*	**£220**

Prices ex works

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

(Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England)

M.117

HAPGOOD STEEL CORPORATION, INCORPORATED
Inter-Departmental Correspondence
April 21st, 1936.

MEMO TO WM. HAPGOOD, ESQ., PRESIDENT.
All right. All right.
BILL.

THE CRANSTON CLUB,
CRANSTON, PA.,
April 21st, 1936.

DEAR CARA,

If it will do you any good, I shall be only too pleased to accede to your request of the 20th inst. As a matter of fact, I have come to the conclusion that the making of what vulgar people used to call whoopee is not all it has been cracked up to be. The trouble is you can't remember what happened, except that you thought you were having fun. This can be very embarrassing, I find, as subsequently people expect you to talk intelligently about things you didn't even know happened. I might add that from now on I intend to lead an exemplary life, my only relaxations to be an occasional visit to the theatre and, once in a while, to dance, or to drop in at Gilda's to sit around and discuss the Higher Things. I know this will please you. It will also give me a certain vicarious pleasure to realise that I am doing it all for the little ex-woman.

Perhaps I ought to explain about the fountain, however, because these things are not always quite what they seem to the passer-by. You remember I told you about the Lying-in Ward established by Belinda in the cupboard? Well, on what is now known to the cognoscenti as Acceptance Night, it seemed like a good idea at one time to go home and dress before visiting a couple of the higher class dives in the interests of science. Well we did, and I left the apartment carrying my top hat in my hand just to get air. The hat seemed kind of heavy, but I put this down to the fact that the world has been bearing down pretty hard lately, so maybe everything was getting to weigh more. Imagine my concern, therefore, when, on putting the hat on some time later, four or five soft warm lumps fell on to my head. These turned out to be Belinda's children, and as we were back downtown by this time the best manner of disposing of the little darlings seemed to be to duck them in the fountain. This is what you saw as you passed by. The only trouble with this idea was that I didn't have the heart to go through with it, and when you saw me digging into the water with the hat what was actually happening was that I was trying to find one of the kittens, Yvonne, who somehow had disappeared. Well, there was I with four kittens in a hat trying to find the fifth by bailing out the fountain and losing the others every time I tilted the hat to let the water out. Later I discovered that Yvonne had been in my inside pocket all the time, so all the labour and trouble had been for nothing.

That's all there was to it, so it wasn't as much of a Babylonian orgy as you and the Duchess and Master Barclay thought.

Anyway, if it is any help to you, please be assured that no further bacchanals will be held until the next stanza of the Battle Song of Freedom is sung. As Larry tells me nothing can happen for six weeks I am about to take advantage of the lull in the gale to journey to distant parts, notably to Detroit, Chicago and Cleveland, for the purpose of calling on the carriage trade and maybe peddle them a couple of cantilever bridges. Personally I have always thought they ought to have one across the lake from Cleveland to the Canadian side.

So good-bye. Have fun with Barclay and the rest of the Daughters of Eighteen Twelve.
BILL.

RIVERVIEW HALL
April 26th.

WILLIAM HAPGOOD, ESQ., JR.,
c/o HAPGOOD STEEL CORPORATION, INC.,
CRANSTON, PA. (PLEASE FORWARD)

DEAR BILL,

I am terribly sorry to keep bothering you about things, but all I can do when I need help like this is to ask you for it, so I am sending this to the office with a request on the envelope that they forward it. Can you send me the key to the apartment again? I can't find my emerald ring anywhere, the one you gave me for Christmas, and I am worried sick about it. So would you mind very much if I go over and ransack the apt., as I am feeling very low?

Everything here is punk. The Daughters were here yesterday fixing baby clothes for the deserving, but married, poor. Most of the afternoon I spent listening to a lot of women tell about their operations and to a debate about whether the Plotnik girl deserves help or not. Ultimately it was decided that maybe we ought to send her some binders and hope this will be a lesson to her. It was on the tip of my tongue to suggest that probably we should rub a little ground glass into the binders before delivering them, but mother was looking pretty imperious, thinking, no doubt, of her own daughter's escape from A Fate That Is Worse Than Death, so I kept my mouth shut.

Of course when life bears down I still have Francis, who seems to regard me as a brand to be plucked from the burning; a nice looking brand, but still a brand. I gather from his manner that I am More To Be Pitied Than Blamed, as it was the environment into which you led me from the altar which is responsible for the way I turned out. This makes me feel like a sap. Pretty soon you'll probably be reading how Mrs. Francis Barclay III was amongst those who cut the ices and poured tea down the necks of the visiting firewomen.

It seems funny not to be hearing vivid descriptions of your exploits around town. I sneaked into the Chien the other afternoon, feeling like a gun-moll or something, and there was Charles talking to Joe, while the latter shook something together for him. So I had one for luck, a new kind which we christened the In Memoriam, with benedictine in it, and Charles and I fell to talking of you and your heathen ways. Charles remarked that it is funny what a little thing like a hymendectomy—divorce to you, Mr. Hapgood!—will do for a man. You take Bill, he said. Bill was so steady and full of sobriety when you were heaving candelabra and electric toasters at him, Cara; but as soon as he cut out the canker that was gnawing at his vitals we had the old Bill back in circulation, the Bill who used to think it was fun to climb up the sides of buildings, etc. Charles, I gather, rejoices to think that he has helped to snatch you loose from your bonds.

Anyway, Bill, please send me the key, or tell the janitor to let me in, as I am worried sick about the ring.
CARA.

P.S.—Your girl friend, the Woolatt, apparently has left town, too. Probably the place looks pretty dead to her when there are no playmates to drown kittens in fountains with.

P.P.S.—I forgot to tell you I phoned Mike and asked if I could get in, and he said he couldn't allow anybody to enter the apartment in your absence without authority from you.

RUSH PD CK 26 DETROIT MICH 28 4 11 32A
MICHAEL O'HALLORAN
SUPERINTENDENT CROWNLEIGH APARTMENTS
CRANSTON PA.

PLEASE ADMIT MRS. HAPGOOD TO APARTMENT FIFTEEN AND LET HER IN WHENEVER SHE LIKES STOP WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE SEMI COLON JEHOVAH QUERY
WILLIAM HAPGOOD JR.

RUSH PD CK 26 DETROIT MICH 28 11 37A
MRS WILLIAM HAPGOOD JR.
CARE MRS STONEHAM FOTHERGILL
RIVERVIEW HALL CRANSTON PA.

HAVE WIRED MIKE TO LET YOU IN STOP PLEASE TRY TO FIND ONE PEARL SHIRT STUD AT SAME TIME PROBABLY UNDER RUG OR BED SORRY REGARDS
BILL

(*Continued on page* 90)

Look at Your Teeth
—Others do!

MY DENTIST SAYS-USE
KOLYNOS

Beauty demands
Attractive White Teeth
KOLYNOS REVEALS THEM

In the quest for beauty it is essential that recognition be given to the important part played by the teeth. Ugly stains, so easily acquired, are not so easy to remove and the charm of an otherwise pleasing smile is spoilt.

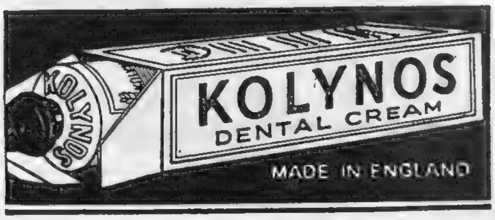
Regular users of KOLYNOS are proud of the appearance of their teeth and find in this scientific dentifrice an indispensable aid to beauty.

Use only half-an-inch of KOLYNOS—the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste—on a *dry* brush. Just a two-minute night and morning brushing and all food particles and other contributory causes of decay are removed, natural whiteness being restored with a lustre that gives charm and attractiveness. Discover for yourself the joy of a healthy mouth and sound, sparkling white teeth.

Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

Of all Chemists 1/- and 1/9

Trial size 6d.



KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

She's taken for her daughter's sister

Most people judge by appearance. If your eyes sparkle and your skin is clear and you've got bounding health, then people think you're young. But if you look dull and gloomy and are irritable and depressed, then don't blame people if they think you're old! Yet really, constipation may be to blame.

If you suffer from constipation simply eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal. For ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" that is necessary to exercise the intestines. It also contains Vitamin B to tone the system and iron to enrich the blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps you feel and look younger. You'll like this cereal food. It is delicious with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve

CONSTIPATION

120

HOTEL SAINT CLAIR,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.
April 28th, 1936.

DEAR CARA,

I hope you found the stud. Don't worry about the ring if you couldn't find it, because I can get you another just like it for a graduation present. The pearl is something to worry over, however, because I know where two of the three are, and it seems an economic waste to have them lie fallow for ever just because one-third of the set is missing. If you couldn't find it, maybe it would be thoughtful if I presented the other two to the Daughters of Eighteen Twelve, for them to pass along to the season's most deserving Married Mother, as her son will probably need dress clothes when they give him a banquet for becoming Sales Manager of the Little Gem Safety Pin and Pig Iron Corporation, or something. Do as you think best about this.

Your ex-husband (Remember ?) is gradually applying the Antiseptics of Hard Work to his wounds and finds the result pretty nearly as much fun as wading in fountains. No drinks. No fun and games. No nothing. Things are even getting to be so bad that the Old Man called me on long distance last night and congratulated me on getting back the McGreer business, which he lost himself last year by telling McGreer to go jump in a lake, specifying Erie, I understand. Ah, well, you'll never know what you missed. Some day you'll sit looking at my mug in the rotogravure section, with little Francis Barclay IV on your lap, and say: "See the egg with the three chins ? Well, that would have been your father, but for a left hook that went down and 'round and came out here." Divorce in haste and repent at leisure, says Pundit Hapgood.

Glad to know you are having such a swell time with the Daughters. Nothing like decent auspices in life to give you a lift. Me, I'm thinking of finding some Sons to join, but the only kind who really interest me are the kind I meet in such places as the Chien. Should I found an order called the Sons of Chiens, or would it be Chiennes ?

Shall be at the Blackthorn in Chicago as from day after to-morrow, if you can't find your black pumps or something when you go stepping with the Magnificent Barclay.

Good luck, BILL.

CRANSTON, PA.
May 1st.

WILLIAM HAPGOOD, JR., ESQ.,
HOTEL BLACKTHORN, CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR BILL,

I couldn't find the emerald and I feel pretty low about it, I don't mind telling you. But I did find the stud in one of the cupboards in the kitchen, in a saucer of butter, so you won't have to worry about Married Mothers for a while. Gosh, Bill, I wish I could find that ring! It was the last present you gave me.

Incidentally I had to give Mike the devil for the way he hasn't been looking after Belinda and her kittens, which are the nicest small cats I ever met. I bet he hadn't been giving them any attention at all. So I've decided to stay over here at the apartment for the next few nights until you come back, just to make sure they are fed regularly and given a chance in life. You can let me know when you expect to arrive and I'll be gone before you come in and I won't tell anybody and you can bribe Mike to keep his mouth shut, then you won't be compromised or anything. Honest, Bill, the kittens deserve a break, and it isn't their fault you punched my jaw. After all, they didn't ask to be brought into the world, did they ?

CARA.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you mother is furious about my being here.

P.P.S.—Old Bill asked me to dinner to-night. Am going.

HOTEL BLACKTHORN,
CHICAGO, ILL.
May 4th.

DEAR CARA,

For the first time in my life I agree with your mother. That's *my* apartment you're living in.

The kittens were perfectly all right. They are nice kittens, I grant you, but a kitten is just a small cat, and unless their habits have changed considerably since the last time I had kittens, their mother attends to matters of diet for them. Furthermore, before leaving I gave Mike instructions to give Belinda a quart of milk every day and anything else she seemed to fancy, so I don't see what all the furore is about. And now that you have established yourself as a squatter in my house, don't start sending out laundry or adding any of your deft, feminine touches to the place, because what I want to do is to get over this as quickly as I can, not build up a new set of associations to pester myself with. I mean, you get the idea, don't you ?

Things are just so-so in Chi, but I expect to be finished in a few more days. Between listening to Jonathan Crane tell me what hellions he and the Old Man were when they were building railroads across the prairies and explaining to him that I won't have a drink, thanks, because I'm on the wagon, I'm pretty near goofy with ennui. The only lightsome spot has been the accident of running into Gilda, who is staying with the Drakes out in Evanston. She called me at the Chicago office day before yesterday and we get around together in such time as I can tear away from Herr Crane who, after all, is just about our biggest customer in these parts.

By the way, you might as well quit worrying about the emerald. I found one just like it at Granville's and they will ship it to you *at your mother's* as quick as they can finish mounting it the way the other was. Shall I engrave inside it: "To the sweet girl graduate, with uppercuts from
BILL" ?

RUSH PD CK20 CRANSTON PA 6 10 47A
MISS GILDA WOOLATT CARE MRS. JOHN DRAKE
HINGSTON BLVD EVANSTON IND

IF YOU DO NOT LAY OFF BILL FOR KEEPS I SHALL BEAT YOU TO A PULP ON RETURN
CARA HAPGOOD

HOTEL BLACKTHORN,
CHICAGO, ILL.
May 7th.

IN HEAVEN'S NAME, CARA,

Will you keep your nose out of my affairs ? The wire you sent Gilda yesterday was the most childish piece of nonsense I ever read. Let me tell you something. You stepped out of my life at your own request and you are not going to make a mess of the rest of it by butting in again. Try it and I'll slap you down on Main Street and go to the hoosegow as a woman-beater, so I can get some peace and sanctuary from you. Not content with moving into my apartment in my absence and messing around with my cats, you even have to start threatening my friends. Cut it out. And lay off. Permanently.

BILL.

HAPGOOD STEEL CORPORATION,
INCORPORATED,
Office of the President,
CRANSTON, PA.
May 8th, 1936.

WILLIAM HAPGOOD, JR., ESQ.,
HOTEL BLACKTHORN,
CHICAGO, ILL.

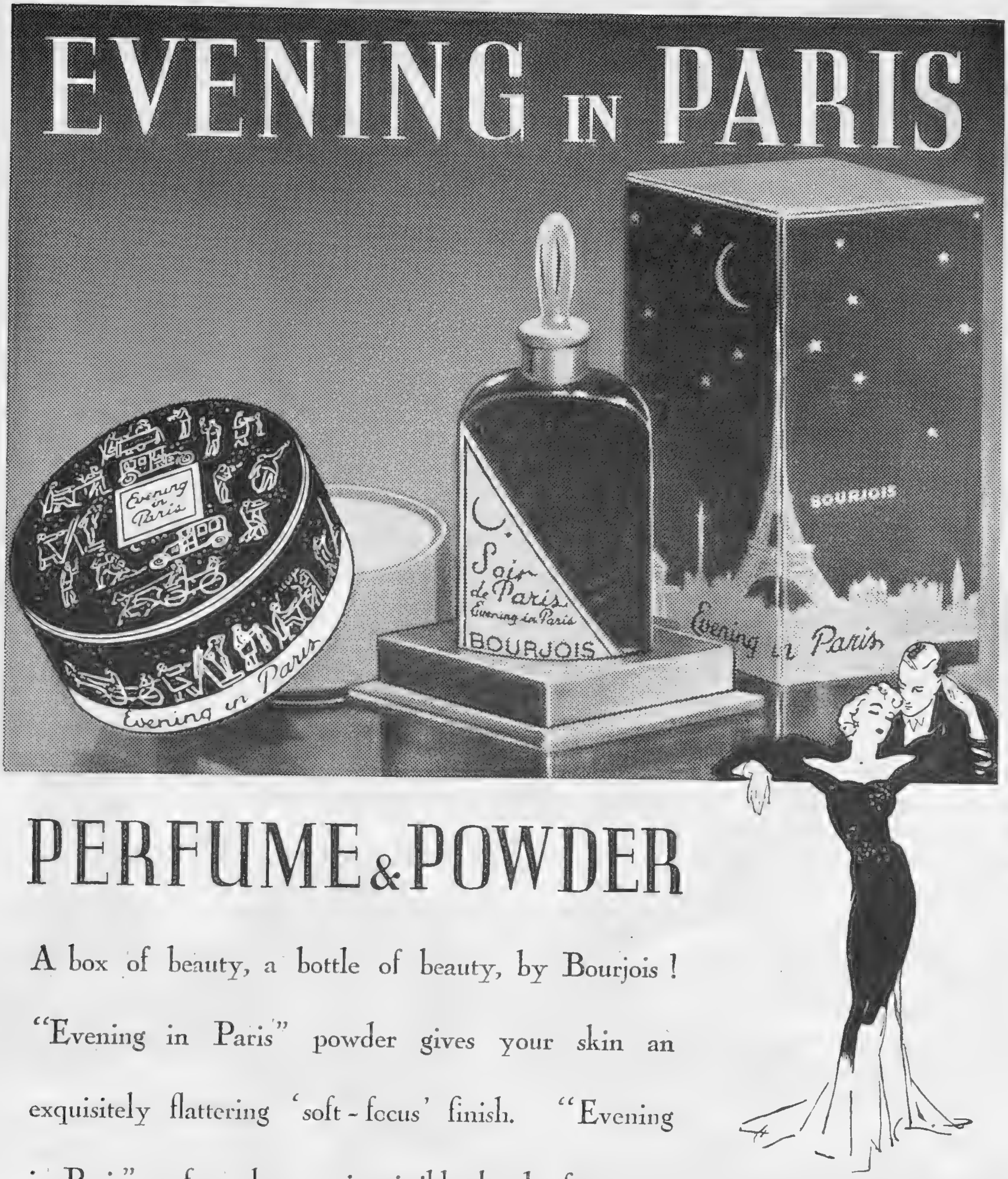
DEAR BILL,

Cara came over and had dinner with me the other night and we had a good time together. I want to tell you something, boy. A fine, high-spirited woman is a sight better to have around the house than some mush-faced little soda biscuit who doesn't know she's alive. Why don't you get wise to yourself ?

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM HAPGOOD,
President.

(Continued on page 92)

EVENING IN PARIS


Evening in Paris
Evening in Paris
Soir de Paris
Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS
BOURJOIS
Evening in Paris

PERFUME & POWDER

A box of beauty, a bottle of beauty, by Bourjois! "Evening in Paris" powder gives your skin an exquisitely flattering 'soft-focus' finish. "Evening in Paris" perfume has an irresistibly lovely fragrance. The wonder is that such charm should cost so little . . . Perfume from 1/3 to 21/-, Powder 1/9.

There is a complete range of Beauty Preparations all delicately perfumed with "Evening in Paris." Do not forget "Evening in Paris" perfumed Eau de Cologne in your bath, for your hair, in the sick room, etc. Generous sizes from 1/6.

BOURJOIS

DL COLL CK15 CHICAGO ILL 9 9 39A
WILLIAM HAPGOOD PRESIDENT HAPGOOD
STEEL CORP CRANSTON PA

WHY NOT GET WISE TO YOURSELF YOURSELF AND LET ME HANDLE MY OWN AFFAIRS
BILL

Riverview Hall,
Cranston, Pa.
May 9th.

Dear Bill,

All right. I won't lift a finger to her. Tell her so for me. I didn't know you felt that way about her. I'm back at mother's now. With the cats, but I'll send 'em back right away. Guess I'll send them to your father's, where Mrs. Corcoran can look after them until you come back. I can't take them back to Mike; he's impossible. Anyway this way Belinda and the kittens can look at a prince once in a while. I mean your dad. It was rotten of me, all this. Please forget it and

Cara

P.S. The emerald came. I can't keep it. Sorry.

RUSH PD CK26 CHICAGO ILL 10 5 46P
MRS WILLIAM HAPGOOD CARE MRS STONEHAM
FOTHERGILL RIVERVIEW HALL CRANSTON PA

DONT BE AN IDIOT STOP I SENT YOU THE EMERALD BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT STOP KEEP THE CATS TOO IF YOU LIKE STOP LOVE
BILL

RUSH PD CK11 CRANSTON PA 10 8 23P
WILLIAM HAPGOOD JR HOTEL BLACKTHORN
CHICAGO ILL

DID YOU MEAN IT WHEN YOU SIGNED LOVE STOP LOVE
CARA

RUSH PD CK8 CHICAGO ILL 10 10 14P
MRS WILLIAM HAPGOOD CARE MRS STONEHAM
FOTHERGILL RIVERVIEW HALL CRANSTON PA

THAT WAS HABIT STOP ANYWAY COMMA LOVE
BILL

Hotel Blackthorn,
Chicago, Ill.
May 10th, 11 p.m.

Dear Cara,

I'm sorry the last letter was so tough, but you know darn well that it's going to be tough enough to get over you, and as I have to do it I want to take the shortest way I can. That's all there was to it, except that apparently you still have the power to make me mad as hell. But forget it, won't you? Call it the customary Hapgood churlishness and let it go at that.

Bill

P.S. Shall be at the Royal Edward in Cleveland some time Tuesday. Let me know if there's any trouble about cats, emeralds or anything. Your friend Miss Woolatt has gone to Cheyenne to visit her sister. We don't speak any more, because when she slapped my face during our talk about your wire I burst out laughing and told her I'd been slapped down by better women in my time. I bet you'll agree.

RUSH PD CK 16 CLEVELAND O 12 7 12A
WILLIAM HAPGOOD JR HOTEL BLACKTHORN
CHICAGO ILL

AM AT HOTEL ROYAL EDWARD ROOM EIGHTEEN TWELVE STOP WHEN ARE YOU COMING OVER LOVE
CARA

RUSH PD CK50 CHICAGO ILL 12 10 07A
MRS WILLIAM HAPGOOD HOTEL ROYAL EDWARD
CLEVELAND O

FLYING CLEVELAND SAFTERNOON STOP PLEASE ASK HOTEL CHANGE US INTO SEVENTEEN SEVENTY SIX COMMA FOURTEEN NINETY TWO COMMA FEBRUARY TWELFTH OR ANYTHING BUT EIGHTEEN TWELVE STOP LOVE AND MORE OF SAME STOP LOVE STOP WHAT BECAME OF QUOTE BETTER AUSPICES UNQUOTE BARCLAY AND WHERE ARE OUR CATS STOP LOVE
BILL

RUSH PD CK31 CLEVELAND O 12 11 56A
WILLIAM HAPGOOD HOTEL BLACKTHORN OR
AIRPORT CHICAGO ILL

PERSON MENTIONED HAS BEEN RETURNED TO STOCK STOP LEFT BELINDA AND KITTENS WITH MOTHER NOT OLD BILL STOP CATS CAN LOOK AT DUCHESS FOR ONCE STOP LOVE HURRY UP LOVE

END. CARA

Two Rosebud Wreaths

(*Continued from page 11*)

You understand me? We could not deceive him." She gave these words out in one hasty slur all a sigh. Flora understood at once; her smooth face contracted slightly as she whispered back: "This was before John asked me. It was nothing but folly."

"And now," flashed through Mildred's agonised mind, "it is murder. I never expected to hear those words, murder or folly, between us."

What indeed had they to do with folly—the proud, the exquisite Misses Mildmay? How was it possible that they were thus smirched? Mildred found herself laughing and talking mechanically while her thoughts raced behind the mask of her correct behaviour.

They could do nothing without help, masculine help. Mildred did not even consider her father—for the first time in her life she wished that she had a mother—only some one of her age would understand. There was Northmore himself, kind and generous, a widower, a man of experience—was it not his right to help? But no, the circumstances were too dreadful, the risk of divulging them too great, and Mildred well knew the high standard men expected in a gentlewoman's behaviour. Northmore—she had scarcely learnt to call him John—would help, but would he marry Flora?

The storm spread overhead; the french windows were opened for the heat, then closed for the rain. Lightning glanced across the shining glass and thunder broke into the slow rhythms of the waltz. Mildred danced, conscious only of that other figure, almost exactly like her own, in the white satin, crowned by the wreath of rosebuds, circling slowly to the accompaniment of the music and the storm. In looking at Flora, Mildred seemed to look at herself, at that part of herself that was lost, doomed, crazed—how coolly Flora took it! Neither distracted nor too gay—but then perhaps she, Mildred, was playing her part equally well. Something must be done and soon—how fortunate it was that the storm had broken; there was now no chance that anyone would want to stroll in the garden and so come upon what lay beneath Flora's window.

When her father announced his younger daughter's betrothal and everyone was pressing round the lovely girl who was such a prize and the handsome man who had so much to give her, Mildred's terrors changed; she saw the stranger reviving, stumbling along under the sheets of rain, throwing open the french windows, standing before them all with bloody head and haggard face, denouncing Flora. Ah, what to do?

She must keep her nerve; the man was dead and would haunt her all her life, but now Flora must be saved. How had she met him? Who could he be?

Mildred noticed with unutterable horror how changed everything was. All the familiar objects were tarnished, blurred; all familiar sounds strained and harsh. Only the gleaming figure of Flora was clear, bright and persistently before her. Where to get help—where?

The Rector? A stern, forbidding man. Dr. Askew? He had not come to-night because he had been summoned to old Mrs. Toplady at the manor house, ten miles away.

Mildred glanced round all the male faces in the gay crowd of (*Continued on page 94*)

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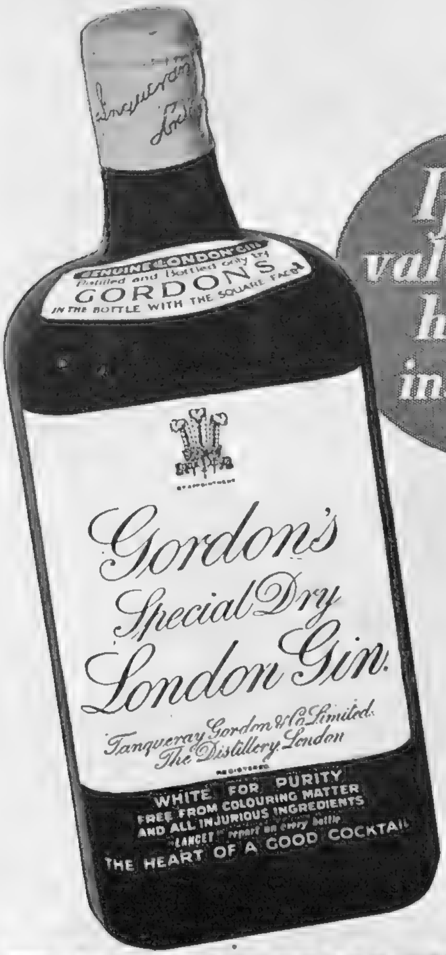
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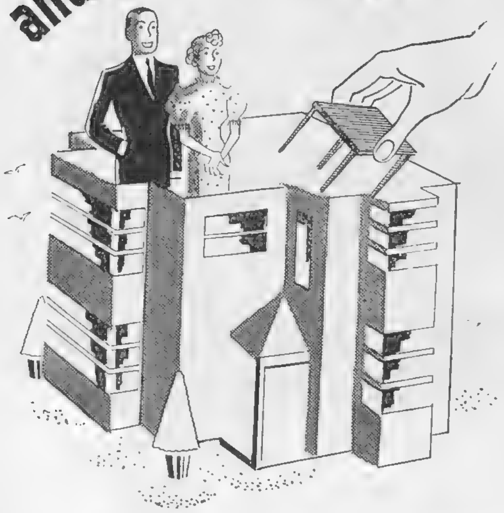

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dancers. She knew them all, liked them, respected them; but there was not one of them whom she could trust with this.

Her frantic gaze fell on Robin Fordyce; he was Dr. Askew's nephew and assistant; she had forgotten his existence. She persuaded herself he was only there on sufferance; not one of her relatives, her set, merely a stranger whom she had known for only two years.

Worse than that; he had dared to show a marked, bold admiration for her, and she had been forced to affront him in order to be rid of him. They had not spoken for weeks; he would not have been asked to-night unless Dr. Askew had practically sent him in his stead. He had joined easily enough in this alien society, but he had not come near Mildred.

He was the man whom Mildred selected. She had avoided engaging herself for dances; as a hostess, she said, she must dance with all her guests. As a polka began she hurried round the shining floor to where the young doctor stood by a bank of shining lilies; he had danced very little and was now alone.

"Dr. Fordyce, please ask me for this dance."

The urgency in her tone caused him to look at her sharply; he was well trained in human nature. Without answering he bowed and took her hand.

"That door behind the red curtains," said Mildred under cover of the music, "leads to the picture gallery—then to the library. Take me there—this is serious."

They danced between the looped-back curtains; there were a few dowagers in the gallery peering at the dark portraits. Mildred took her escort through to the library; a lamp burnt brightly; wine and spirits stood in crystal bottles with silver stoppers and cigars on the table.

"You look ill—let me give you some brandy."

"No, Dr. Fordyce, I dare not. I must keep my head clear. Some one may come here any moment. I am in the most terrible anxiety."

"Why do you confide in me, Miss Mildmay?" asked the young man sternly. "You are to-night surrounded by your own relatives, your own friends. You were quick to show me your opinion of myself."

"But I do ask your help—yours before any of those others."

"And by what flattery do you intend to try to induce me to give it?"

It must be emphasised that Mildred had very lofty ideals, and an almost fantastic code of honour.

"How you mistake me," she replied haughtily. "I have never flattered anyone. I ask a favour of you because I do not care what your opinion of me is. I use you because I am indifferent to you. There can be no complications in our relationship—as there might be between me and any other man I know. Besides, you, though a gentleman, are a professional man, you accept fees for your services. I offer you a high fee for attending a patient to-night, and I respect you sufficiently to put myself at your mercy."

As she spoke she searched his face for any sign of anger, offence or alarm, but he was equal to the test; he remained unmoved and merely replied:

"How can a woman be at the mercy of a man unless he is a ruffian?"

Mildred bowed the rosebud crowned head in assent.

"You understand, Dr. Fordyce, that the fact that we are strangers who rather dislike each other makes this possible for me?"

"Yes. I think I hear someone coming —if secrecy is necessary."

She slipped at once through a further door and he followed; they were in a dimly lit corridor; pressed against the wall, Mildred said:

"There has been an accident. A man has been hurt—it may be serious." Mildred felt an odd stiffness over all her body, her mind signalled "I may not be able to do this—" her lips continued to form carefully chosen words. "He was in my room, I could not call for help nor be rid of him. I have been indiscreet and there are letters."

"Who is he?"

"You must not ask." Mildred hung down her head for a second and added harshly, "He may be dead."

"Can you take me to him now?"

"As soon as the charades begin—sit with me at the back of the room and when the lights are lowered, we could slip away—we need a lantern—and I have it. It is one of the properties of a scene in the charades—Guy Fawkes—I hid it behind the lilies. I am afraid that it will rather spoil the scene; but they can find something in the stables where I cannot go."

"You have a great deal of courage," said Dr. Fordyce.

Mildred did not answer—if he could guess, she thought, what sickly terrors were shaking her, how unnatural everything appeared to be, how her whole universe had changed since Flora had spoken those awful words in her ear, he would not have talked of courage.

The charades had begun by the time they returned to the ballroom; the lights were lowered, several of the scores of candles being extinguished. Mildred spoke to several people, attracting attention to herself as a member of the audience, then when everyone's attention was on the pretty little temporary stage, she slipped from her seat, saying she wanted to see the effect from the back of the room, and picked up her lantern from behind the stiff bed of spiked lilies; in a few seconds she had left the room, crossed the ante-chamber, the picture gallery, the library, and reached a little service door in the corridor; Dr. Robin Fordyce followed her closely; she never looked at him nor spoke.

WHEN they were free of the house and the night wind, blowing freshly after the storm, was on their faces, the young man spoke.

"Do you want me to fetch my case? I have nothing with me."

"No—see first if he is dead."

In the misty light of the moon now sailing free from the last wrack of thunder-clouds, Mildred's face seemed to have lost its bloom and her rosebud wreath to be withered; she pulled her gauzy shawl closely round her shoulders and said:

"If he is dead—he must be taken somewhere else—far away. No one must know where he was to-night."

"Why don't you tell me the truth? I could help you more easily."

"I have told you all that you need to know. Please make haste. This is our chance—everyone, even the servants, will be at the play."

They hastened round the dark shadow of the house, treading softly on wet grass; below the garden the park showed misty, blurred and odd, the massive trees like billows of greenish foam in the moonlight, the glades like swathes of mist, unsubstantial, enchanted. They reached the angle of the new wing and the old and there lay the stranger as Mildred had left him, huddled against the dock leaves. Dr. Fordyce used the dark lantern for the first time, opening the shutter he turned the yellow ray full on the face of the prostrate man.

"You spoke of a fee, Miss Mildmay," he said dryly. "What fee could you offer me for concealing this—accident—and disposing of a corpse?"

"He is dead!" whispered Mildred, leaning against the wall; the shape of a gallows formed out of the misty light and shade and hung menacingly before her inner eye; she thought of Flora and Lord Northmore seated side by side in the places of honour, in front of the miniature stage. What was Flora not suffering?

Dr. Fordyce had placed his lantern on the ground and was on his knees examining the stranger.

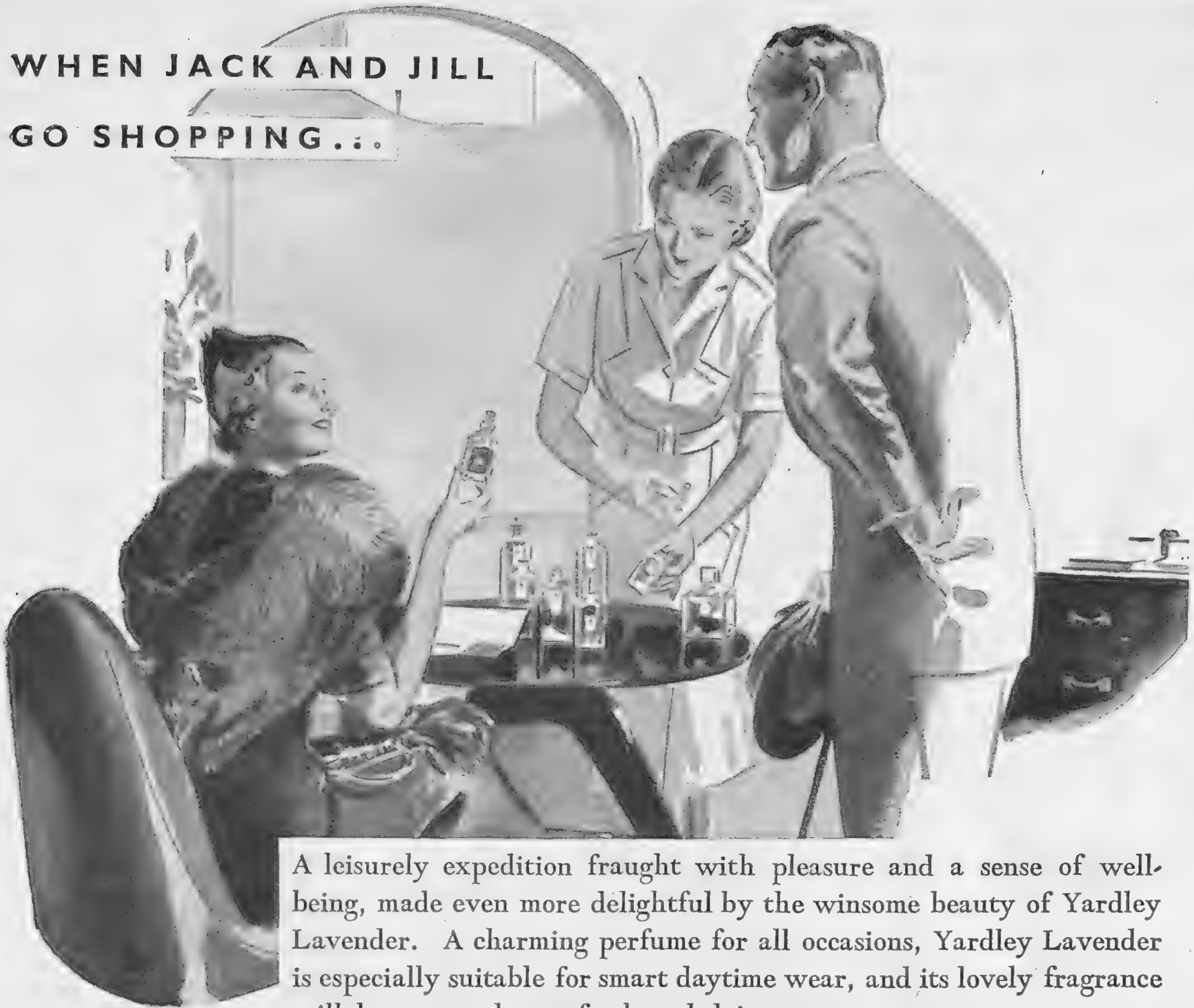
"It is young James Deane—the student who is staying at *The Roebuck*—a geologist or a botanist."

"You know him?" Mildred spoke at random, to gain time.

"Yes, I have often seen him, wandering abroad when I have been on my rounds."

So—Flora intrigued, (*Continued on page* 96)

WHEN JACK AND JILL GO SHOPPING . . .



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like a schoolgirl, like a village mendi, with nobodies who stayed at *The Roebuck*—wrote letters.

“Perhaps,” said Mildred, “the notes that I am looking for are somewhere on his person—I don't suppose—I looked very carefully.”

“You want me to go through his pockets?”

“If you please.”

Mildred was thinking, “If I can find the letters—if the body could be removed—it might appear an accident and Flora would be saved. But how shall I make this man do me this service? I see that he cannot be bribed with money.”

“In his hip pocket,” said the doctor, handing up a packet. Mildred took the letters eagerly—without looking at them wrapped them in her gauzy shawl. “Now—what is to be done with him?” added the doctor, rising; his long, peculiar, comely face under the disordered fair hair was grave, stern.

“If we could take him—somewhere—to the waterfall, perhaps, it might appear an accident, at least, nothing could be *proved*.”

“*Appear* an accident, Miss Mildmay? You told me that it *was* an accident.”

“I begin to lose my nerve. He was blackmailing me—I struck him with a candlestick. I dragged him here.”

“So—it *might* seem like murder?”

“Yes. Will you help me? If you won't, remember that you have promised silence.”

“You are cool about this fellow after going so far with him—you must be as heartless as you are proud.”

“As you please——”

“There is really only one condition under which I can help you. You know the question that I wanted to ask you when you slighted me so definitely. Will you marry me?”

“I thought I was safe from that. Do you want to marry a girl whose reputation would be ruined if this was known? I dare say that my father would cast me off.”

“I do not care. I am not so insignificant as you think. I shall probably be extremely successful—I think that you would make a brilliant wife for an ambitious man; you're cool, resourceful, hard.”

“You don't know—how far I had gone with this man James Deane.”

“I do not care. I love you. I think you like me—or we should not be here now.”

“I told you why I asked you—because you were outside my life. But if you can stoop to bargain with me—in my need—yes, then I will marry you if—and when—this—horror is concealed.”

“No, you are right,” said Dr. Fordyce, straightening himself. “I can't bargain, can I? The man is not dead. I can easily restore him to his senses and deal with him—I know him a little, he is not really evil, only impetuous and violent. I dare say that this will—cool his ardour.”

Dr. Fordyce continued talking in order to give Mildred a chance to recover her control; she was leaning against the wall, her hands before her face, all her limbs loosened with relief. A generous glow spread through her blood which had been chilled as if she had been frozen; in the joy of her great relief she saw the young doctor in the most magnanimous light; he had disdained to bargain with her, and he was willing to marry her believing that she was the heroine of this sad episode. She knew none of her acquaintances who would do as much—and without a word of reproach, or demand for explanation, or glance of scorn.

SHE began to believe that he would be a great man, that she was lucky to have found him, besides if she married him, how secure Flora would feel!

But Mildred's fine honesty would not take refuge behind that subterfuge—“I suppose that I loved him all the time.”

She sighed; the errant moonbeams gleamed in her white satin dress, shone in the wreath of rosebuds on her fair face as she removed her hands. At last tears overbrimmed her eyes.

“I'll marry you if you wish.”

“I do wish. Now run back to the house—I'll deal with this fellow. If I am missed, you can say, what is true enough, that I have been called away to a patient. But I shall not be missed.”

Mildred gathered up her skirts, prepared for flight, then, still thinking of Flora's secret, whispered over her shoulder, “Promise me not to question him—not to listen to him.”

“I promise.”

She hastened back to the house; she paused in the brief unclouding of the moon to tear the letters—not so many of them, after all—into small fragments. How did one get rid of paper in the summer when there were no fires? She put the fragments in her beaded satin bag. She came in by the french windows of the drawing-room, and so into the screened place where the girls acting in the charades were dressing, laughing and whispering before long mirrors. Mildred ran from one to another, caressing, praising; never had they seen her so animated. When someone exclaimed at the stains on the hem of her dress—wet, green, dead leaves—she said that she had been out on the terrace for the sake of the pure air after the storm. “Look at my slippers—soaked! I must run upstairs and change.”

The next scene was one of winter; Mildred saw a large bowl of torn paper waiting to be emptied from the flies.

“Oh, look, I have brought you some more snowflakes.”

They all laughed as Mildred poured the contents of her reticule into the bowl; then she was gone and had joined the audience. It was easy for her now, in between the scenes, while the violins played, to join her sister and sink on a stool at her feet—how odd that no one noticed how ghastly Flora looked!

Mildred wrote on her dance programme: “He is alive. We are safe. Your letters are in the snowflakes.” She flicked the programme—so prettily painted with cupids—on to her sister's knee. Flora read, dropped as if about to faint, recovered herself, and the curtain went up.

When the charades were over the sisters went upstairs; fresh slippers, fresh wreaths of rosebuds lay on Mildred's bed. Thomasina was waiting with rose water, with eau-de-Cologne, with tearful, joyful kisses for her nursling, her ladyship to be. Through the open door came the sounds of a lively *intermezzo*; the maids were peeping in, curtseying and offering timid congratulations. At last and for a few seconds the sisters were alone and Mildred told her story, Flora almost fainting in her arms.

“But, Milly, that means that we must—trust—this Doctor Fordyce whom no one knows!”

“He can be trusted. He knows what to do—besides, hush! this is my secret—I am going to marry him.”

Flora stifled a cry as Thomasina came in; then they—both the sisters—must go down to the ball again and dance and chatter and laugh and quizz until the midsummer dawn was faintly flowing in through the open windows and mingling with the gentle light of the last replenishment of candles. Dr. Fordyce was with the departing guest; he spoke to Mildred in the porch, while yawning ladies in long shawls passed them.

“I got rid of him—he is taking it quite sensibly. How fortunate that he is a botanist! A fall when climbing after a specimen explains everything at the——. He will be gone by now. You'll not see him again.”

For a moment they were isolated in the eddying groups, and Dr. Fordyce whispered: “No false pretences! You have your promise back, if you wish. I know that this was Flora's indiscretion, not yours——”

“Who told you—Deane, the wretch?”

“No—his name wasn't James Deane, you see, but Arthur Highmore. Besides, I knew that you could never have been infatuated with a weak fellow like that—Flora is sweet, but not like you.”

“I wonder—if I *had been* the foolish girl involved would you have married me?”

“Yes.”

A surge of departing (*Continued on page* 98)

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CVS—31

guests parted them; Mildred took the wreath of rosebuds from her brow with a gesture of fatigue. It hung slackly in her hand. As Dr. Fordyce passed her, he drew it from her fingers and hid it under his cloak.

"Good night."

"Good night."

LADY NORTHMORE died of cholera in India fifteen years later; she caught the infection nursing in a hospital during an epidemic. About a year afterwards Mrs. Fordyce was killed in a frontier rising while defending her house and family. She was buried beside her sister under a graceful tomb of white marble, and the desolate husbands instructed that two wreaths of rosebuds be carved on the tomb above them in memory of England and the betrothal ball.

At home, a middle-aged botanist read the horrid news in *The Times*; he brooded for a while, staring at the specimen glass in front of him in which was a white rose with a crimson fleck—his most famous hybrid, named *Miss Flora;* then he returned to his eggs and bacon—it was all so long ago.

When the Children Grow Up

(Continued from page 25)

helped so much. She wouldn't take money from him, but she didn't care how much he spent on them. She wouldn't let herself get jealous when the boys started saving up their problems for Uncle Clive, and Betty refused to wear a new frock until Uncle Clive had approved it.

They thought her wonderful; they loved her. Clara knew all that, but lately the doubt tormented her. *Was it enough?* The children were grown up now and her money was dwindling each year. But did any of them ever think to lessen her responsibilities? They kissed her a lot and called her "Darling," but look at David taking it for granted that she could manage on ten shillings less any week when he decided he required extra money; Young Austin imagining he could live on air until he was through his dramatic course, and goodness knew how long afterwards; and Betty, who never so much as carried a plate out into the kitchen, and didn't even sew on her broken shoulder-straps.

About half an hour after David's departure Clara heard Austin coming up the path, whistling the waltz from "Bitter Sweet." Automatically her tightened lips smiled, she pushed the sadness and her doubting from her eyes. He came in and hugged her.

"Mums, I'm so hungry . . . ."

She had steak-and-kidney pie ready in the oven and went to fetch it for him. She pulled up a chair so as to chat with him while he ate.

"How's things, Austin, darling?"

(She always asked the children that when they got home).

"Grand," said Young Austin.

She didn't altogether believe him. His blue eyes were anxious, restless. He ate quickly and nervously without bothering. He told her, as soon as he had finished, that he had to go out again.

"You won't be lonely, Mums? Betty should be in soon."

"Soon," repeated Clara, and went on with her darning.

Betty didn't get back until after nine. Her lovely face was flushed, her eyes like bright stars.

"Mums, the greatest fun . . . . Pete is taking me to a bottle club; we were having dinner in Soho and he suddenly suggested it. Darling, be the lamb you are and give my white chiffon a press while I'm getting some varnish on my nails."

Clara put away her work-box and went into the kitchen to get the iron hot. She was glad she had remembered to get a new novel from the tuppenny library this morning.

DAVID wasn't exactly tight; his legs were a little unsteady, but his mind was as clear as crystal and he didn't slur his words. He and his friend Greg had finished their billiard match some while ago and had taken a table for two in the corner of the saloon bar.

"I've got to talk to you, David," Greg had said.

And David, who had listened without interruption until he had finished, was saying now:

"I'm sorry, old man, but it can't be done. My mother would have a fit if I told her I was going abroad. You know how things are at home—father being killed in the war."

He tried to be nonchalant, tried not to let Greg guess how crazy he was to go out with him to his father's orange ranch in California. Just the kind of outdoor life David had always craved. But Mums had just taken it for granted he was going to an office after he left school, taken it for granted that he'd go on living at home. Suddenly he grumbled aloud:

"It's just hell being the eldest son when you haven't got a father, Greg."

Greg sympathised.

"Still, you've your own life to make out, David."

David grinned mournfully.

"Get behind me, Satan, and if you love me buy me another drink. I'm cleaned out."

Sipping his beer, he thought how he'd have to "sub" his lunch money off Clara until the end of the week. She had looked pretty glum when he'd asked her to let him off ten shillings board and lodgings. It bothered him slightly; it wasn't like Mums to go mean on one. He wanted to change the subject of the orange ranch, but Greg wouldn't let him out.

"Dave, I'm not going to take a definite 'no' until the morning," declared Greg. "Talk it over with your Mater. I'll bet she won't try to hold you back."

David hunched his shoulders and looked miserable.

"No, she wouldn't hold me back, but I just can't tell her that I want to go. She's had a pretty rotten time one way and another, what with losing father and a packet of money in the war. It would break her up if the family started breaking itself up."

He left the pub soon after and ran into his younger brother at the corner of their road. He took a quick look at the sullen, handsome face and asked:

"What's bitten you, Young Austin? You look as though someone had given you a sixpence with a hole in it."

Young Austin scowled and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"I'm trying to make the big sacrifice and show myself a dutiful son—and I don't like it a bit."

David's lips narrowed and turned downwards at the corners.

"*Et tu, Brute?*"

"What's that, David?"

David said:

"Let it pass. What's the trouble, old man?"

Austin's eyes were like bits of hard blue glass.

"Mother. One can't let her down, can one, Dave?"

"No," agreed David quickly. "In what way does your temptation lie?"

"Aunt Edith took me to lunch to-day. She wants me to go and live with her. As you know, no end of theatre and cinema people come to her place; it's the best short cut in London to a struggling young actor and, besides, I like the comfort of it; maids to bring your tea and a man to keep your shoes shined—but what's the use of even thinking about it?" he shrugged. "Can you see mother's face, David, if I bounced in now and told her I was leaving home and going to live with a sister she hasn't spoken to for goodness knows how many years!"

David could. He could see those pale, sweet eyes screwing up in their effort to retain the tears, the familiar trembling of Clara's lips. She'd

(Continued on page 100)

DON'T STOP
HALF WAY
Forhans goes deeper

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half way care of the teeth is fooling thousands of people. They clean their teeth regularly. Yet they leave the door wide open to the greatest cause of dental trouble—soft, spongy, bleeding gums. Why run this risk? Forhans brand dentifrice gives you double protection—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhans original dentifrice is different from all other dentifrices. No other dentifrice brings you the exclusive Forhan formula — long used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. You can *feel* its healthful effects as soon as you begin to use Forhans. Shortly you *see* its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Ask for Forhans to-day.

Forhans BRAND
NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale
Original DENTIFRICE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

ON SALE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

DON'T WASH BABY'S HAIR use— NESTOL

IT CURLS & CLEANSES

Baby's head will soon be clustered with adorable curls if the tiny head is cleansed with Nestol every day.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

A MONTH'S TREATMENT 3/6 from BOOTS, LEWIS'S, ALL GOOD CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS

C. NESTLÉ & COMPANY, LTD.
48 South Molton St., London, W.1

NESTOL Toilet Powder Large tin 1/3

slimming

The most wonderful flesh-reducing discovery of the age — REDEX

● APPLIED *EXTERNALLY* TO ANY PART OF THE BODY ● NO DIETING ● ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS ● APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS ● ACTS IN 7 TO 10 DAYS ● EASY TO USE

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Towards the end of last year, a German professor came to see us and suggested that we should buy the rights in a slimming lotion for external application—for which he claimed such remarkable results that we laughed at him. When he mentioned the price he wanted, we were even more amused. Finally we agreed to try the lotion. After a fortnight we asked for a month's option. And within a month we had paid an uncomfortably stiff price for the most amazing preparation we have ever seen.

Now, we tried Redex before buying it. You, unfortunately, cannot — because the cost of manufacture prohibits free samples. So we ask you to read this advertisement and believe us when we say that any statement we make, no matter how incredible it may sound, is strictly true and can be vouched for by a number of people of good standing.

Redex is definitely the safest and most effective preparation ever produced for getting rid of superfluous flesh. ¶ It is applied *externally:* it cannot interfere with digestion. (The medical profession is against *internal* flesh-reducing preparations, except when specially prescribed by a doctor.) ¶ Redex is absolutely harmless. It can be applied to the most sensitive parts of the body. The report of a well-known analytical laboratory says: "It is free from harmful ingredients . . . and contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin." A physician writes: "A number of my patients have asked me about your preparation and I have sanctioned its use." ¶ It will reduce flesh *only where it is applied* ¶ And it will reduce only *excess* flesh It will not cause extreme loss of weight—with possible weakening effects. ¶ It calls for no dieting, or special foods, or expensive massage—no interference with one's normal life. ¶ Simply rub Redex into the skin gently for a few minutes a day. In 7 to 10 days results begin to show In 3 weeks you are slim! ¶ In short, Redex is the most wonderful flesh reducing discovery of the age . . . unfailingly effective . . . safe . . . easy to use.

WHAT OTHERS SAY*

"After using 3 bottles," writes Mrs. P. E., "the results were—before using Redex, waist 39½ ins., hips 44 ins.—after using Redex, waist 36 ins., hips 39 ins.—achieved without diet of any kind."

Prince Hohenlohe writes: "After using 2 bottles, I slimmed down to the extent of 6 ins. and lost between 15 and 18 lbs."

"I have not finished my third bottle," writes Mrs. A G., "and I give you my measurements. Before using Redex, waist 32 ins., hips 41 ins., top of my arm 14 ins.—to-day the measurements are 29 ins., 39 ins., and 11 ins. I have not done any dieting and have never felt better in my life."

Mrs. M. T. (wife of a prominent hotel owner) writes: "After using 3 bottles in 24 days, I reduced 11 lbs. in weight and 4½ ins. in measurements."

* The originals of these, and of all the other letters used in this advertisement, can be seen at our London Office.

Rēdex
for SLIMMING

21/- a bottle

At Harrods, Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, leading Boots branches, and all good stores and chemists. If any trouble in obtaining, post free from us by sending the attached coupon.

To REDEX PROPRIETARIES LTD., 85/86, New Bond St, London, W.1

Please send me, post free,............bottle(s) of Redex, for which I enclose..............

NAME (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)...

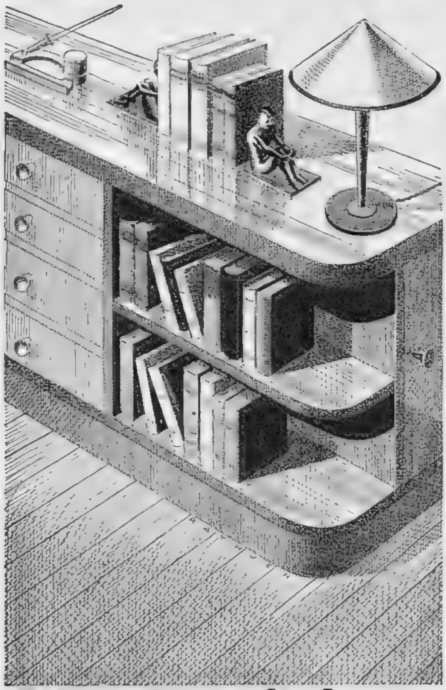
ADDRESS...

....

B.E. 12

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

Hedley, Byrne & Co.



A lovely polish so easily

There is no easier way of obtaining a beautiful polish on your Furniture than by using 'Min'. 'Min' is so quick—so brilliant. Every drop instantly spreads a smooth, lustrous sheen that will not fingermark. Try this work-saving polish to-day and see how it improves the appearance of your furniture. So good too for cleaning enamel paint.

MIN CREAM
FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Tins 6d. and 1/-

MIN CREAM
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Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. M.90.25

SIX for 6D. 12 for 1/-
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE
Camelia
Soluble
SANITARY TOWELS
Rounded Ends for complete concealment

say: "Darling, of course you know what you want . . ."—and leave the sentence for ever unfinished.

He banged his brother soundly on the back. "I shouldn't worry too much, old man. Things'll work out all right, I expect—they usually do."

He might also have added "*For you.*" Young Austin had always been the lucky one. He had wriggled himself out of going to an office; he was following the profession he'd chosen. It had been that way as long as David could remember, Young Austin always getting the good breaks. When they'd been kids David put it down to the fact that Austin had blue eyes fringed with curling, girlish lashes. "A pretty little boy" people had called him, laughing at his nickname until Austin explained, going wistful: "I was called after my Daddy, who was killed in the War. . ." And then a shilling would pop up for Young Austin. He got fewer whackings and punishments than any other boy at college—wriggled out of them with the flutter of his lashes, the charm of his smile. David was resignedly certain he'd get his way about going to live with Aunt Edith, whereas he, David, didn't stand a chance of getting to California.

They walked down the road together, Young Austin grousing, David tight-lipped and thinking about Greg's father's ranch, trying not to be bitter.

"If only Betty were more of a home-girl," grumbled Austin.

David agreed heartily.

(Betty was out most nights at parties or dancing; on the rare evenings she came home to supper she retired to her room to fix her nails or experiment with a new style of hairdressing.)

"As it is, Mums sort of counts on us boys," said David.

There was a light shining in the living-room window. Clara always sat up for the children, no matter what time they came in, and neither David nor Young Austin had ever dared to let her know how it irked them; how it flashed through your mind right in the middle of a party, "Gosh, better hurry home, Mums will be sitting up." Or if you'd had one little drink too many, to remember to pull yourself together before getting back to West Kensington so as not to upset "Mums."

This evening she greeted them, looking bothered and rather fragile:

"Betty's still out . . . with a man called Pete; they've gone to a night club. . . ."

David and Austin banished their own worries to comfort her, teased her for being a fussy old hen and that sort of thing, thinking it would cheer her, and Clara reflected sadly:

"They're such darlings, but they don't understand. . . Oh, dear, this irresponsible, care-free younger generation."

She went into the kitchen to make them coffee. Her back ached and she was so tired. But David and Young Austin wouldn't think . . . She must never let them know how tired she was of looking after them, managing for them, waiting up for them.

It was after twelve before Betty's key was heard in the door. David was lolling on the sofa with his eyes closed, and Austin had rolled up the carpet and was practising a new dance-step.

Clara went into the hall.

"Oh, Betty, darling, we thought something had happened," she gasped.

Betty was smiling. There was a new softness about her eyes. She kissed Clara fiercely on both cheeks.

"Darling, something has happened. Something very wonderful. . . . Pete and I are going to get married. . . . Hi, Pete, come and meet mother and see for yourself she isn't a bit frightening."

A tall young man emerged shyly from the darkness.

"I hope you don't mind much, Mrs. Deane, about Betty and me."

Clara held back her tears. She dragged her lips into a bright smile and tiptoed to kiss the young man on his chin.

"Be good to her," she murmured Victorianishly.

Then the boys came out and dragged Pete in for coffee and said would he and Betty please give details. Pete was in advertising and making precious little money. He hadn't a penny saved, stated Pete unconcernedly. Betty was going to stay on at her job. They hadn't an idea where the furniture was coming from, but they'd get along somehow.

"There's just one thing we won't take," interposed Betty, "and that's a long engagement hanging round our necks. We love each other; we want each other . . . so what?"

Clara sat back listening to them, bewildered and helpless and giving way to the luxury of letting her thoughts drift back through the years to that hunt ball when Austin had proposed to her. She thought of the rapturous, exciting six months which followed the announcement of their engagement. White satin she'd worn at her wedding, with bridesmaids in shell-pink crêpe de chine. The honeymoon, and Austin singing to her in that warm baritone of his, as they glided down the Grand Canal in Venice. She remembered her dreams and ambitions for Betty. A good marriage. Clara wasn't in the slightest mercenary. Betty's happiness counted for more than all the money in the world. Oh! but wasn't it a little disappointing, a little unfair that she hadn't fallen in love with a man who could have provided that country house to which she, Clara, had promised herself an open invitation.

And Betty was asking her brothers:—

"Do either of you mutts know how long it takes to get a marriage licence and what it costs . . . ?"

And Pete reflected aloud:—

"We might do worse, Bets, than stay on at my present digs . . . It's comfy there and Mrs. Gray isn't such a bad cook when you get used to her passion for frying . . ."

"You'll be able to count on a whacking great wedding present from Uncle Clive, Betty; you're his favourite," observed Young Austin. "I'd throw out a hint, if I were you, about preferring cheques to cut glass or Georgian silver . . ."

Clara went quietly from the room. She felt spiritually empty and useless. All at once it seemed as though the years of sorrow and struggle had been for nothing. She had dreamed a wild dream which was never coming true. The children had grown up, but it hadn't worked out as she'd expected.

You had to face facts. David and Young Austin showed no signs of wanting to cosset and take care of her. . . . Betty wasn't making a grand marriage, after all; in fact, it looked as though she, Clara, would have to make an onslaught upon her slender capital in order to give the child a wedding luncheon and a week-end honeymoon.

And in three years' time she'd have no money left except her pension.

Next morning she arose as usual at seven o'clock and took cups of tea to Betty and the boys. The daily girl didn't arrive until nine and Clara always cooked their breakfast.

She went about her tasks with an odd defiance. There was a strange light burning in Clara's pale eyes. She held her mouth pursed into a little hard rosebud.

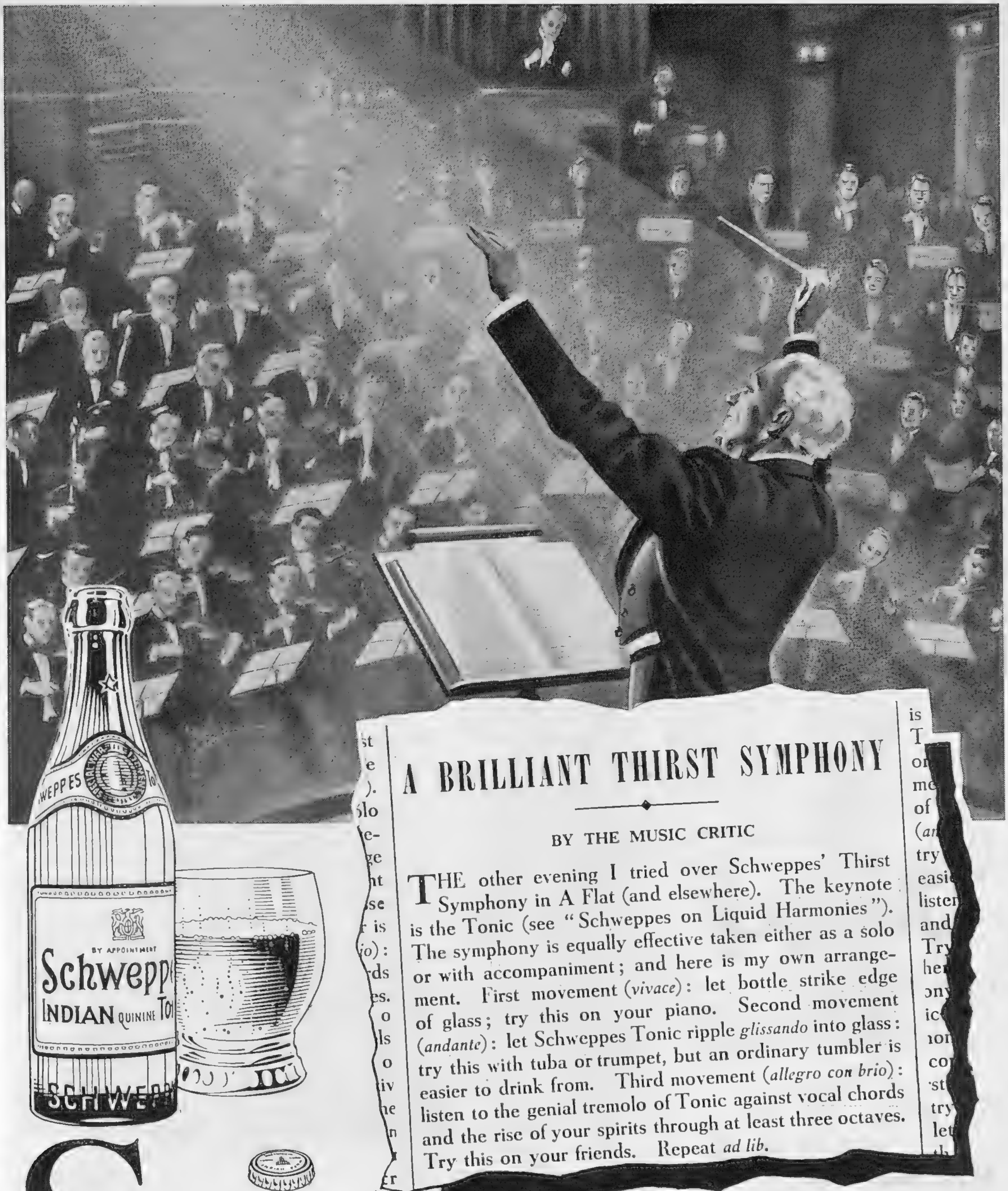
She was through. That was all. Before dropping off to sleep last night she had made her decision. Presently, as soon as she'd got them off to business she'd telephone Clive. She had rehearsed exactly what she was going to say to him while they lunched. "Clive, I'm weary of playing head cook and bottle-washer to the children. I want a life of my own. They're grown up now; they can look after themselves."

And later to David and Betty and Young Austin:—

"I'm going to marry your Uncle Clive. I'm sorry, boys, you'll have to find somewhere else to live; I'm giving up this house, and there won't be room for you in the new flat . . ."

They'd mind. But only because they'd know they wouldn't get fussed and spoiled in lodgings the same way she fussed and spoiled them. David

(*Continued on page 102*)



A BRILLIANT THIRST SYMPHONY

BY THE MUSIC CRITIC

THE other evening I tried over Schweppes' Thirst Symphony in A Flat (and elsewhere). The keynote is the Tonic (see "Schweppes on Liquid Harmonies"). The symphony is equally effective taken either as a solo or with accompaniment; and here is my own arrangement. First movement (*vivace*): let bottle strike edge of glass; try this on your piano. Second movement (*andante*): let Schweppes Tonic ripple *glissando* into glass: try this with tuba or trumpet, but an ordinary tumbler is easier to drink from. Third movement (*allegro con brio*): listen to the genial tremolo of Tonic against vocal chords and the rise of your spirits through at least three octaves. Try this on your friends. Repeat *ad lib.*

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

Distinguished simplicity

in the 'grand manner' characterizes this delightful finger-tip length coat. The material—blistered taffeta cloqué—is exquisite and subtle, especially under electric light.

Cut on loose lines which swirl with quiet, pleasing grace, it has clever cording on the collar, repeated with effect on the new wide sleeves.

This coat will prove a happy investment, for it can be worn with equal effect over an evening gown or afternoon dress.

"Tengol"

Wholesale and Shipping Only.

F. & Co., Ltd., Chell Street, Longsight, Manchester,
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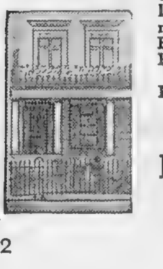

HAIRS Superfluous Hair

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My method is perfect, it is painless, harmless, and permanent in its effect. At first Treatment all hairs are removed — a definite cure started. If you cannot call, I will send you the Home Treatment with instructions and advice.

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Helen Lawrence
81 EARL'S COURT RD.
Kensington, London, W.8

wouldn't be able to dock a landlady of her money at the end of the week because he wanted extra for a squash match.

And Young Austin . . .

Clara's heart tightened. Her baby. It wasn't going to be easy turning him adrift. She'd have to give him money until he started earning. He could have every penny she had left.

No one noticed her silence at breakfast. They were too excited about Betty's wedding. Clara never quite knew how she discovered it was to take place the following Saturday and that Pete was going to get someone to lend him a car for the week-end.

They kissed her good-bye just as they always did; she asked each one, just as she had started doing since they went to business: "What time will you be home, darling . . .?"

As usual, their replies were evasive, unsatisfactory.

She brazenly skipped her share of the housework and went down the street to the telephone booth to ring Clive at his office.

"Clive, please can you give me lunch?"

She never asked him to take her out unless she had some special problem concerning the children on her mind, like Young Austin wanting to go on the stage.

He said:—

"Delighted, Clara, my dear . . ." and suggested his club.

She took trouble with her dressing, feeling vaguely festive. She scrutinised her features anxiously in the looking-glass. She was faded, looked a little more than her forty-five years in the harsh morning sunlight. But she was still pretty; she had retained her girlish figure, her teeth were all her own and her hair was naturally so fair that the silver creeping into it gave it a fashionable platinum blonde glint. She went to Betty's room and took a drop of her scent; touched her lip with a coral pink rouge discarded by her daughter because some young man had said it made her look "virginal" . . .

Clive was waiting for her in the sombre vestibule of the Military Club. He had ordered the pale dry sherry she liked. He told her:—

"I've said grilled sole for lunch; that's what you like, isn't it?

Clara's smile flickered happily. She felt so safe all at once. Greedily she held out her hands, at last, to grasp the luxury of Clive's steadfast devotion, all it brought with it. Clive was a rich man. Now there'd be no more skimping and scraping, no more housework and irksome mending for Clara Dean who was going to become Clara Rogers.

She looked hard at Clive; he was even better-looking, with his dark hair greying at the temples and the lines round his mouth and eyes, than when she had first been introduced to him by Austin:

"Clara, my darling, this is Clive, my best friend, be sweet to him. . . ."

But it didn't do to let one's thoughts go back to Austin. She said, stuttering a little and looking so charming in her hesitation:

"Clive, dear, if you still want me to marry you. . . ."

He was like one jerked out of a dream. Quick to take her small gloved hand.

"My dear," he said with deep feeling. "Oh, my dear."

He changed the luncheon wine from hock to champagne. He made their plans just as though he'd been working them out before meeting her.

"A quiet wedding . . . just the two of us and the children, eh, Clara . . .? They'll expect us to give them a party."

His laugh was ragged.

Then Clara told him:

"Betty is marrying a man called Pete . . . I forget what else. They're going to be rather poor . . . if we could help a little."

"We'll certainly help Betty," said Clive steadily.

"They're honeymooning for the week-end in someone else's car," laughed Clara softly.

A honeymoon.

"Ours, Clara, where shall it be?"

She said, going pale:

"Anywhere you like except Venice, Clive." And they decided on Cornwall.

"The children will be surprised," murmured Clara. "I'm afraid they'll mind a little, Clive. But it's time they stood on their own feet. I've lived for them all these years. I want a life of my own again. . . ."

"I'll do my best to give it to you, Clara dear."

He saw her into a taxi when lunch was over. He promised to come round to dinner that evening. Clara had begged him:

"Be there, Clive, when I break it to the children."

He went back to the club when her taxi was out of sight and ordered himself a large brandy and soda. His mouth was grimly set, his eyes fearless. He and Clara would shake down all right, he supposed. They were such very old friends. She was sweet, easy and not exigent. She deserved a little fun. Gosh, she'd been brave. Braver than any woman he knew. But he couldn't concentrate on Clara. His mind was clinging to another picture; to something which had happened before Clara telephoned him. Young Austin, bursting into his office unannounced, his handsome face flushed and defiant.

"Uncle Clive, you've got to do something for us."

Then he'd told him all about Aunt Edith's offer and how he couldn't accept because of hurting Clara.

"And I believe David has something up his sleeve, too, Uncle Clive; some new job he wants and can't take because of Mother. We love her terribly, you understand, but we oughtn't to have to give up our own lives or dreams for her. If you could explain to her how our going away from home wouldn't mean that we didn't adore her. . . ."

Then he had blurted out about Betty being engaged to Pete Stevens.

Clive was pretty sure he hadn't given himself away. Young Austin hadn't guessed that in one sentence he had broken another man's dreams into a thousand useless fragments, sent his whole world tottering in a heap.

No; he, Clive, had shown, he was certain, an equal interest in David and Young Austin's careers as he had in Betty's forthcoming marriage.

But then, he'd grown accustomed to holding himself in hand about his love for Betty. Just a dream it had been. Such a damn silly dream, to imagine that a lovely girl like Betty would ever fall in love with a forty-eight-year-old stodge whom she'd called uncle since childhood. An old beau of her mother's.

How Clara would have laughed had he told her that day when Betty had come into the living-room in her first evening frock (he'd given her the money to buy it as a birthday present), and he suddenly realised Betty was grown up.

"I've fallen in love with your daughter, Clara, my dear."

Would she have laughed, though? Didn't Clara regard him as her special property? Her husband's friend, her faithful old beau?

Well, he'd do his best to make her happy. A sweet, brave, little woman she was. Clara, his friend. Yes, they'd make a success of their marriage in their quiet way.

But, oh, God! . . . Betty. . . .

END.

Let "RANEE" read your character from your HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*. In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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"coats by corot" . . . . that's the password to smartness, and each model makes thrilling fashion news. as these pictures go to shew, corot has certainly got the right idea. designed in paris, man-tailored in bond street, these coats are a great success—and, may be purchased in the usual credit way.

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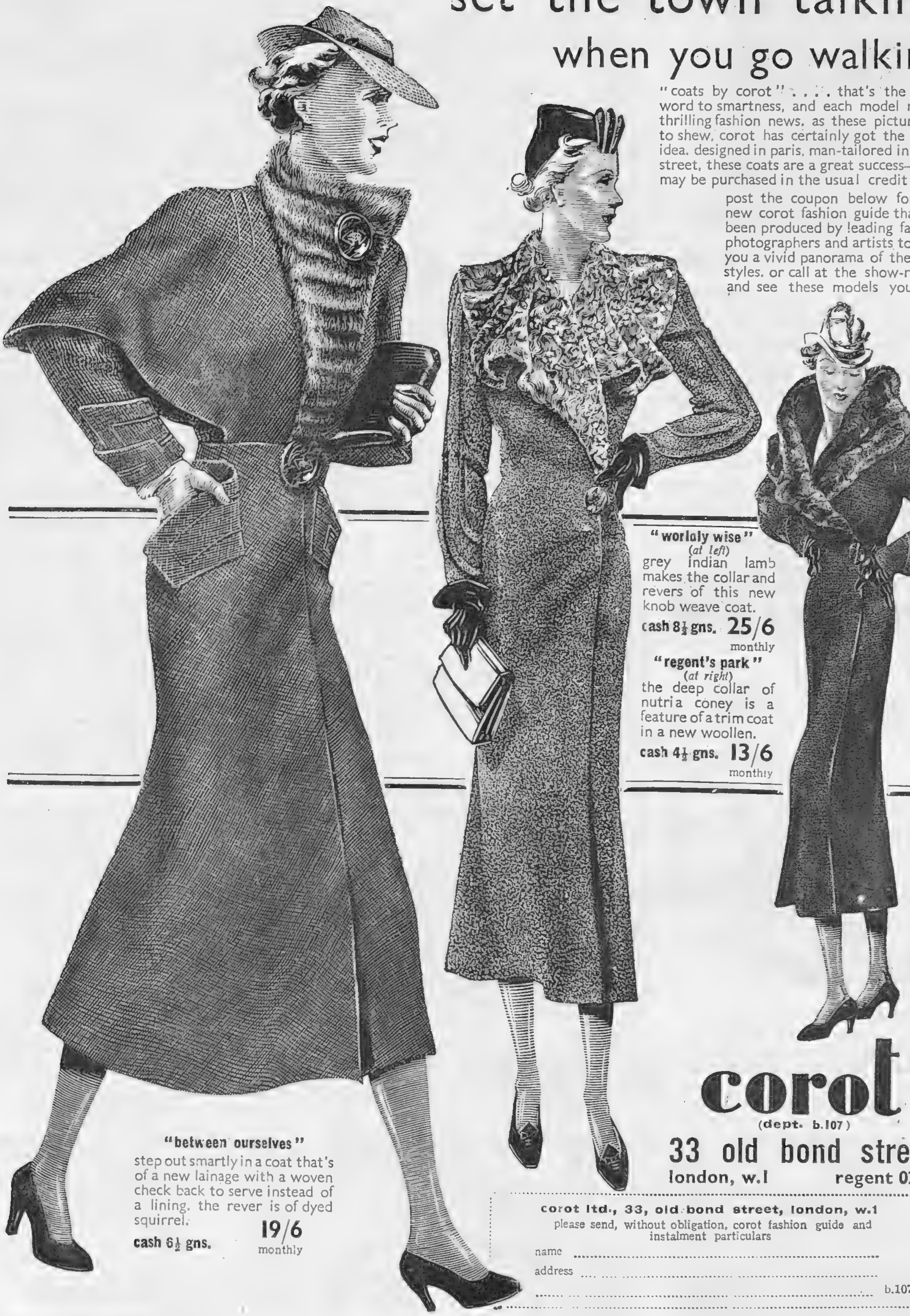

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grey indian lamb makes the collar and revers of this new knob weave coat.
cash 8½ gns. **25/6** monthly

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~ EVERY NIGHT

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TANG is the delightful refreshing flavour which tells that Euthymol Tooth Paste is cleansing your mouth and teeth. Dental decay germs cannot live with Euthymol—laboratory tests show that it kills all it touches in less than 30 seconds. Try the delicious TANG of Euthymol to-day and enjoy the fresh, wholesome mouth it leaves—you can get a large 1/3 tube from any chemist, or send for a free 7-day sample to Dept. 33/103. Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

The Captain Had Five Wives

(Continued from page 47)

bucks to stay," the rug-buyer said an hour later.

"I'll stay and raise you five," announced the health-seeker.

Skelly, holding three sevens, was justified in calling the bets. But he did not. For he could see that the health-seeker held three queens. He knew it because a tiny bit more of an ear showed beyond the curve of Lili's cheek in her likeness as depicted on queens.

As the game went on, the foolproof perfection of his scheme thrilled Skelly. No clumsy daubing, no shifty dealing or thumbnailing of cards. He knew every opposing hand except the flushes, which occurred but rarely, and so it was impossible for him to bet futilely unless he did so purely for the sake of appearance.

By the time anchor was dropped at Honolulu, the two passengers were stripped to the bare linings of their wallets. They went glumly ashore.

Going ashore himself, Skelly drove in a taxi to an estate some miles out of town. It lay beside a dusty shell road with magnolias bordering acres of lawn. Skelly was dressed with the polish of a king's guard and wore a lei around his neck. It always suited him to romp gaily in upon his Kanaka wife, Kamanella.

"My cap'n!" cried Kamanella, and took him up with a swoop of delight.

Skelly was shocked to note that she had gained at least fifteen pounds since his last visit. Her embrace all but smothered him. She laughed and cried and hugged him. Hers was anything but a poker face.

For three days and nights there was feasting. Kanaka kinfolk swarmed through the house. Servants tripped over each other in the rush to serve their long-absent seafaring master. Skelly retreated to his ship as often as he could, to speed the loading of a cargo for Sydney.

KAMANELLA, always generous and convivial, arranged a grand ball for his last night at home. Skelly endured it like a Spartan. For after all Kamanella wouldn't live forever. She would eat herself to death one of these days, leaving vast pineappled acres to Skelly.

"The job's to kid her along," Skelly told himself many times.

So at the farewell ball he forced himself to dance three times with his mountainous wife. His mistake was to dance four times with a trim little French half-caste, a visiting cousin from Tahiti. This immediately drew fire from Kamanella. "You like young pretty girl, maybe!" she flashed. "You think maybe I too old, too fat?"

For a moment, the dark glint of jungle forebears glared from her eyes. Then she melted, laughed, cried, hugged Skelly like a bear.

"Maybe this woman ain't as kittenish as I figured!" worried Skelly.

Perhaps, he thought, she'd turn into a tiger kitten if she learned about the other four wives.

At last the ordeal was over and the *Far Harbours* weighed anchor for Sydney. The passenger this time was a Mr. Dutton, an Australian wool grower returning home from a Hawaiian holiday.

Mr. Dutton rather fancied his poker. Skelly had no trouble at all inveigling him into a game. Skelly played with the advantage of seeing Lili's pretty poker face on the back of each card, with the result that two evenings before reaching Sydney the wool grower was stony broke.

"I siy, skipper," Mate Higgins remarked that same night on the dark after-deck, "yer took that blighter to a 'andsome cleanin', didn't yer? Wot abort splittin' the pot?"

Skelly whirled sharply. "What do you mean, Mr. Higgins? Of course I'm not splitting any pot."

Higgins's lip curved crookedly. "If yer dawn't split, skipper, I'll tark, I will. I'll tark my 'ead orf."

"Talk and be damned!" retorted Skelly. "Those cards aren't daubed. You can go look at 'em yourself."

"I dawn't mean abort the cyards," Higgins explained craftily. "I mean I'll tark abort yer five bloomin' wives."

Skelly steadied himself, while the blood drained slowly from his face.

"Dawn't think I ain't 'ad me eyes hopen," Higgins said, "these larst three year. I follered yer around, I 'ave, in Sydney and Frisco and them other plices. If I wanter, I can blow yer gime wide hopen!"

As the mate leered at him insolently, Skelly looked quickly both ways along the deck. The deck was dark and deserted. Two of the Kanaka crew were on the bridge; the others were either forward or below.

"You'll talk, will you?" challenged Skelly.

"Sure I'll tark, if yer dawn't 'and over 'arf wot yer win orf that Orstralian."

"Then talk to the sharks," Skelly said bitterly. He swung hard at Higgins's jaw.

The mate was a small man. The blow swept him from his feet and laid him athwart the port rail. With a shove, Skelly toppled him into the sea. A splash. Then was heard only the swish of water along the sides and the throb of engines below deck. Skelly waited there for breathless minutes, while the ship glided onward through the night.

AT the Sydney apartment, Stella greeted Skelly with her usual pursed-lip severity. All because he tracked a little mud in on the rug. Stella was a raw, angular woman ten years his senior, whom Skelly would have deserted long ago except for her row of tenements in town and a sheep ranch in New South Wales.

"Wipe your boots when you come in here, Mr. Skelly. And you've been drinking, too."

It was true that Skelly was half intoxicated. He had imbibed freely these last two days in order to forget the incident of Higgins. And as for Stella, he didn't a great deal care whether she threw him out or not. When a wife was ten years too old and shrewish, there wasn't much fun coming home.

Worse, Stella was always trying to improve his mind. That night she took him to a lecture, the next to a concert. Always trying to reform him, too. On Sunday she took him to church.

Monday morning he awoke to find her ransacking his trouser pockets. "Where did you get this?" she demanded, holding up a gold watch whose rear case was sprung open.

Skelly then saw what he had failed to notice before. On the inside of the case was engraved: "To my illustrious son-in-law from Quong Kim."

"Oh, that?" said Skelly. "Why, I won it in a poker game at Hong Kong."

"What? Gambling again?" she cried, and was off on a tirade against gambling.

More of that for three tedious weeks, and then Skelly was away with a cargo of hides for Valparaiso. On the voyage, again he bilked a passenger at poker. Trouble was that these fellows were pikers. They were too quickly cleaned out. Skelly consoled himself by thinking about the big game he would some day play with Quong Kim on the island of Tongay.

Quong Kim was no piker. That fellow was as likely to bet a thousand pounds as a shilling. Skelly could foresee tremendous winnings from the rich old plunger when once again he arrived at Tongay.

He was dreaming of that prospect one night, in Chile, when he was shaken rudely from his slumber at three in the morning. Moonlight filtering into the room disclosed Mercedes, his Chilean wife. She was on her knees beside him, anger flushing her dark and once beautiful face.

"Who ees these Leelee?" she demanded fiercely. "*Sin verguenza!* All time you make talk in sleep about Leelee! You say you weesh she ees here!"

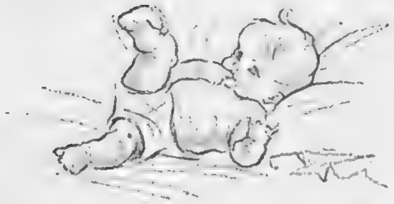
(Continued on page 106)

Isn't she sweet!

An age old, but very expressive phrase used by Mothers the world over, but this young lady has conquered her Father's heart as well as her Mother's. He keeps telling her what a beautiful young lady she is, how like him she is (the vanity of the man!) and so on until Mother chips in and tells him that, after all, *she* had *some* say in the matter, and that they mustn't forget Allenburys either. "After all" she says "she didn't do very well before she had Allenburys, and look at her now—gains weight properly every week and is as happy as a sandboy."

Mother had quite a bit of trouble at first. She could not breast feed, so the Doctor advised her to use Allenburys in preference to cow's milk mixtures. He said it was the most scientific of all Baby Foods, graduated to suit baby's age, digestible, containing plenty of Vitamin D and Iron for bone and teeth forming and absolutely reliable. Baby seemed to like it from the start and put on weight the first week.

When the Doctor advised Allenburys, Mother found out a bit more about the Food. She wrote to the Allenburys Wise Mothercraft Bureau asking one or two questions. She had a letter and one or two leaflets from the woman doctor who runs the Bureau and a promise of any further help she wanted. She also got a copy of their new book "Wise Babycraft" which is almost an encyclopædia of knowledge about infants and small children.



Mother is now loud in her praises of Allenburys and is going to give Baby No. 2 & No. 3 Foods and also, when she starts teething, Allenburys Rusks.

Would *you* like to know more? Allenburys will be pleased to send you a copy of "Wise Babycraft" and a sample of the Allenburys Food suited to the age of your baby, if you will post the coupon below.

Allenburys

FOODS FOR INFANTS

Allenburys No. 1. From birth to three months. In tins at 2/-. Double quantity 3/9. Four times quantity 7/-.

Allenburys No. 2. From three to six months. In tins at 2/-. Double quantity 3/9. Four times quantity 7/-.

Allenburys No. 3. From six to nine months. To be mixed with fresh milk. In tins at 1/3. 2/6 (double quantity), 6/3 (six times quantity).

Allenburys Rusks. Trial carton 6d. In Tins 1/3 (34 rusks), 2/3 (68 rusks), 4/6 (150 rusks).

FOR FREE SAMPLE

Fill in your baby's birthday, or expected birthday, write your name and address clearly in the white margin below and post to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

Baby's Birthday is (or is expected to be).. F4/7/11

Remember The Girl You Were?

Sighing over lost loveliness, wondering what to do about those ageing lines and wrinkles? Or perhaps you feel too tired or imagine you are too old to start bothering about your looks now? Forty-odd? That's nothing! Snap out of it and remember the girl you were; you can have her charm still if you will. No matter what your age, daily corrective care on the lines advocated by our Beauty Expert will produce a remarkable improvement in your appearance.

RECAPTURE LOST LOVELINESS.—Don't waste time bemoaning the loss of your youthful complexion or bewailing lines and wrinkles. You can get rid of that middle-aged skin, recapture your lost loveliness. You have probably neglected your complexion during the years you have devoted yourself unselfishly to your family and your home—but now your children are grown up you have more time to notice yourself—and you feel despondent about it all. There's still time for you to get back to beauty, to reawaken your husband's fading interest, to stimulate your children to fresh admiration. Shed that ageing skin and give yourself a new, youthful complexion, radiant with youth and beauty. All you want is an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist. Smooth a little over face and neck nightly and while you sleep the wax will work its magic. In ordinary cases a ten-day treatment suffices to transform neglected skins to beauty. This oxygenated wax actually absorbs the outworn skin, revealing the fresh, young complexion now concealed beneath. But you must give it a trial to be convinced of the wonderful transformation it works on middle-aged skins.

N.B.—Teach your daughters that Mercolized Wax keeps their skins ever youthful and you will spare them from experiencing the pangs of growing old that you yourself have been making yourself miserable over.

LOVELY HAIR.—Now let's deal with those neglected tresses. Faded, greying, *ageing*! We prescribe a Stallax shampoo first of all, and perhaps a new permanent wave to restore your self-respect. Stallax is a real beauty shampoo. Use it always if you would see your hair at its best. It revives the most neglected hair, bringing out the hidden lights and shades, and giving the hair a shining, silky gleam. It also encourages curls and waves be they natural or "permed"—and a teaspoonful of the little golden granules in hot water suffices for a shampoo, making this beauty treatment quite inexpensive—and within the reach of every purse.

REGAIN YOUR YOUTHFUL FIGURE.—Nothing is so unsightly, or so ageing, as overweight. If you have neglected your figure, restore it to slim, youthful beauty without resorting to dangerous diets or strenuous exercises. You can do this simply by taking Clynol Berries. Just one of these little berries after each meal and you can eat what you like without fear of putting on weight. And at the same time you know that Clynol Berries are eliminating the fat-producing tendency from your system. Once you regain your normal contour, Clynol Berries will keep you slim and youthful.

We know what the men like

'green label' Chutney with Shepherd's Pie—

Serve a golden heap of 'green label' Chutney with every helping of shepherd's pie—or cottage pie. It turns a familiar dish into something new, more tasty, more delicious. 'green label' Chutney has a unique food value. Made from quantities of juicy mangoes, the tonic health fruit of the East. Contains spices specially selected to aid digestion. Everyone loves it. Try it to-day. 6d. to 2/6.

'green label' chutney
INDIAN MANGO

Her eyes were blazing. Skelly had always been a little afraid of this one. "Oh, you mean the *Lily*?" he sparred quickly. "Why, the *Lily* was the first boat I ever commanded and the trimmest little schooner on six seas. Went down in a storm off Hattaras. Sure I wish I had her here, 'stead of this old tub I got now."

He arose and went in his pyjamas out to the patio. There he sat drinking cognac until dawn, wondering if he hadn't better skip Mercedes on his next round of the seas. A nitrate heiress, yes, but she was getting a little gross these last years. And her temper was acid.

A couplet from Kipling came to Skelly—

She knifed me one night
'Cause I wished she was white.

"Damn!" he said, and poured another drink.

THE trip with nitrate to San Francisco was blessed with a couple of mining engineers who went along as passengers. These young men began the voyage with the savings of three years' work at Chuquicamata Copper, and ended it flat. Those poker cards with Lili's face on the backs were still unbeatable. "But wait until I sit in with old Quong Kim!" chuckled Skelly as he steered through the Golden Gate.

Alicia Skelly, greeting him on the pier, seemed a trifle thinner and greyer than usual. But she was still the same brown-eyed sentimentalist. At the time of her marriage with Skelly fifteen years ago she had been society editress of the San Francisco *Call*. She still conducted the "advice to the lovelorn" column for that paper, and at the same time was a prolific writer of romantic fiction. Several of her books had been purchased by the movies, and Skelly knew that her income rarely fell below a thousand a month. He knew that her investments had prospered.

Always she had found her handsome, seafaring spouse a gold mine of material. Much of the fortnight he spent with her this time was devoted to the assembling of colour from his travels. How did the ladies of the Orient dress? What was the technique of their lovers? Skelly puffed at the cigars she furnished him and answered all queries glibly.

"Do you know, dear," she asked, "why my stories are successful?"

"Because you got what it takes, honey."

"No, it's because in all of them *you* are really the hero and I"—Alicia paused to blush—"am the heroine. I think of *us* always; our love, which remains true even when half a world divides us."

A thinner skin than Skelly's would have winced.

The cargo to Yokohama was steel rails, and on this run stormy weather delayed and almost wrecked the *Far Harbours*. Skelly had to lay over a month for repairs at the Japanese port.

At last he took a load of cooperage for Hong Kong. When he thus completed his circumnavigation of Pacific waters, a full year had elapsed since he had bid Lili good-bye on the beach at Tongay Island.

Tongay would be his next port of call. Ace Skelly was humanly eager for a sight of his youngest wife. So with all speed he discharged the cooperage at Hong Kong.

He then went to the Hong Kong shipping agents to see if he could pick up cargo for Tongay. If he couldn't, he'd steam down there anyway. His purse was well lined now, and he was eager for poker at any stakes with Quong Kim.

"We just got a cable from your owners, Mr. Skelly," the shipping agent said. "Take a look."

To Skelly's amazement, the cable announced that the owners had sold the *Far Harbours*. The unnamed purchaser, according to the cable, planned to refit the freighter for river traffic. He would provide his own skipper and crew.

"Humph!" muttered Skelly. "A cool way to tell me I'm fired. But what of it! I was getting tired of that old tub, anyway."

He emerged from the office a free agent. The only thing he really regretted about it was that he now lacked a vehicle to transport him to Tongay. Once there, everything would be rosy. He could stay as long as he liked this time. At any rate he could stay long enough to trim Quong Kim at poker.

He smiled as he thought of Quong Kim fanning his five cards to view one by one, and then, after a stolid stare at them, shoving tall stacks into the pot. "It'll be a laugh," chuckled Skelly. "With me wise to every card in his mitt!"

He sauntered to the water front hoping to find some tramp lugger that would take him at least to Macassar, if not all the way to Tongay. Boats, unless especially chartered, rarely went to Tongay, because no interests were there other than Quong Kim's.

To his astonishment and delight, who should he meet upon the Hong Kong wharf but Quong Kim himself. The massive Chinese greeted him with cordial dignity.

"My son, to see you in fine health makes happiness for my life." He bowed, then advanced and embraced Skelly.

Beyond him, anchored at a pier, Skelly saw Quong Kim's yacht. This, he supposed, was one of the planter's occasional business trips to the Chinese mainland.

"Did Lili come with you?"

"She stay at home, hoping that you soon come," said Quong Kim.

Skelly jumped at this providential chance. "My ship's just been sold out from under me," he explained. "But to hell with it! I'll ride along with you, if you don't mind."

"Your company will bring me joy," answered Quong Kim.

Only a day later, Skelly found himself on a luxuriously appointed yacht, riding south across the China Sea. The crew was composed entirely of Javanese sailors under the command of a Norwegian named Mundsen. Skelly had nothing to do but loaf.

And now to try out the Lili poker deck on Quong Kim. Skelly still had several of those trick packs unused and sealed. He tossed one of them upon the smoking room table, hoping it would bring a suggestion from his host.

But for the first two of those hot days on the China Sea, Quong Kim appeared to prefer cribbage. Skelly, detesting cribbage, nevertheless played with him. The Chinese won moderately at each session.

The second night out was sweltering, and Quong Kim retired early. Skelly remained in the saloon, drinking alone. A rare collection of fine liquors in the cabinet was difficult to resist. When the midnight watch changed, Skelly was still drinking.

By then his senses were befuddled to some extent, and his legs were wobbly. He poured out what he meant to be a final absinthe before going to bed.

Then he was startled by an apparition. A face leered in through a deck porthole. Skelly batted a hand over his eyes. Then he stared in a stupor at what he saw, which was the face of Harry Higgins.

The mate he had pushed overboard on a dark night in the middle of the South Seas!

Skelly stood up, pallid and shaking. He gripped hard on the table. Higgins! Was this only a drunken dream? Or did he really see that murdered mate?

As he stared, the face at the porthole disappeared. Skelly rubbed his eyes. Then, with his hand trembling, he gulped down the glass of absinthe.

As he finished gulping it, a voice came to him. It was Higgins's voice, and it came to him with shrill derision.

"'Owdy, cap'n? 'Ere I am. And ow's heverything with you and yer five bloomin' wives?"

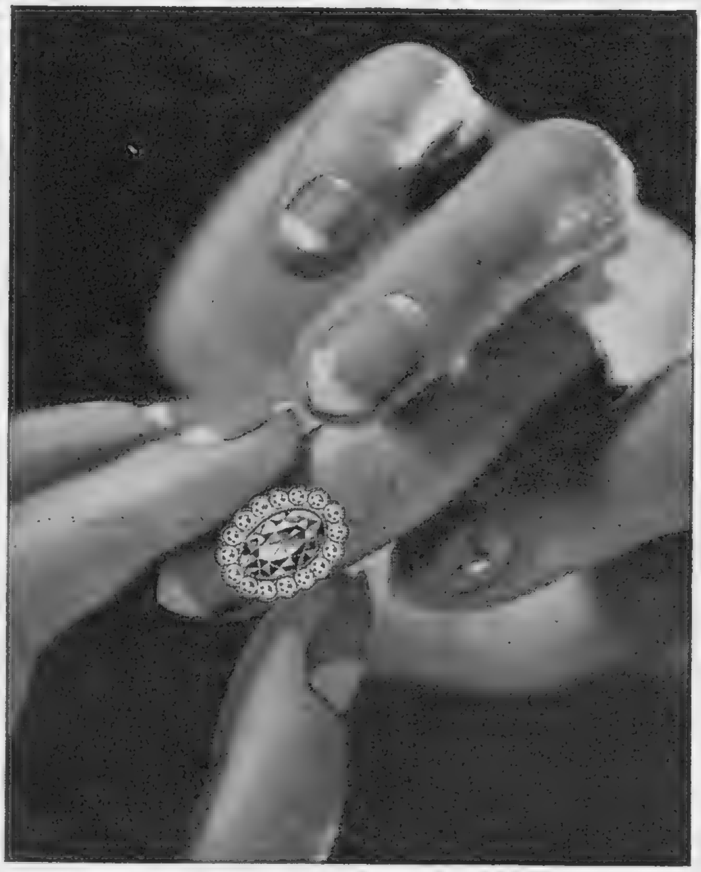
Skelly whirled. He saw Harry Higgins, ragged and bearded, come sidling into the saloon. A hoarse oath escaped Skelly. The liquor glass fell from his hand and crashed on the floor.

"Where," he gasped, "did *you* come from?"

Higgins grinned like an imp. "Figgered I was done fer,

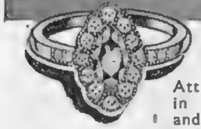
(*Continued on page 108*)

Your hand calls for
A FINE RING

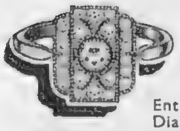


Real Centre Stone (choice of 12) & Ciro Diamonds in solid Gold & Platinette, £1-1-0.

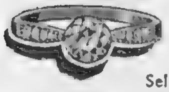
THE beauty, the charm, the hand-perfecting grace of a Ciro Ring never fail to excite instant and unstinted admiration, for Ciro's exclusive creations are fashioned by craftsmen with the skill derived from generations of experience—and set with the cunning derived from the long handling of fine real stones. Unsurpassed in loveliness, regardless of price, Ciro Pearls and Jewels are a revelation to all who see them—a perpetual joy to all who wear them. May we show you our New Collection, or send our Catalogue?



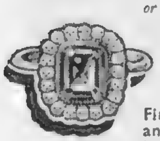
Attractive new Ring in Ciro Diamonds and Sapphire, set in Platinette.
No. 5494 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £16



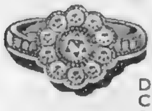
Entirely new Ciro Diamond Cluster. Platinette setting.
No. 5628 £1-11-6
or Real Diamonds, £20



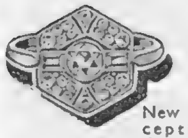
Selected Ciro Diamond mounted in solid Gold and Platinette with finely jewelled shoulders.
No. 5425 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £30



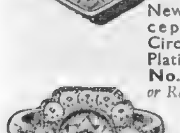
Fine Ciro Emerald and Diamonds, set in solid Gold and Platinette.
No. 5159 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £20



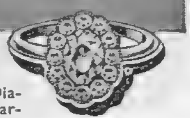
Dainty Cluster of Ciro Diamonds Solid Gold and Platinette mounting.
No. 5708 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £22



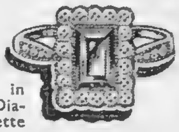
New design of exceptional merit. Ciro Diamonds in all Platinette setting.
No. 5713 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £26



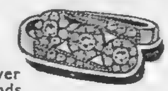
Important new cluster set throughout with Ciro Diamonds in Platinette.
No. 5703 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £40



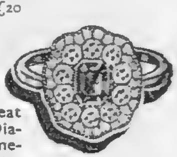
Beautiful Ciro Diamond and Real Garnet cluster. Solid Gold and Platinette.
No. 5622 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £15



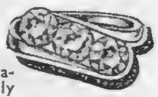
Attractive Ring in Ciro Ruby and Diamonds, Platinette mounting.
No. 5207 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £28



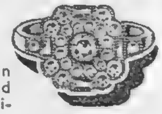
Exquisite cross-over of Ciro Diamonds mounted in solid Gold and Platinette.
No. 5710 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £20



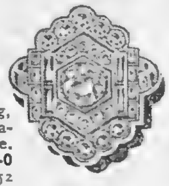
Superb Ring of great beauty. Ciro Diamonds & Real Amethyst, set Platinette.
No. 5431 £2-2-0
or Real Diamonds, £29



Selected Ciro Diamonds beautifully mounted in solid Gold and Platinette.
No. 5709 £1-1-0
or Real Diamonds, £30



Intriguing design in Ciro Emerald and Diamonds in Platinette.
No. 5493 £1-11-6
or Real Diamonds, £24



Very fine New Ring, set with Ciro Diamonds in Platinette.
No. 5712 £2-2-0
or Real Diamonds, £52

CIRO Designs have been so freely copied in Real Stones and offered at such high prices that we desire to make it known that genuine Ciro Originals in Real Diamonds may be purchased at extremely reasonable prices from Ciro—and only from Ciro. The Rings illustrated on this page are an example.

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"Creator of the World-Famous Ciro Pearls."

We can make any Jewel, whether an Exclusive Ciro Creation or a Special Design to individual requirements, in Real Diamonds or other Stones quickly, economically and well. The most up-to-date organisation of its kind—staffed by some of the finest craftsmen in the world—is at your disposal.

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LIVERPOOL - 23 Church St. • **BIRMINGHAM** - 121 New St. • **SHEFFIELD** - 23 Fargate • **EDINBURGH** at Jenners • **CARDIFF** - at Howells
MANCHESTER 14 St. Ann's Sq. • **GLASGOW** - 95 Buchanan St. • **LEEDS** - - 38 Briggate • **BRISTOL** - - at Taylors • **DUBLIN** - at Switzers

"..And remember the *BRAND'S* to bring back her strength"

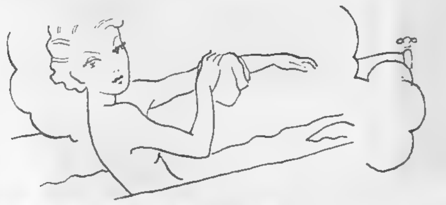
Doctors know... When a patient is pathetically weak, with digestive powers reduced to their lowest ebb, Brand's is still readily absorbed—still gently rallies the strength to resist illness, and the will to recover. When you visit a sickroom, take Brand's with you.

Hospitals and nursing homes use it regularly. Invaluable during influenza and afterwards.

In sickness give

BRAND'S ESSENCE CHICKEN OR BEEF

Brand's revives strength



Bath with the Hedlea Friction Cloth

IT CLEANSES The "Hedlea" Friction Cloth gives a really luscious lather, even with hard water, making your bath twice as effective, for it cleanses down into the pores, not merely the surface of the skin.

IT 'FRICTIONS' The "Hedlea" Friction Cloth frictions your skin, coaxing every tiny speck of dust and dirt out of the pores, leaving you refreshed and invigorated.

IT TONES You know what it feels like to jump out of a cold bath, or when you run out of the sea after a bathe, your body all aglow with health? Well, that is just the feeling this unique "Hedlea" Toilet Cloth gives you.

At Boots the Chemists, from Stores, Hairdressers, and Chemists everywhere, in attractive shades of Blue, Lemon, Flesh and Green. If unobtainable elsewhere, 1/4½ post free from Hedlea Ltd., Fleetville, St. Albans. **1/3**

P.S. Your menfolk would appreciate using a "Hedlea" Friction Cloth before shaving.

Hedlea FRICTION FABRICS

did yer?" he snickered. "Well, 'ere I am. And wot yer gonna do abort it?"

This was impossible, reasoned Skelly. He was drunk and he was seeing things which couldn't be real. Surely this fellow had been drowned nearly a year ago in mid-ocean.

"That's right. 'Ave another drink, cap'n. And I'll tell yer all abort it." Skelly was pouring himself a Scotch whisky.

"When yer pushed me overboard," Higgins explained, "I kept myself afloat till daylight. Then a collier come asmokin' alorng that sime tride route and picked me hup. I rode 'er to Singapore, cap'n, and I kept my mouth blarsted well shut."

Skelly itched to throttle him. But he lacked the strength just now. His head was roaring. His tongue thickened when he tried to ask questions.

But Higgins was glib enough; he needed no prompting. "At Singapore," the man gloated, "I arsked myself, ''Arry, which of them blarsted wives'll paiy most fer wot yer know?' Right awaiy I decided that the Chinese girl's owld man'd paiy most. 'E's rich, owld Quong Kim is, and I knew 'e'd paiy me 'andsomely. So orf I goes to Tongay to 'ave a talk with Quong Kim."

"You told him?" gasped Skelly. In his agitation he grasped the solace of another Scotch. Already the room was spinning.

"I did, and 'e paid me 'andsomely. Then I stuck around to wortch the fun. And wot do yer suppose that feller did, cap'n?"

Skelly stared through inflamed eyes. A thousand Higginses seemed to dance in the room, taunting him.

"Quong Kim, 'e went to the nearest cable port. 'E called his agents in 'Frisco and found out you'd just left there. So 'e knowed the next wife yer'd visit 'd be 'is own darter. 'E made ready fer yer, cap'n. First, 'e 'ad the Chinese consuls in 'Onolulu, Sydney, Valparaiso and 'Frisco call on each of the four foreign wives. 'E 'ad them convince each lidy that Quong Kim was a 'onourable gent and could be trusted. Then Quong Kim got in touch by cable with each lidy. Spent money like warter, 'e did."

"You're lying," Skelly said thickly. He tried to stand up, but his legs failed him. Anvils were pounding on his brain.

"When yer get to Tongay you'll find out I ain't," snickered Higgins. "Because Quong Kim, by a lot of polite coaxin' and orfferin' to paiy all passages, persuaded them lidies to be his guests at Tongay. They're there now, witin' fer yer, cap'n."

Skelly choked down another drink. He told himself that this was all crazy. It couldn't be so. For he himself was a well-treated guest on Quong Kim's yacht, and Quong Kim had made no complaint. This imp, Higgins, must be nothing but a ghost dancing from his dreams.

"Quong Kim went to meet yer at 'Ong Kong," explained Higgins. "'E 'ad 'is 'Ong Kong agent buy yer blarsted frighter, so yer'd be stranded. Then all 'e 'ad to do was let yer meet 'im on the pier and arsk fer a lift to Tongay. Believe it or not, cap'n."

Skelly's hand barely had enough power to lift liquor once more to his lips. The room whirled madly. Then Skelly collapsed forward on the table, totally drunk and unconscious.

HE came to with a bursting head to become aware that he was dressed in pyjamas and in bed. He could feel the movement of the yacht, with the Diesels purring softly below.

Then he remembered Higgins. For a moment panic gripped him. Higgins aboard this yacht! Higgins, sly, vengeful and accusing! Where was the fellow now? And what devil's brew was he cooking up with Quong Kim?

Someone knocked at the door. It was a Javanese steward politely inquiring if Skelly would like breakfast in bed.

"Say," Skelly asked warily, "where was I last night when I passed out?"

"This person have found you in saloon," the steward grinned. "Too plenty much drink, maybe. More better go to bed."

"You put me to bed?"

The man bowed an assent. He took Skelly's breakfast order and withdrew.

Skelly sat up, vastly relieved. "I saw Higgins *after* I passed out," he muttered, "instead of before. He was just a nightmare, that's all."

Nevertheless, Skelly was more than a little nervous, later, when he went out on deck. The yacht was gliding south on a calm, oily sea which faded into a haze of sky on three horizons. On the fourth, and distantly ahead, could be seen the dim palms of an insular shore.

Tongay? Skelly flinched. But no, it couldn't be, for they were still two or three days from Tongay.

He turned in at the saloon. Quong Kim was seated there, his Gargantuan figure overflowing a chair. "The heavens smile on our voyage, my son," he said gently. "Soon we shall be home."

Again Skelly flinched. Was it home to Lili? Or home to Lili and the four other wives?

Fearfully Skelly stared at the inscrutable poker face of Quong Kim. Then he mopped a bead from his forehead and went outside. He began searching cautiously for Higgins. Maybe Higgins was only a bad dream—yet maybe he was a fact. Something mystic was in the air. After all, Quong Kim *had* appeared almost too providentially at Hong Kong. And the *Far Harbours had* been purchased by some mysterious agency.

Damn Higgins! Was that cheap little cockney really aboard?

Skelly searched the yacht from stem to stern.

No sign of Higgins. Yet Skelly was afraid to inquire about him. And naturally there were a few locked closets which he could not explore. The uncertainty of it drew Skelly's nerves through a sieve of torment. Always the possibility loomed that it wasn't a dream, and that Higgins was really aboard.

Gazing disconsolately ahead Skelly now saw that the distant line of palms was much nearer. Apparently the yacht was heading for a stop there. If so, it would be a chance to disembark. He wouldn't need to go on and face whatever menace awaited at Tongay.

Mundsen, the stocky Norwegian skipper, was standing at the rail.

"We're headin' in to yon island, are we?" Skelly asked him.

"Yes," Mundsen said. "We're a bit short of fresh water. So we'll drop anchor in a cove here and fill up."

"What island is it?"

"Sulumatra," Skelly was informed.

He went up to the chart room and verified the position. He made certain that the land in sight was Sulumatra. Sulumatra, he knew, was some sixty miles long by forty wide, and was covered with an almost impenetrable growth. On the south side of it there was a Dutch trading post and fort. But on the north side of it there was no white settlement. And Skelly knew that inland one would encounter only a tribe of dwarfed savages who were reputed to be head hunters.

He could disembark as the yacht took water on the north shore. But to reach the safety of a Dutch fort he would need to fight his way forty miles across a jungled mountain.

"I'd be crazy to try it," muttered Skelly.

He went to the foredeck and joined Mundsen. "Is this the only stop we make before Tongay?" he inquired.

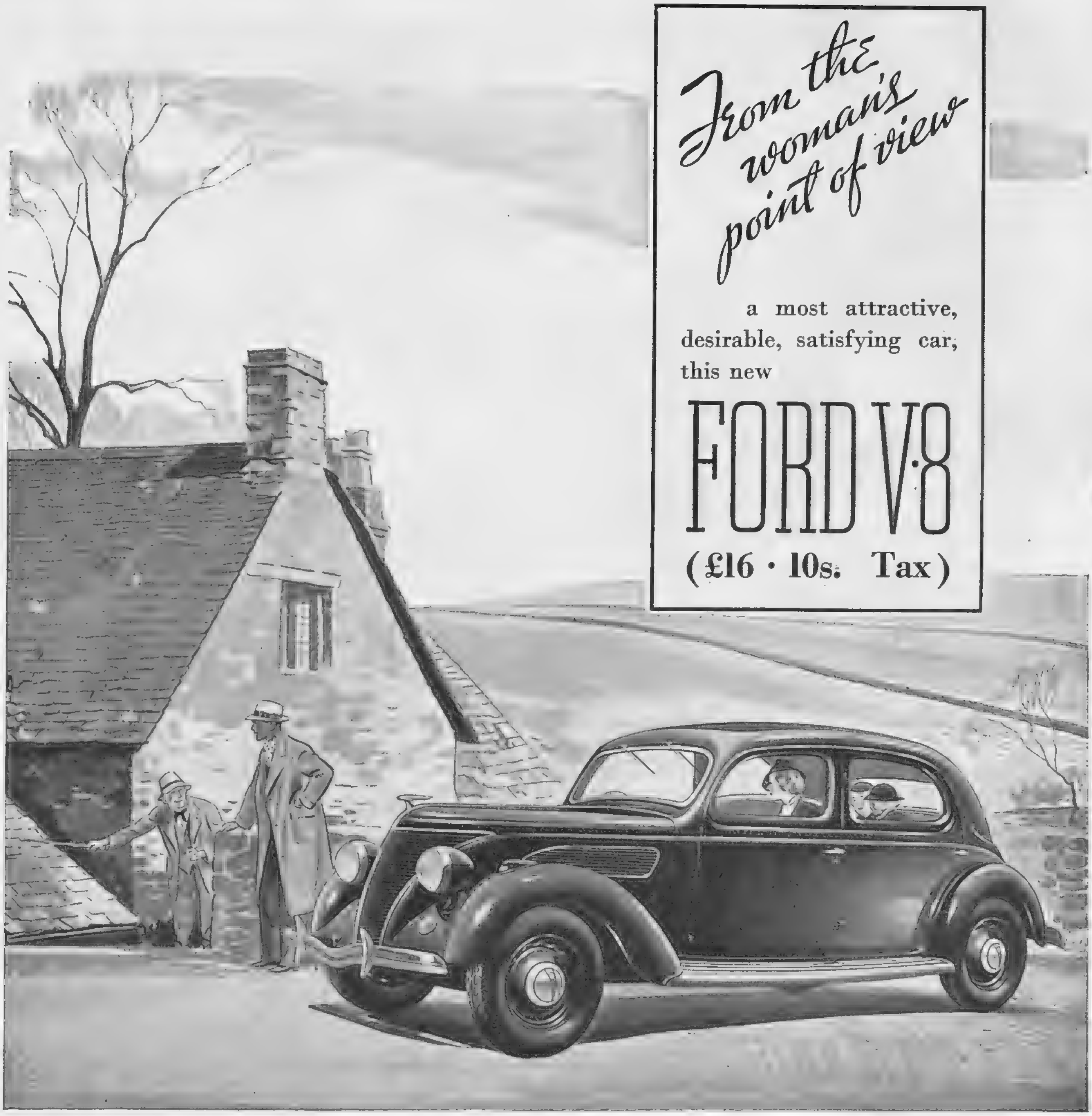
"Yes, Mr. Skelly. Soon as we take water here we steer a straight course for Tongay."

Skelly stood moodily by as the yacht was worked through a channel of the reef and into a well-sheltered cove. Anchor was dropped in water so clear that one could see the cove's deep coral floor.

"They's a tribe of head hunters on this land, ain't they?" Skelly asked Mundsen.

"So I've heard," Mundsen said, and began giving orders to his bos'n.

The bos'n took half the crew and rowed toward the mouth of a brook which emptied into the cove. (*Continued on page* 110)



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With the yacht at anchor and only a few lengths from shore, Skelly resumed his search of it for Higgins. He spent a sweltering hour in this effort, without result. Then he returned to the saloon.

He found Quong Kim and Captain Mundsen there, and to his surprise these two were engaged at draw poker. They were using the deck of cards which Skelly had so invitingly placed upon the table. For chips they were using coins and bills of currency.

Walking in upon a poker game always had a stimulating effect upon Skelly. Poker was his element. Now for a few hands he took a stand behind Mundsen, watching the game. He could see the fronts of Mundsen's cards and backs of Quong Kim's. The picture of Lili was on the back of each card, pictures which made that deck an open book to Skelly.

Mundsen opened one pot with a pair of aces. Quong Kim stayed, drawing two cards. He was holding a kicker, Skelly saw. For the well-studied card backs told him that Quong Kim held only a pair of sixes and a Jack. His draw of two cards was an evident attempt to mislead Mundsen into thinking he had three of a kind.

An old ruse of poker and well known to Skelly. He saw that Quong Kim did not improve his hand in the draw. He still held only two sixes against Mundsen's aces.

"I check," Mundsen said.

Quong Kim, as he always did, now skinned his hand slowly until he could see all five of his cards. His wide face, under the flat coil of his queue, had never been more impassive.

"The cards I hold fill me with much pride," he said, then reached out and rang a bell.

The yacht's purser came in response.

"Bring money from safe," instructed Quong Kim.

The purser brought a flat, steel box from the safe. Quong Kim took from it an unbroken sheaf of fifty American twenty dollar bills and pushed it into the pot.

Skelly suppressed a grin. What a bluff! And all on a pair of sixes!

"You're a mile out of my class, Mr. Kim," laughed Mundsen. "This game's too steep for me."

He threw away his Aces and stood up. Quong Kim raked in the pot.

Eagerly and inevitably Skelly slipped into the vacant seat. "Don't mind if I try a hand or two myself," he said.

"It is well, my son," said Quong Kim gently. He dealt cards to himself and to Skelly.

With an eye on that flat, steel money box, Skelly exulted. Here was the chance he had waited for. To sit in with his own fool-proof deck against the plunging Quong Kim. "I'll take him to a cleaning," thought Skelly. He was so intoxicated with the prospect that for the moment he forgot all about the situation of menace which, either real or imagined, had been outlined by Higgins.

Skelly now placed the money in his own wallet on the table before him. Then he watched the backs of five cards closely as Quong Kim exposed them one by one. He saw Lili's pretty poker face repeated five times in a row. He read them as Kings up on fours with an eight on the side.

Since the best Skelly could draw was a pair of Queens, he let this first small pot go by default.

The game proceeded, Skelly waiting for a big hand. A chance to make a killing. He must wait either until Quong Kim attempted some colossal bluff, or for the Chinese to get a really high hand slightly topped by Skelly's.

Playing eagerly, unconscious of the intense heat, Skelly continued to wait. He won a few more than half the pots, but thus far there was no heavy betting. Finally Quong Kim dealt, and Skelly picked up the makings of a big hand. The Ace, King, Jack and Ten of Spades, with a worthless card on the side. He needed only the Spade Queen to fill a Royal Flush, the highest hand in poker.

Just then he heard the crew returning from their errand ashore. The bos'n's voice shouted, "We have fill all kegs, sir."

The voice of Mundsen answered: "Very well. Get 'em aboard. Then we'll up anchor for Tongay."

That ominous reminder caused Skelly to glance nervously toward the door. Thus for a moment his eyes were removed from Quong Kim. Quong Kim in that moment could have taken a hold-out hand from his sleeve. But what of it? No hand in poker could beat a Royal Flush—if Skelly could only draw the Spade Queen.

Quong Kim was now holding his cards bunched, staring blandly over them at his opponent. Without a word he opened the pot for one dollar

Skelly stayed, asking for one card. It was dealt to him and when he saw it his heart skipped a beat. It was the Queen of Spades.

"I stand pat," said Quong Kim. And again Skelly exulted. It meant that Quong Kim either held a really pat hand or else was determined to bluff. Skelly could see only the back of one card in those yellow hands. By a slight difference in the tilt of Lili's chin thereon, he knew it to be a five-spot. Therefore Quong Kim couldn't possibly have better than four fives or a nine-high straight flush.

Quong Kim, as opener, had to make the first bet. He did so by shoving a hundred dollars to the centre of the table.

"I'll see you," Skelly said, "and raise you an even thousand." He counted out eleven hundred dollars and pushed it forward. Would Quong Kim call? He might. With four fives or even a fives full he would not only call, but raise. Or he might bet the roof off with nothing at all.

Skelly watched him hopefully. Not a wrinkle of flesh moved on that broad, amber face. All Skelly could read was the back of one exposed card, which he knew definitely to be a five.

Then Quong Kim began his inevitable thumbing at the other cards, skinning them slowly, spreading them to a fan. Skelly watched intently as the thumb brought into view the back of the second card. Expecting to see Lili's face there, Skelly was dumbfounded to see Kamanella's. His portly Hawaiian wife stared at him from the back of the second card.

Skelly was shocked dizzy. Then the third card appeared. On the back of it was a stern likeness of Stella. The fourth card displayed Mercedes, the fifth Alicia.

Here were *five* poker faces, and behind them all was Quong Kim's.

"Up five thousand, please," said Quong Kim without a tremor of feeling in his voice. As though it were a farthing, he pushed six thousand dollars into the pot.

Skelly was barely aware of it. He was paralysed. The room was spinning crazily. He stood up, shaking, like a man with palsy. As he clutched desperately at the table's edge, the Royal Flush fell to the board. It made no difference now. Quong Kim, he knew, held the unbeatable hand.

With a fatal dizziness he knew that Higgins was a fact, that Higgins was aboard and had told the truth. Those five women *were* waiting at Tongay.

Technically, by dropping the hand, Skelly had lost the chance of calling Quong Kim's bet. But he wasn't even thinking of that. He could think only of escape. He couldn't even protest when Quong Kim reached forth to rake in the pot.

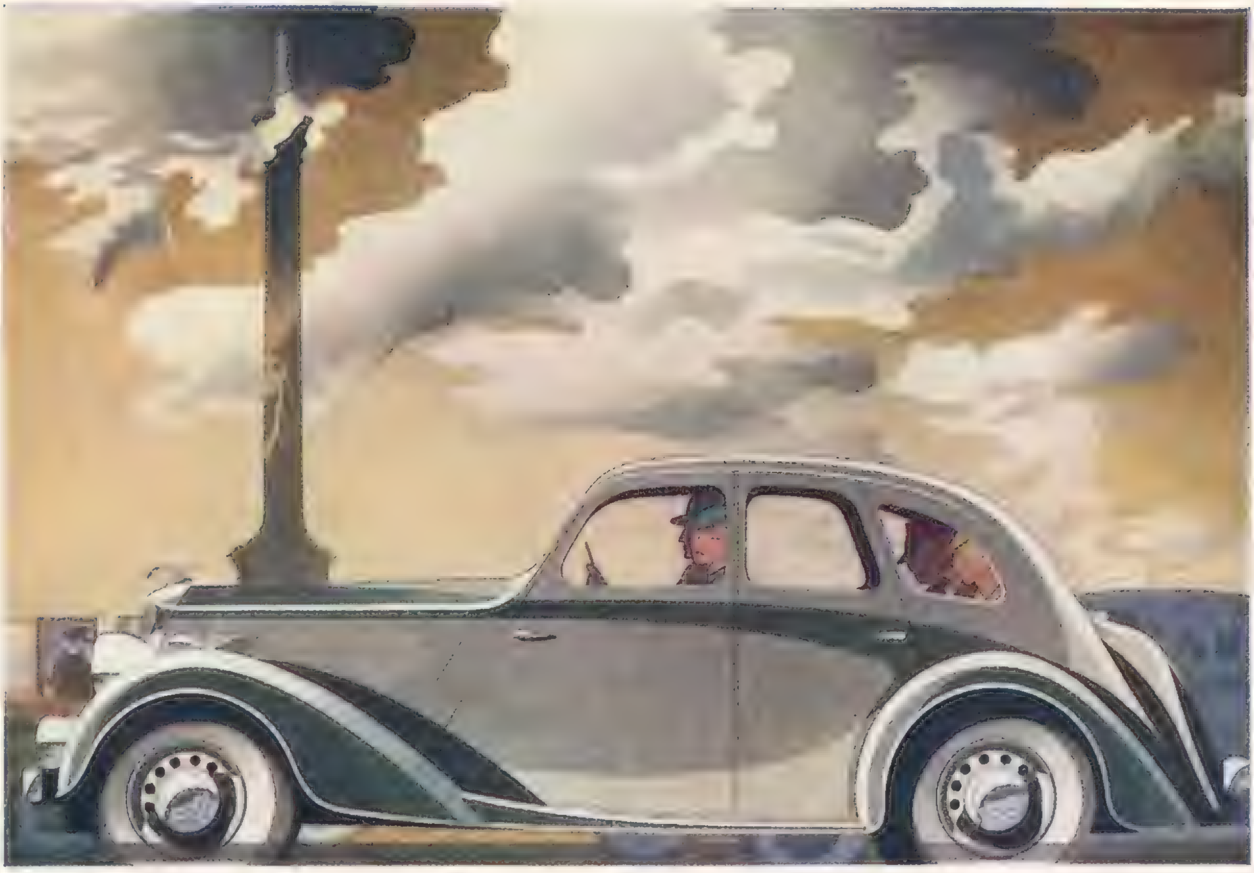
Came the sound of the anchor chain as it rasped up through the hawse pipe. Skelly staggered blindly to the deck and sprang to the rail. It was now or never. This was his last chance to leave the yacht.

He got one leg over the rail, then paused in a panic of indecision. Should he slip ashore? Or should he remain on board?

No visible pressure was bearing on him. He could do exactly as he pleased. He was a free agent, and the choice was desolately his own.

Which should he face? The head hunters of Sulumatra, or five wives on the island of Tongay?

END



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A Magic Box that Feels the Railway's Pulse

(*Continued from page* 35)

stations for your and my guidance, the knob (to give it an unprofessional name!) being rotated to the desired station name on the dial, before plunging.

Beside the chief magician was another genie—to us the signal-box lad—who also knows the secrets of the box, and at the moment he was busy entering all train arrivals and departures on a sheet, an exacting job and one requiring great accuracy, as intervals of half-minutes have to be recorded if a frequent and fast service is to be maintained. A half-minute, for instance, lost at Charing Cross, may spread trouble and disorganisation right through the District line, or even to other lines as well.

Away up in the chief controller's office is an assistant punctuality recorder in the shape of a "headway chart"—a clock to you and me—with a paper dial divided into twenty-four hours which rotates as the clock works. As each train leaves the station an electrical contact forces a hammer to stamp a line against the time on the chart, a record that can be compared with schedule time. In addition to the clock (you can see one of these on exhibition in the station at Piccadilly Circus) a teleprinter machine records the place and cause of any delay, and the corrective measures taken. This information is passed on simultaneously to engineering and operating staffs, so that any delay following a mishap is minimised. At some stations, too, illuminated signs called "train running indicators" tell a driver whether he is before or behind scheduled time, and if so by how many minutes.

And now come below and see some of the servants who servilely obey their robot masters from above—the monster signals rearing their heads like giants. Most of the old semaphore arms have been replaced by modern colour-light signals which have powerful lights piercing long distances even in bright sunlight, with the advantage of being uniformly bright by day and night. The lamps in these signals have two separate filaments, so that in the event of one filament burning out, the other will still give its warning to the driver.

Walk about three hundred feet away from the signals and you will find the fog repeater, a silent fellow to-day in place of his old noisy relation. He is just about on a level with the driver's eyes, and gives a powerful green light when the signal ahead is at "clear," and orange when the driver must prepare to stop at the next signal. So you see he gives his warnings before the driver has time to reach the signals themselves.

In addition to all these danger signals, modern science has also devised a "train-stop," an automatic arm which arrogantly raises itself from the lines, in the same way as a policeman lifts his authoritative hand on point duty. The train-stop works in conjunction with the signals, and its arm is lowered when the signal is clear and raised vertically when the signal is at danger. Thus, should a train attempt to pass the signal the arm will engage with a projecting arm on the train (known as the "tripcock") which causes the brakes to be applied.

The tripcock is tested on every journey. As a train approaches the gauging apparatus it causes a lamp to be switched on. As it passes, the tripcock—if intact and in certain gauge limits—depresses a spring and extinguishes the light. If, on the other hand, the tripcock is broken off or too high to engage with the train-stop in the "on" position, the light remains exhibited as a warning to the driver to summon the repairing staff. Still another guard to human frailty is the "control governor," which prevents a driver from starting his train unless air pressure in the Westinghouse brake is up to the required standard, and the tripcock at the leading end of the train is properly set to be effective. An electro-pneumatic device, it prevents passage of current to the train motors if air pressure in the braking system is below fifty pounds.

SUPPOSING something happens to the driver? The answer is quite simple. Science, forgetting nothing, has installed an emergency gadget known — appropriately enough—as "the dead man's handle," which consists of a flat knob on top of the knob of the controller's handle. If the driver releases pressure by removing his hand, power is cut off at once, and automatic application of the brakes brings the train to a standstill. In other words, if the driver removes his hand, brakes stop the train.

The driver, in fact, is absolutely inter-related to the signal system; each is dependent on the other in an electrical organisation which would surely make our grandfathers stare! If, for example, anything should happen to a train in mid-tunnel, the driver, by pinching together two bare wires suspended throughout the length of all the tunnels, can cut off the current without plunging the train into darkness, as emergency lights, both on the trains and along the tunnels, are automatically switched on. Immediately the two wires touch, the circuit-breakers in the sub-stations are automatically opened, cutting off the current in that section and at the same time giving visible and audible warnings by lamp and bell in the sub-station. The driver can also speak to the operator of the sub-station by clipping a portable telephone to the bare wires.

Have you ever wondered, as you stepped off your tube-train at some stations, why there is a brilliant light between the platform and the running-board? That is to warn passengers of the wide gap, and the lights are fixed below the platform coping. At some stations the incoming train itself suddenly switches on the lights. This is how it happens. A few seconds before the train stops, the front of it passes through a ray of light that a special projector lamp below the coping normally shines on to a photo-electric relay on the other side of the track. The interruption of the ray causes the warning lights below the platform coping to be switched on; and they are extinguished (again automatically) as the train departs and the ray across the track is restored.

"And now come and see how your entrance to the tube platform is safeguarded," said my guide. "Let us begin with the lifts. No doubt you have often wondered whether it was possible to fall between the lift and the shaft. Impossible, because a safety catch prevents the lift ascending or descending before the doors and folding gates are closed. Another device, a lift governor, regulates the speed of the lift. Its form is familiar: two metal balls held by arms to a vertical shaft and free to revolve and to move in a vertical position by centrifugal force. If a safe speed is exceeded, the two balls rise and the governor actuates a brake which stops the lift."

"Supposing one of the cables breaks?" I ventured, "and the lift drops us all into the shaft!"

"Cut the cable, if you like," smiled my guide, "and see what happens. A contact switch will open, shutting off current from the motor, and your lift will immediately stop. By the way," he continued, "I see you are admiring the coloured advertisements in our lift. As a matter of fact they serve a double purpose. They conceal emergency doors, one opposite the other, which can be opened should your lift inadvertently stop mid-way in the shaft, so that all the passengers can step to safety into a second lift —there are three lifts in each shaft—which can be automatically raised or lowered to the same level as yours. And since the 'landing control' enables the lift to be worked automatically, including acceleration and deceleration, the attendant is free to supervise the entries or exits of passengers, and to study their comfort and safety."

"Could it ever happen," I asked, "that in a rush hour—say—the lift was overcrowded?"

(*Continued on page* 114)

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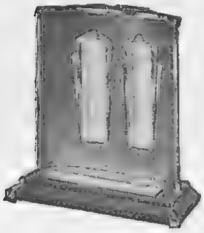

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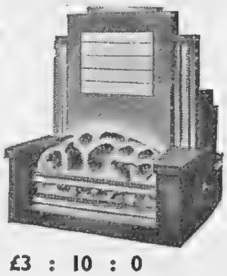

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A Magic Box that Feels the Railway's Pulse

"The lift ropes are six-folded and can bear nine times the weight of a compartment fully loaded," answered the guide. "If a lift should break down completely—a rare occurrence—it can be raised to the top of the shaft by hand-winding gear in a few minutes. And then on each landing there is an indicator that tells the attendant the position of the lift in the shaft at any moment and shows whether it is ascending, rising, or stationary."

But our modern magician, not content with his lifts, is fast superseding them by his newest invention—the escalators. Creeping and crawling their way beneath the metropolis, with human burdens loaded on their back, these monsters leave nothing to chance. Should a chain break, or they travel at a dangerous speed, a contact switch opens, with the result that current is cut off and the escalator stops at once. At the top and bottom of the stairs are simple emergency devices, small metal drums each with a paper diaphragm beneath which is a plunger. To stop the escalator you can break the diaphragm by a thrust of the fingers and press the plunger, an act which immediately stops the escalator's current.

In fact, from the moment you step on to the non-slip floor of a well-lighted ticket hall, to burrow your way into the bowels of the earth, the magic begins. The magician is studying your comfort, even if you are in a train—say thirty miles away; he has only to put his head outside his window and study the thermometer hanging there, to see if you are too hot or too cold, so that he can switch the heat on or off in your car. If sudden and heavy rainfall threatens to flood you out, automatic pumps are ready to master the flood. If fog suddenly descends in the evening, and you decide, in company with several hundred other people, to postpone your theatre and go home, the magician instantly orders more cars to be put on to the train. If, on the other hand, you are temporarily stranded for some reason or other, a fleet of buses can be called up, and your ticket made available from tube to bus. Almost all the trains are all-steel in construction, and the tunnels are cast-iron The track itself, too, is solidly built into the tunnel segments and cannot move, while cables are flame-proof and fuses protect the train against excess current, so that there is no fear that you will be suddenly electrocuted in your seat.

What tricks has this magician up his sleeve for the next generation?

END

Fish Dishes

(Continued from page 71)

sauce over the fillets and serve at once. This same cream sauce can be used with all sorts of other garnishings: mussels, small pieces of lobster, large white grapes peeled and with pips removed or, for very special occasions, halves of hard-boiled eggs scooped out and filled with caviar. In any case it is a dish worthy of the grandest dinner party.

TURBOT GRILLÉ. You want steaks of turbot cut from the thickest part of the fish, each about one inch and a half thick. Paint both sides with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and grill as described above for about ten minutes.

This can be served in many ways: with a cross of fillets of anchovy on each slice and melted butter sauce; with Béarnaise sauce (mousseline sauce to which you add chopped tarragon); with maître d'hotel butter (butter worked with chopped parsley and lemon juice); or with a tomato sauce.

BRAISED COD. For four people, have a good piece of cod (about one pound and a quarter) cut from the centre. Put in a buttered fireproof dish a few shallots chopped, mushrooms cut in pieces, crushed peppercorns, salt, pieces of celery (the outside leaves will do) and tomato.

Make a mixture of half water and half dry cider, enough to come almost level with the fish when you put it in.

Add the liquid to the other ingredients, bring to the boil and put in the fish. Place the dish in a moderate oven and bake for about twenty-five minutes, basting frequently.

Remove the fish, carefully draining it well before putting it in the hot serving-dish. Strain the liquid into a clean, small saucepan, bring to the boil and reduce for five minutes before pouring it over the fish.

FISH MEUNIÈRE. This method can be applied to all sorts of the smaller types of fish, such as sole, either whole or filleted; plaice, mackerel, whiting, etc.

The fish is cleaned and prepared and rolled in a floured cloth (not to coat it but to dry it); put a good piece of butter in a frying pan and when it begins to foam, put in the fish and cook, according to size, turning them so that they are nicely browned on both sides. Remove, and put them on a hot serving-dish.

Throw away the butter in which they have cooked (it will have turned to oil by now), put a fresh piece of butter in the pan, melt it until it foams, add a good squeeze of lemon juice and pour quickly over the fish.

END

Get in a Handy-man

(Continued from page 57

(many houses have them). It was a dark little place, and had been used formerly as a "glory hole."

This cupboard was handed over to the handy-man with instructions to make it into a place for the children's outdoor clothes, which he did in one morning.

First, the place was thoroughly scrubbed out, then he treated the walls with a white lining paper which made the cupboard lighter by half. Electric wiring was carried in from the hall and a switch put inside the door. Pegs were hung all round and, the final touch, a miniature gas heater, such as is used in airing cupboards, was fitted, to ensure drying of damp outdoor clothes in winter. A wooden shoe-rack completed the job.

The lighting point inside the cupboard reminds us that it is quite a simple mattet to have an arrangement so that the lighr in your pantry, linen cupboard, and even the lavatory, will automatically switch on as the door is opened and off as it is closed. Anyway, you'll quickly save the cost of this little job in current.

A flap table is useful in a number of places—children's playroom, kitchenette, and even in the dining-room for carving, in which case it can be painted to match the walls. A handy-man can make it for you as easily as he can whip off a door and coax it to move smoothly over the carpet, where hitherto it has needed endless persuasion.

In the kitchen he will build a plywood cupboard round the sink, where you can hide unsightly implements to your heart's content, and if you are saddled with an unfortunate view let him perform some miracle such as we have illustrated on page 57.

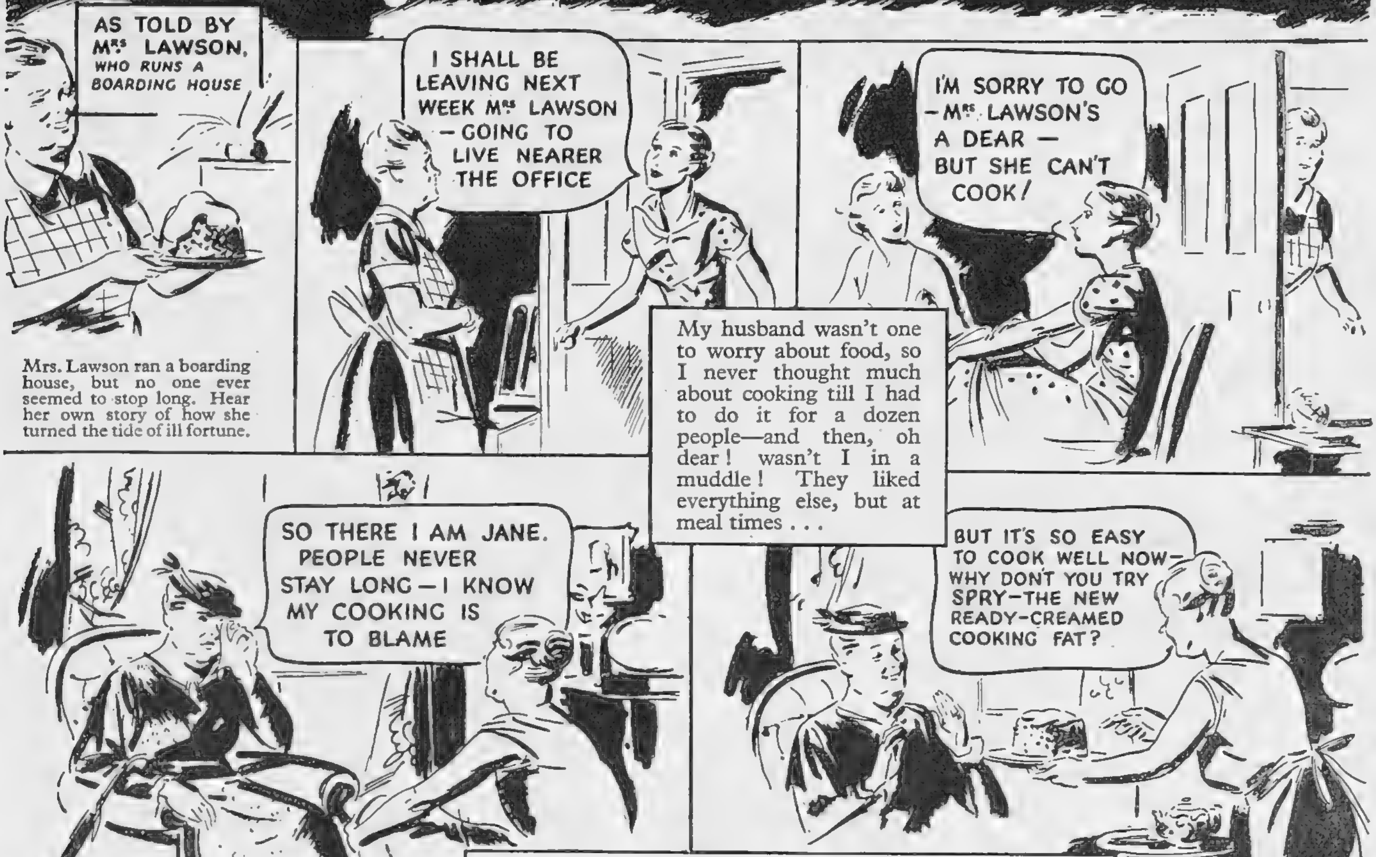
This was to screen a view across a little courtyard from a London flat. The screen is made of painted slats, rather Spanish in style, and at the base a window-box is bright with flowers. A brick wall has been colour-washed and decorated by a very talented artist, but if you think of copying the idea you can probably find an artist in your own family, or you can invite your friends round to draw on the wall.

Another illustration on the same page shows you a fitment in a hall where there was no room for conventional furniture. It is of painted wood, and any handy-man worth his salt could reproduce it for you—or something similar.

But first find your handy-man.

END

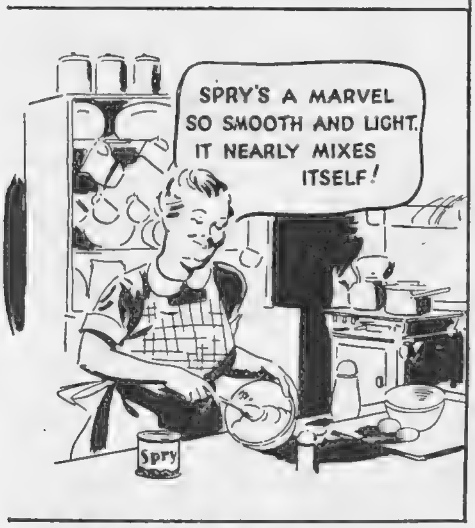
Now every dinner is a success!!


AS TOLD BY Mrs LAWSON, WHO RUNS A BOARDING HOUSE
I SHALL BE LEAVING NEXT WEEK Mrs LAWSON — GOING TO LIVE NEARER THE OFFICE
I'M SORRY TO GO — Mrs. LAWSON'S A DEAR — BUT SHE CAN'T COOK!
SO THERE I AM JANE. PEOPLE NEVER STAY LONG — I KNOW MY COOKING IS TO BLAME
BUT IT'S SO EASY TO COOK WELL NOW — WHY DON'T YOU TRY SPRY — THE NEW READY-CREAMED COOKING FAT?

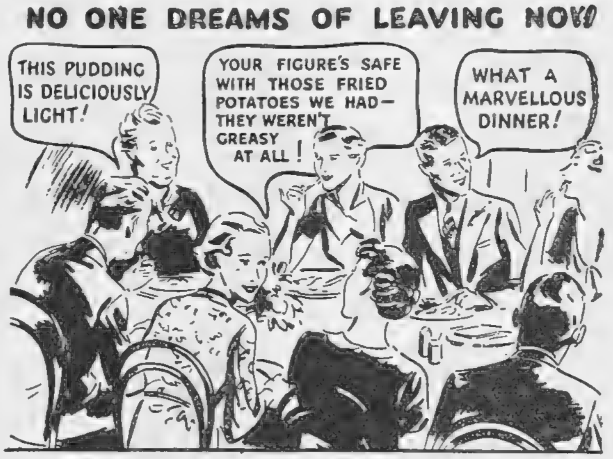
Mrs. Lawson ran a boarding house, but no one ever seemed to stop long. Hear her own story of how she turned the tide of ill fortune.

My husband wasn't one to worry about food, so I never thought much about cooking till I had to do it for a dozen people—and then, oh dear! wasn't I in a muddle! They liked everything else, but at meal times . . .

I took my troubles along to Jane and straightway she began telling me about this Spry she'd discovered. Spry's an all-vegetable fat that's been ready-creamed so that it never goes too hard or too soft. I was certainly glad to hear of *something* that would make cooking easier.


SPRY'S A MARVEL SO SMOOTH AND LIGHT. IT NEARLY MIXES ITSELF!
Spry

After what Jane said about it mixing so quickly and evenly for pastry and cakes, and frying without a single nasty splutter, I *expected* Spry to be good, but upon my word it surprised me! Mixing the steamed pudding with that lovely smooth Spry was like a holiday after the work I used to have. And it was a change to fry without having smoke all over the place the moment you turned your back. And didn't everything taste fine! Nobody leaves anything on their plates now! 'Good old Spry' is what I say from now.


NO ONE DREAMS OF LEAVING NOW
THIS PUDDING IS DELICIOUSLY LIGHT!
YOUR FIGURE'S SAFE WITH THOSE FRIED POTATOES WE HAD — THEY WEREN'T GREASY AT ALL!
WHAT A MARVELLOUS DINNER!

SPRY

THE 'ready-creamed' FAT

ONE fat for ALL cooking

★Buy a tin of Spry and judge for yourself. You'll see a fat that's white as snow and smooth as velvet. You'll work with a fat that mixes at a touch, cooks *everything*, pastry, cakes and puddings, and doesn't spark or cause heavy smoke in the frying pan. And afterwards you'll enjoy the delicious natural flavours of Spry-cooked food, the crisp lightness of pastry, the rich and wholesome taste of Spry cakes, the *goodness* of food fried in Spry (nothing greasy or indigestible about Spry-fried food).
Another thing about Spry is that it doesn't go rancid—keep it as long as you like and it will still be pure and fresh when you want to use it.

SPR 44-6

1-lb. size
10d
½-lb. size
5½d

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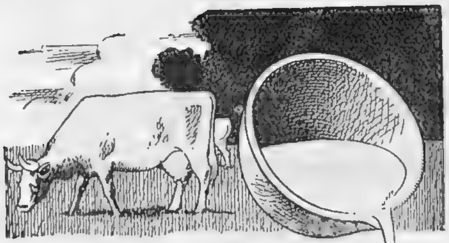
Address ....

Town .... *County* ....

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)



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Isn't Love Wonderful?

(Continued from page 33)

has a profound effect upon both the marriage-rate and the birth-rate.

Whether love (and marriage) is conditioned by the economic tide, or the economic tide is conditioned by love (and marriage), is a question which you can argue around and around. Marriages and births *do* fall during a depression, and there is no question about the stimulating effect of a rising economic tide on the volume of marriages and the rate of population increase.

Put in a nutshell, the future of the British Empire, and the course of human history—vitally influenced by the fortunes of John Bull's empire, the greatest and most powerful in history, and covering a fourth of the earth—does depend on the love emotion in its marriage-and-family aspects.

Do happy marriages boost the birth-rate, and unhappy marriages depress it? One would like to say, yes. But the facts are against the romantics. There are innumerable instances of children—from one to a dozen—of unhappy marriages; and, if we are going to talk of happy marriages, let us stick to the intellectuals, who write and talk so much about these things.

We have, among the quite happily married intellectuals, the Bernard Shaws and the Sidney Webbs (we also had the John Galsworthys; Galsworthy, who was always writing about unhappy marriage, proclaimed himself "probably the happiest married man in England"). None have children. On the other hand, the Bertrand Russells (the Earl and Countess) have two children. Lord and Lady Russell first separated, and then the Countess sued for divorce and obtained a *decree nisi*. "Marriage," then said the Countess (who is author of a book on the marriage and sex question), "is a failure." She was not speaking of her marriage, but generally. "The natural possessiveness of sex," she added, "cannot be reconciled with the economic factors of marriage."

Make what you can of all this. Or just let it go, and proceed with life, which, taken from any angle, is a compulsory adventure, and one of increasing danger in a world of poison gas, high-speed bombing aeroplanes, and obsolete roads on which motor cars kill annually 7,000 of us in Britain and 30,000 in the United States.

THE choice of the right mate, the business of preserving love through all the hazards and inconveniences of life, constitute a problem whose solution presents civilisation with its greatest challenge. A solution is of infinitely more importance to man than the invention of a method and a machine to reach the moon, and more marvellous by far in its potentialities than the discovery of a method to control our earth weather.

No one has yet been able to devise any successful technical method for checking on the love emotion and ascertaining whether it is what is commonly called "the real thing." The so-called specialists and experts in love, the Don Juans and Casanovas, yield no formula: and all these professional lovers, these renowned ladies' men with long lists of triumphs, confront us in middle and old age with a weary, disillusioned air—they missed the magic, every one of them.

In America just now there is a craze for checking the love emotion by reference to gland types and activity. Where the romantics speak of "souls in tune," the sentimentalists of "mental affinity," and the poets of "hearts that beat as one" (all physiological symptoms reduced to love language), the pseudo sex scientist would say that "gland calls to gland."

Absurd! Repulsive! Yet there is an undercurrent of physiological common sense about it. We are only on the threshold of knowledge of these mysterious items in the human make-up, but we know enough about them to be aware that they control and explain every individual human life, that they determine the shape of the body as well as the texture of character and temperament.

In the gland division, Mae West is a pituitary type—a throw-back, as a popular favourite fashion, to the Gibson Girl, and the precise opposite of the adrenal type—lithe, aloof, deep-voiced, strong in character and long in the leg, with a tendency to stride. Every big war is followed by a wave of adrenalism—a preference among men for a woman of the Garbo type, all whipcord, velvet, silk and steel.

A mode, a craze, a fashion, only. The adrenals are always about, but when they are out of fashion they are not noticed so much. In pre-war days a Garbo would not have achieved the status of a crowd ideal.

We then have the thymus-adrenal, active, well knit, long drawn, supple, gay, strong yet very feminine, and tending to childishness: a great favourite among the young men; never found among the women who excel in sport or business, but often found achieving eminence in the world of cabaret, the lighter stage, and the films.

One may mention in passing also the post-pituitary, the womanly little woman, who curls her hair, plays the child, but possesses a will of iron, and often a calculating brain; and the plain thymus, best illustrated perhaps by the pretty, baby-blue-eyed young woman who is the most frequent type involved in "love-nest" dramas, and, in America, never fails to get acquitted by the jury when she shoots a husband or lover.

So far, so good—or bad. But just where we go from here, Mr. Julian or Mr. Aldous Huxley may be able to guess. The speculation defeats me, although I surmise that the idea is that a man tunes in to the girl with the right glands and so saves himself the risk of adding alimony to the normal and inescapable risks of a husband's life.

AT a glance, it looks a safe thing to fall in love with one's secretary, and marry the girl. Such marriages rarely fail (one must not forget, however, that usually they represent a man's second love venture, i.e., he is already experienced), and many men of outstanding ability take this love road. Sir H. M. Mallaby-Deeley, Sir Joseph Robinson, the South African millionaire, Mr. Maxton, the Bishop of Norwich, the late Earl of Reading and the late Edgar Wallace, are only a few of the well-knowns who have married their secretaries. Mr. Walter B. Walker is the latest addition to the list. This celebrated American millionaire married Miss Lola Lafferty, who was for ten years a typist in his office. Possibly the fact that a good secretary is a capable person, trained in willingness to help, serve, please, and take an intelligent interest in her boss's affairs, has something to do with this phenomenon.

I believe it is Mr. H. G. Wells who observes that the greatest enemy of marriage is the inconvenience of two people living together. This may be true of exceptional people, or men who are much "around the house"—as a writer necessarily is. Miss Fannie Hurst has solved the problem. She and her husband, Mr. Jacques Danielson, the singer, live in separate apartments in New York. They 'phone each other daily, dine together when they want to, do not appear automatically at one another's parties. A friend telephoned to Mr. Danielson once to ask him to join his theatre party. "Sorry," responded Miss Hurst's husband, "My wife has a dinner party and has just 'phoned that she wants an extra man, so I'm dated."

Mr. Alfred Lunt and his wife, Miss Lynn Fontanne, adopt the same technique. They have three flats in New York. Miss Fontanne lives in the top one, Mr. Lunt in the bottom one; and when they are *en famille* they occupy the centre one.

It will be noticed, however, that these excellent arrangements require something even rarer than intelligence; they need money. A whole volume could be written on the money factor in love: and it would come as a great shock and sadness to the "love in a cottage" school.

(Continued on page 118)

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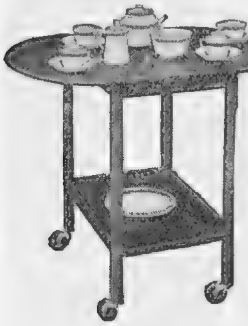

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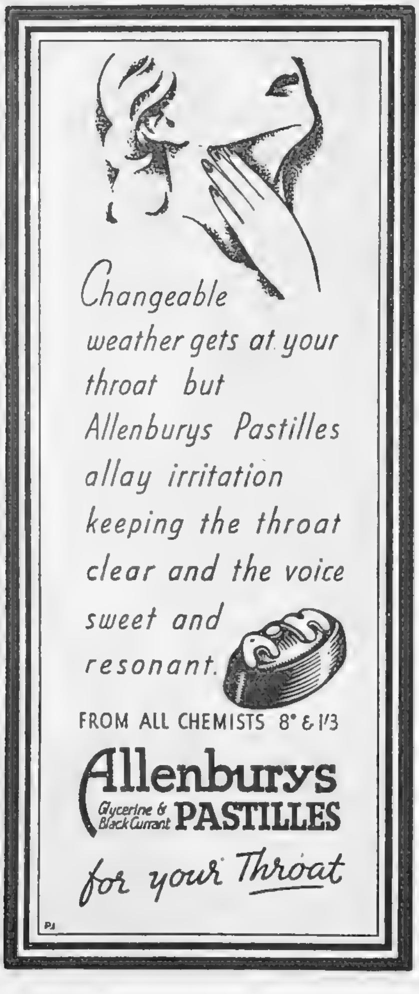
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The French—who believe in the arranged marriage, a not unsuccessful method of achieving a marriage of contentment, if not of passion—pay great attention to relative age. The maxim is that the bride should be half the age of the bridegroom, plus seven. This gives the following ages for the successful marriage, the groom's age being given first; 20 marries 17, 30 marries 22, 40 marries 27, 50 marries 32, 60 marries 37, and 70 marries 42.

The Premier Duke of France married a foundling who had been brought up in a Buenos Ayres orphanage; Viscount de Baldi married the pretty daughter of a Yorkshire miner after seeing her photo in a studio window. Successful love matches, both. Alfonso of Spain loses his throne, and his son and heir promptly marries Edelmira San Pedro-Oceja, a Cuban girl: and now they are trying to get unmarried. Two Swedish princes have married commoners and renounced all right to the throne, and they seem happy enough.

Disraeli married for money, and was perfectly happy and made his wife the happiest of women; and the Archduke Ferdinand of Hapsburg-Lothringen, kin of half the royalties of Europe, gave up everything to marry a Viennese actress, Wilhelmina Cadamovic, and made himself and his wife miserable, and finally died (a thrice-married man) in poverty in a Berlin garret.

Clearly one cannot marry according to a cut-and-dried formula. What matters more than anything else, given the initial factor of the love emotion, is mutual intelligence, consideration, tact, worldly wisdom, and the willingness to be a professional rather than an amateur in this business of wedlock.

Recently the State has been exploring the possibilities of compensating for human imperfections in this realm. Every unhappily married couple represent either two people who never should have got married, or a love affair that has gone wrong—for a love affair that starts with a wooing does not end when a couple go to the altar: the notion that it does is possibly the chief of all the factors making for the death of love and the development of matrimonial disputes.

The Home Office authorities think that magistrates can go a long way towards reconciling aggrieved husbands and wives. They base their views on the experience of Mr. Claud Mullins, who inaugurated at the South-Western police court, Battersea, special once-a-week courts to hear matrimonial disputes. I do not know how the extension of the Mullins experiment to 900 courts throughout the country is likely to affect the love lives of the population; but the idea of hearing matrimonial cases at special sessions, with three justices (one a woman), instead of a dozen, on the bench, is sensible.

Observe how, following the fashion of the time, love is being subjected to "State control"! In fact, it is already to a large extent regimented. Free love has not been abolished; but it has been made exceedingly inconvenient, difficult, costly, dangerous, and, in at least one aspect, impossible—unless one cares to commit the crime of bigamy and accept the consequences.

Our divorce laws rationalise love. They provide a loophole of escape from where love has ceased to be, or never was, to where it is, or is believed to be. About 4,000 husbands and wives make use of this loophole in Britain every year now. In the United States, where there are whole systems of loopholes, one in eight of the men and women who experience the love emotion sufficiently powerfully to link their lives in marriage slip through one or other of the avenues of escape every year; and there are States, like Nevada, which commercialise the process through easy divorce laws.

Reno City is an intriguing sidelight on the love emotion. More than 30,000 marriages have been broken in its courts during the last decade. Every month 1,000 people arrive seeking divorces. In the busy season the judges of the two departments of the district court work on the basis of a decree every ten minutes. Six weeks' residence is necessary to qualify, and those six weeks cost the person seeking to escape from the marriage tie, in board, lodging, legal and court fees, and entertainment, at least £100, and more usually £500.

Reno has no other industry except the granting of divorces. Several other cities have tried to go one better in the business of speedy and simple divorce. This has caused Reno to cut its residential qualification from 12 to 6 weeks; but when competition looked as if it might become of the cut-throat variety, the mayor aggressively announced that Reno, the established business, would beat any competitor. I visited Reno (in the rôle of a student of life only) last time I was in the States, and was presented with a tasteful brochure, setting forth the attractions of the town and its industry, and introduced by a poem composed by the mayor:

> "Up thousands of feet in the azure blue,
> 'Midst snow-robed mountains with
> streams winding through;
> 'Midst the rifts in the clouds the angels
> peep through;
> Reno, fair Reno, bids welcome to you."

A tender, beguiling sentiment . . . occasionally, too beguiling. One citizen, having paid a visit to Reno in the summer of 1932,

No need to introduce this famous quartette: the whole world knows about the St. Neots "Quads." Study this picture carefully and then try to imagine that these four robust-looking babies were born prematurely, that at birth they all weighed under 4 lb., and that Michael, on the left, weighed less than 3 lb. Could there be any more convincing testimonial to Cow and Gate Milk Food, on which these babies were reared? The fact that at six months they had all reached normal weight for their age is proof that those in charge of their case showed unerring judgment in their choice of a substitute for natural feeding

returned a " free " man, and married the lady to whom he had transferred his affections. In the spring of 1935 he made the considerable error of returning to his home State with his wife and two children. Eight days later he was arrested on a charge of bigamy. He was found guilty and jailed. His former wife was responsible for this *dénouement*. His Reno divorce was not recognised in that State, under the law of which he was a bigamist and his children were illegitimate.

COMING nearer home, it may interest those contemplating marriage to know that the latest official statistics give them a 79 to one chance of escaping a *dénouement* in the divorce court. As a matter of wider human fact—partly measurable from public records—one's chance, as a lover, of choosing the right mate, and thereby preserving the wonder of love far beyond the wooing, the marriage service, the honeymoon, and the first flush of married life, is not so good as 79 to one. It may conceivably be no better than the short odds that the American lover faces.

Last year, for instance, over 10,000 separation orders were made by magistrates. This is around three times the number of divorces. Fifty thousand husbands or ex-husbands are paying some eight million pounds a year to wives or ex-wives from whom they have been divorced or separated. When love turns to ashes, the male partner can find that he holds an expensive handful of dust.

Lump divorces and separations together, and add a guess at the total number of unhappy marriages, and you can make some sort of estimate of the average man or woman's chance of picking the right mate through the exercise of the love emotion, and living happy ever after. In several countries, now, but notably in America—very inquisitive, the Americans—university professors formed into study groups are investigating with the object of finding out if the chances can be improved by knowledge, gained by putting leading questions to a group of several hundreds of avowed divorced, unhappily married, and happily married persons, and tabulating the results, and publishing the data, with a commentary.

It may work. Meantime, love is the stuff that magic and moonbeams are made of, and marriage remains the greatest of human adventures. Both are demonstrably dangerous. But we are an adventurous and daring species.

Tooth Care

(*Continued from page* 60)

sprays away all food particles from the teeth, dealing with crevices better than a brush can, *so the main source of infection is stopped.*

You then play the water-jet on your gums from either side, and the soothing massage of pulsating water straightway increases the blood-circulation round the bone; blood is health-bringing; any accumulated poison inside the gum will be promptly thrown off, possibly by slight bleeding, and the gum will then tighten down over the bone and round the teeth.

The advantage of the water-jet over the syphon spray is that it lasts longer and can be better directed round the mouth.

Remember that anything can be done with your teeth as long as your gums and roots are sound. Most film stars, for instance, have their teeth completely re-cased. That is, they preserve the core of the tooth, but have it re-faced. This way imperfections vanish.

Remember also :—

Never to eat in bed at night, once you have cleaned your teeth.

Take dental floss, to slip in between the teeth and remove food debris, on travels or picnics.

Oil of cloves dropped on cotton wool and jabbed into a painful tooth will soothe the nerve quicker than hot whisky or other spirit.

And, as in all cases prevention is better than cure, once again banish decay and infection by using a mouth-spray.

END

15 minute
REST CURE ! with
ARDENA
VELVA CREAM
MASQUE
ELIZABETH ARDEN

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BY
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The Quai d'Orsay

(*Continued from page 13*)

Talleyrand was the first of the itinerant diplomatists. He transported the French Foreign Office from Paris to Presbourg, Tilsit, Vienna and Erfurt. Most of his secret correspondence with the King of Prussia, with Napoleon, with the Tsar Alexander and with the Emperor of Austria was written in his coach, or from hotel bedrooms. He toured Europe in the wake of the victorious armies of France. When the sun of Austerlitz had set at Waterloo he saved as much as could be of the frontiers acquired during the revolutionary wars. His last great triumph was achieved in defeat. The Congress of Vienna was in some ways a greater victory for France than any battle gained by Napoleon.

Modern French diplomacy owes everything to Talleyrand. The Foreign Ministry is almost entirely of his creation. He organised out of the ruins of the royal secretariat and the confusion of the revolutionary period a department of external relations which survives in its principal features to this day. Yet his memory is ill served by his own countrymen. He lived to be execrated by the France which owed almost its existence as an independent State and great Power to his genius. He was reviled by subsequent generations of Frenchmen.

There is not a single monument to him in a city filled with public monuments. The Hotel Gallifet, which was the headquarters of his Ministry, is now the Italian Embassy. Its predecessor in Versailles is now a municipal library. At the entrance to the handsome Ministry on the Quai d'Orsay which perpetuates his achievements there is no grateful inscription or commemorative panel. The only trace of the tortuous and brilliant existence of the greatest exponent of the science of statecraft and diplomacy since Machiavelli is in that dark and formal chamber on the top floor of the Ministry: Talleyrand's bed, in which his successors may profitably reflect upon his achievements and his end.

THE present Ministry on the Quai d'Orsay was built under the Second Empire by the architect Lacornée. Its style is characteristic of the period which gave Paris most of the handsome, symmetrical, stone mansions of the Champs Elysées and the Étoile quarters. Its interior is typical of the State departments of France: vast and sumptuous salons, reception rooms and ministerial apartments; and behind this glittering façade a dark rabbit-warren of small, ill-lit, ill-ventilated, paper-littered offices in which the diplomacy of France and the Republic's relations with the external world are actually conducted. The building lies between the Seine, the great Place des Invalides and the rue de l'Université. Overlooking the river are the State apartments: the great suite of rooms, brilliant with gold leaf and panelling, Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries, crystal chandeliers and red plush, in which foreign rulers and their consorts are accommodated during their State visits to France. At the back of the great building, overlooking the rue de l'Université, are the library, a series of low-ceilinged rooms crowded from floor to ceiling with 70,000 volumes and many thousands of engravings, prints, medals, ceremonial addresses, and other souvenirs of the monarchy, the Empire and the Republic; and the State archives.

The architect Lacornée conceived the idea of concealing the archives from public gaze by building a great black wall between them and the street. The high, windowless wall, he explained, would stand as a symbol of Official Secrecy. Behind that solid mask of stone and mortar French diplomacy could accumulate its secrets as a miser hoards his treasures. The conceit was not utterly fantastic. The secret history of Europe since the fifteenth century is recorded in the correspondence, treaties, despatches and conventions piled up behind that great wall. Until the later years of the last century the archives were closely guarded from public scrutiny. Now they—most of them—are accessible to historians.

In this dusty and ill-lighted treasure-chamber are preserved the correspondence of the French Kings with Pope and Emperor, the treaties of the Revolutionary Convention and of Napoleon, copies of the Treaties of Berlin and Vienna, and finally, in our own times, the most famous document of them all, the Treaty of Versailles.

The most celebrated room in the Quai d'Orsay is the Salon de l'Horloge, so named after the handsome Louis Quatorze clock over its chimney-piece. Here the first meeting of the Peace Conference took place. Here Clemenceau, Wilson, Lloyd George and Orlando battled over Fiume. Here Lloyd George launched his famous attack on the late President Doumer, during a Reparations Conference, which was the first of a long series of controversies between the ex-Allies concerning Germany's war indebtedness—an attack which led to a rumour in the French Press next day that the British Prime Minister had ordered his special train to be made ready, as two years earlier President Wilson had commanded the battleship George Washington to prepare to transport him from Europe's quarrelsome and dangerous shores.

And here was held the Council meeting of the League of Nations which averted war between Greece and Bulgaria. And here was signed, in the presence of one of the most glittering bodies of statesmen and diplomatists seen in Paris since the Peace Conference, the Briand-Kellogg Pact to outlaw war. One incident at that ceremony struck me at the time as an omen. Through the open doors of the ante-chamber, and behind a group of awed spectators of the scene, peered a little Japanese official. He stood on a chair and gesticulated. Most Europeans suffer under the delusion that the Japanese are a bland, silent and impassive race. They are, in fact, an excitable, sentimental and occasionally noisy and violent people. This official proved it. He was laughing loudly, to the horror of a ministerial usher; and unmistakably, if amusingly, drunk. He made derisive gestures at the table on which the parchment scroll of the Pact was being signed. He made even more derisive comments on the Pact itself, which the chief of his own country's delegation was then in the act of signing. I have forgotten the actual words of his prediction. All that I know is that it was literally fulfilled. Within three or four years the Pact had been openly violated by Japan, and war had broken out in the Far East.

If the traditions of the Empire and of Bonaparte are preserved in the upper rooms of the Quai d'Orsay, in the Minister's cabinet on the principal floor the memories evoked are those of the Bourbons. It is a high-ceilinged and handsome room, vivid in colour, with large windows overlooking a green garden. The walls are hung with rich blue and rose-tinted Gobelins tapestries, after Rubens's famous pictures of Marie de Medicis. The great gilt and marqueterie desk belonged to Vergennes, the Foreign Minister of Louis Seize. The gay rose-coloured carpet is embroidered with the crown of Charles X, the last Bourbon king of France.

I have seen no fewer than nine French Foreign Ministers tread that historic carpet; dour, square-headed, bushy-haired Millerand, who afterwards became President of the Republic, and was removed from that office by a majority vote of the Chamber of Deputies for having indiscreetly meddled in the 1924 elections against the victorious parties of the Left; stout, affable, cultivated Édouard Herriot, whose pipe is as much caricatured as that of Mr. Baldwin; the small, puffy-cheeked mathematician Paul Painlevé, whose absent-mindedness was notorious; the elegant witty littérateur Barthou, doomed to fall at an assassin's hand in company with King Alexander of Jugoslavia; the handsome, Robespierrean Paul Boncour, most successful of the advocates at the Paris Bar; the swarthy, white-cravated Pierre Laval with his glistening black hair and look of a Lutheran pastor;

(Continued on page 122)

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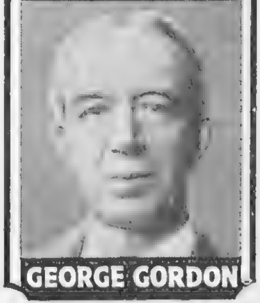

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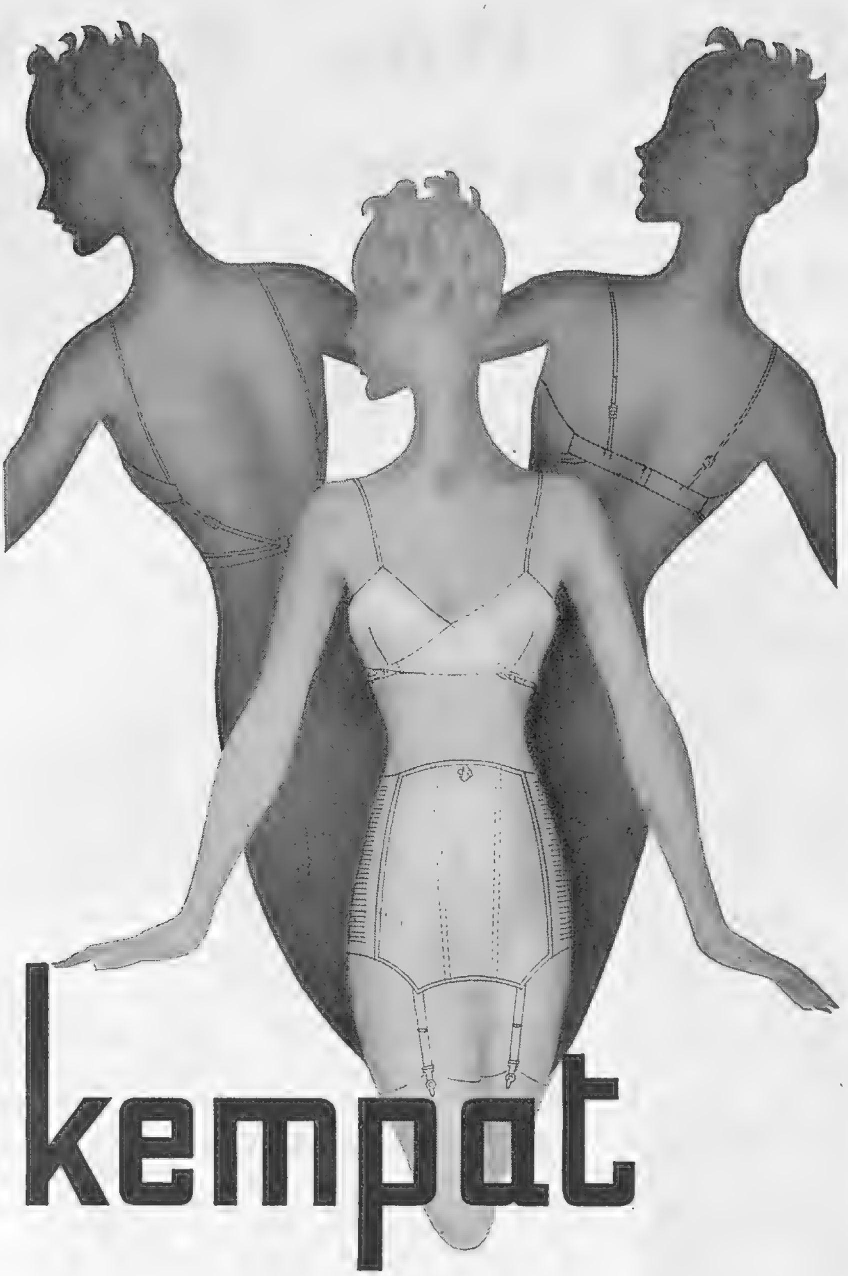

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the present Yvon Delbos, first Foreign Minister of the Front Populaire; Aristide Briand, who held the record for the number of Cabinets he had formed and the years during which he had directed the foreign policy of France; and the late Raymond Poincaré, another former President of the Republic.

Briand and Poincaré formed the most remarkable contrast. Briand was incorrigibly lazy, a born orator, governing by instinct and intuitive knowledge of men rather than by principles and doctrines, neglected in his personal appearance, an extinguished cigarette drooping invariably from a corner of his long, ironic lower lip, a witty conversationalist, loving to linger over small intimate luncheon-parties in the company of two or three chosen friends—the late Louis Loucheur, who was a member of most of Briand's Ministries, Gilbert Peycelon and a few others—and happily informal in the society of his cook Marie, a stout Breton woman, and his valet-chauffeur Albert, who now tends his ex-master's grave at Cocherel.

Briand rarely or never read diplomatic documents. He preferred to have them read to him, digested and explained by that brilliant permanent official, the late Philippe Berthelot, a son of the great chemist Berthelot, or by Berthelot's able successor as head of the Quai d'Orsay, M. Alexis Léger. Like Mr. Lloyd George, to whom in temperament and genius he bore a striking resemblance—they were both Celts, Lloyd George Welsh—Briand Breton—he had a gift for driving directly at the central fact of a situation, without long study or close application to documents. In conversation with the ambassadors of foreign powers he rarely approached a subject directly. He told stories—frequently against himself—in a manner of detached and gentle irony. He was epigrammatic. He touched delicately on the most dangerous topics. But at the end the visitor knew precisely what was expected of him. He had the rare gift of making foreigners forget that he was French.

At international conferences Briand astonished other statesmen unfamiliar with him by his air of indifference to the gravest questions. In the conference-room he was drowsy and bored. Sometimes, even when he was presiding over the meeting, he fell asleep. But when he awoke it was invariably to bring a long and confused discussion to a climax with a happy formula of compromise. The truth is that he knew what he wanted before the discussion began. When his colleagues had talked themselves out he sprang into action. His drowsiness was perhaps unfeigned, but it was not undiplomatic. Like Talleyrand, he excelled in the diplomacy of hotel bedrooms and wayside inns. His luncheon-party with the late Dr. Stresemann, at a tiny village inn at Thoiry, in the French Alps, has become historic. Over a dish of mountain trout, a poularde de Bresse and several bottles of the thin rose-coloured wine of the Jura, Germany and France effected a reconciliation which lasted five years—a long time in post-war Europe. It is unfortunate for the prospects of Europe to-day that Hitler is not, like the lamented Stresemann, a gourmet.

POINCARÉ was almost in every way the antithesis of all this. He was lean, dry, sharp-eyed, sharp-voiced and incredibly industrious. He rose at five o'clock in the morning and wrote for three hours before breakfast. He read every despatch himself, and himself drafted every reply.

He wrote out in advance every speech he made in the Chamber. The result, of course, was that his hearers were invariably bored.

Yet with all his faults, his fanatical patriotism, his hatred of Germany, his dry lawyer's logic, his pedantry, his lack of humour or indeed of almost any saving grace, I found something sincere and charming in the little Lorrainer.

The most curious incident in Poincaré's career at the Quai d'Orsay was his quarrel with the late Lord Curzon. It occurred during the war between Greece and Turkey in 1922, when the encouragement given to Greece by the Lloyd George Coalition Government had brought relations between Great Britain and Turkey to a dangerous crisis. A French emissary, M. Franklin Bouillon, had been secretly negotiating with the Turks at Chanak, and British irritation at this apparent betrayal of Franco-British friendship had been expressed by Curzon, then Foreign Secretary, in diplomatic notes of a very undiplomatic candour. On the eve of peace negotiations with the Turks, Curzon went to Paris to expostulate with the French Premier at the dangerous support he was giving Mustapha Kemal.

The Foreign Secretary, who was accompanied by the then British Ambassador in Paris, Lord Hardinge, was received by Poincaré in his room at the Quai d'Orsay. Curzon attempted to talk to the little Premier in the grand manner in which he had been accustomed to receive Indian princes at Viceregal Lodge. To his astonishment Poincaré rose at him in a fury. His little grey beard quivered with rage. His eyes became bloodshot. His normally shrill voice rose in a scream. He used language to Curzon which that large, pompous but urbane and kind-hearted man found intolerable. He suddenly and embarrassingly burst into tears, and Lord Hardinge hurried him from the room. While the ex-Viceroy was recovering from his humiliation the Ambassador rebuked the French Premier for outraging the feelings of the hyper-sensitive Curzon. But Poincaré was unrepentant. " He should not have addressed to me those brutal notes of his ! " he replied truculently.

SINCE those heroic days the Quai d'Orsay has witnessed no such undiplomatic spectacle. I have not heard that Mr. Anthony Eden, during the precarious days of the Italo-Abyssinian negotiations, ever reproached his opposite number M. Laval for having given Mussolini, as is reputed, *carte blanche* in East Africa during the Franco-Italian conversations in Rome. Nor, if the Foreign Secretary did allow his suspicions of that fact to tinge with uncertainty an otherwise cordial conversation in Laval's room at the Quai, is it conceivable that the Auvergnat Foreign Minister succeeded in reducing the robust self-confidence of Mr. Eden to a state of hysteria. Both Poincaré and Curzon were veterans, members of another and earlier generation of statesmen, in whom urbanity and elegance of manner were frequently a mask for ill-temper and nerves. Their successors are younger and tougher men. Moreover, the Europe of 1936 is not the Europe of 1922. An outburst of temper on the red and yellow Charles X carpet in the Quai d'Orsay might lead to war to-morrow. For, if the French Foreign Office is the nerve-centre of Europe, it is the last place for an exhibition of ill-controlled nerves.

END

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To the woman who was once a beauty——

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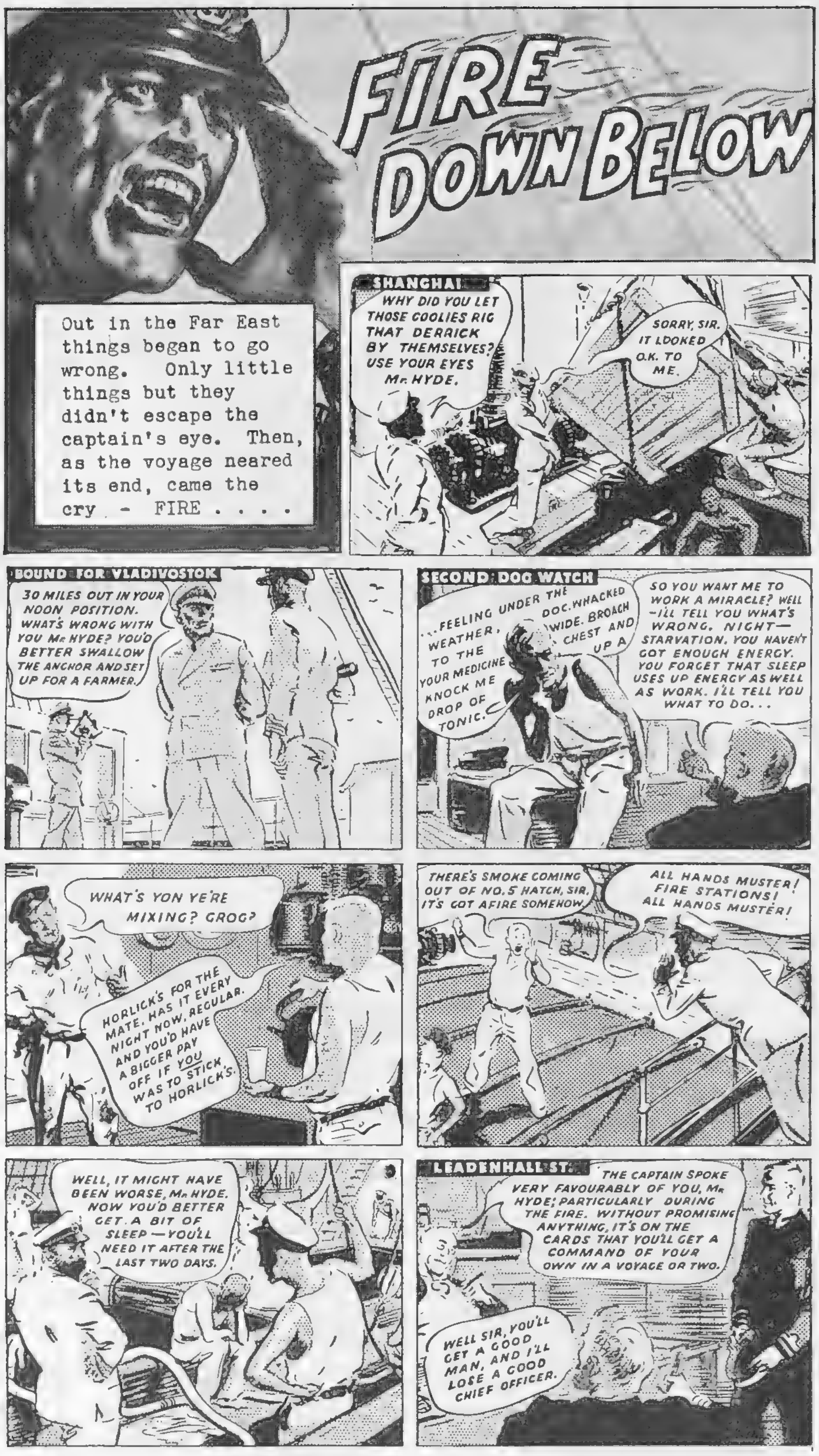
FIRE DOWN BELOW
Out in the Far East things began to go wrong. Only little things but they didn't escape the captain's eye. Then, as the voyage neared its end, came the cry - FIRE . . . .
SHANGHAI
WHY DID YOU LET THOSE COOLIES RIG THAT DERRICK BY THEMSELVES? USE YOUR EYES Mr HYDE.
SORRY, SIR. IT LOOKED O.K. TO ME.
BOUND FOR VLADIVOSTOK
30 MILES OUT IN YOUR NOON POSITION. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU Mr HYDE? YOU'D BETTER SWALLOW THE ANCHOR AND SET UP FOR A FARMER.
SECOND DOG WATCH
...FEELING UNDER THE WEATHER, DOC. WHACKED TO THE WIDE. BROACH YOUR MEDICINE CHEST AND KNOCK ME UP A DROP OF TONIC.
SO YOU WANT ME TO WORK A MIRACLE? WELL - I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S WRONG. NIGHT—STARVATION. YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH ENERGY. YOU FORGET THAT SLEEP USES UP ENERGY AS WELL AS WORK. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO...
WHAT'S YON YE'RE MIXING? GROG?
HORLICK'S FOR THE MATE. HAS IT EVERY NIGHT NOW, REGULAR. AND YOU'D HAVE A BIGGER PAY OFF IF YOU WAS TO STICK TO HORLICK'S.
THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF NO.5 HATCH, SIR. IT'S GOT AFIRE SOMEHOW.
ALL HANDS MUSTER! FIRE STATIONS! ALL HANDS MUSTER!
WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE, Mr HYDE. NOW YOU'D BETTER GET A BIT OF SLEEP — YOU'LL NEED IT AFTER THE LAST TWO DAYS.
LEADENHALL ST.
THE CAPTAIN SPOKE VERY FAVOURABLY OF YOU, Mr HYDE; PARTICULARLY DURING THE FIRE. WITHOUT PROMISING ANYTHING, IT'S ON THE CARDS THAT YOU'LL GET A COMMAND OF YOUR OWN IN A VOYAGE OR TWO.
WELL SIR, YOU'LL GET A GOOD MAN, AND I'LL LOSE A GOOD CHIEF OFFICER.

YOU need not search the high seas for examples of "Night-Starvation." Every day, in every kind of work, tired people are unable to do their job properly. Energy has been used up during sleep, keeping heart and lungs at work. They don't know how to create new energy to take its place.

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HORLICK'S

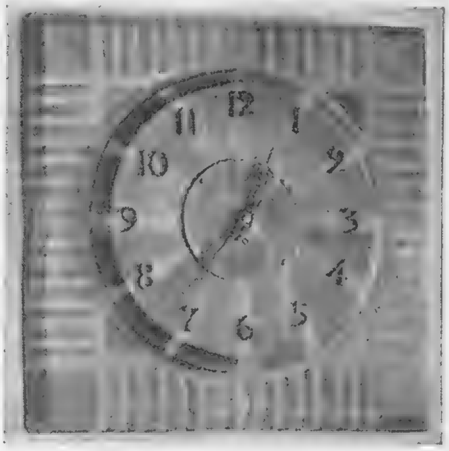
Clockwise

(*Continued from page* 56)

place where the decorative possibilities of the clock can be exploited.

Painting the clockface on the wall is not entirely a new idea, but it adapts itself to many interesting variations. Decorative figures, painted straight on to the wall, is one way. The method illustrated, where coloured stars substitute the more conventional figures, is another. It is quite a simple form of decoration, but a room will take on an entirely new interest from it.

One very charming but simple effect was obtained with a gilt Sunray clock. This was fixed to the wall in a prominent situation and the design of the clock was repeated around its outer edge with paint in carefully shaded colours. Thus the simple little Sunray clock became an important feature of the scheme.



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You can have a Briclock in a Swiss eight-day movement or you can have an electric. The former cost 5½ gns. and the latter 5 gns.

END.

Transatlantic Triumph

(*Continued from page* 19)

aid of modern blind flying instruments, Alcock flew under perfect control.

Then disaster nearly overtook them. At five thousand feet the great machine got into a spin. Entirely "blind," Alcock strove unsuccessfully to correct it. Then suddenly 200 feet below him and above the diving nose of his machine, he saw the foam-flecked waves of the Atlantic, and with inches to spare, he flattened out and continued on his way.

Right through the night they flew, and only once did Brown get a chance to check their position from the stars. The wireless they carried broke down almost as soon as they had started.

Then shortly after dawn, they saw ahead of them land, shielded by a blanket of rain and mist. Two islands Brown recognised as being five miles out from Galway in Ireland. Soon Clifden wireless masts came into view, and as the weather was getting worse, Alcock decided to land instead of flying on to England. They had won through.

A month before this successful flight, the world had been stirred by the courage of two British airmen who were the first to attempt this non-stop flight across the ocean. For a whole week after their departure from St. Johns, Newfoundland, in a 360 h.p. Sopwith biplane, nothing was heard of Harry Hawker and Lieutenant Commander Grieve. The world had given them up for lost somewhere in the great expanse of the Atlantic. Then a little tramp steamer, the *Mary*, arrived off the coast of Scotland and signalled that she had the two flyers on board. The whole of England went delirious with joy and gave them a welcome that in splendour and affection had never been known before.

Their tale was a harrowing one. Immediately after leaving St. Johns, they dropped the undercarriage of their machine, thereby giving it an extra speed of eight miles an hour. The hazard of a landing without it when they got across was well worth this extra speed. All went well for seven or eight hours. Then the water in the radiator started boiling. This was at midnight, hundreds of miles from the nearest land.

Throughout the night they did everything in their power to keep the temperature down and prevent the engine from overheating, but it was all to no avail. Every minute they expected the engine to stop. In one attempt to cool it Hawker dived the machine thousands of feet with the engine shut off, only to find that it would not start again. Death seemed inevitable, but literally when they were within ten feet of the sea, the motor spluttered and then burst into a healthy roar. They shouted with joy and relief.

Soon they realised that fate had granted them only a respite and that they could not possibly hope to reach land. Hawker started looking for ships and at eight o'clock in the morning sighted the *Mary* ploughing her way through heavy seas below. He alighted near to her, but it was so rough that an hour and a half went by before they were hauled on board. The little ship carried no wireless so that no message of their safety could be flashed to an anxious world.

Apart from the successful flights of the airships R 34 in 1919 and the ZR 3 in 1924—feats that are in a different category from aeroplane flights—nobody dared to follow in the trail of Alcock and Brown for seven long years. In September, 1926, Réne Fonck, a French war ace, with three companions tried to cross in a large 2-engined Sikorsky biplane. But they got no further than the edge of the aerodrome where the heavily loaded aeroplane crashed and burst into flames killing the two mechanics. Still the record of Alcock and Brown remained unassailed.

And then came Lindbergh.

" Slim " Lindbergh was an air mail pilot flying on the St. Louis Chicago route. He conceived the astonishing idea of flying the Atlantic alone, thereby being able to carry petrol for 300 miles more than was possible with a relief pilot or navigator.

All America thought him mad. But this quiet, modest and supremely methodical man completed his plans oblivious of the ridicule heaped upon him. He was determined to be the first man to fly non-stop between New York and Paris—nearly double the distance covered by Alcock and Brown.

At 8 a.m. on May 20th, 1927, he left New York. Nothing was heard of him for 24 hours. Then he was sighted off Ireland. Let me quote the thrilling tale of these last few hours from *The Times* of May 22nd.

" It was not until the latter part of the afternoon that the first telegram reported him as crossing the S.W. corner of Ireland, flying high and fast. The effect was electrical. The streets of Paris became crowded with people crying ' Vive Lindbergh ! '

" Soon afterwards the news was flashed that the aeroplane was sighted by the ketch *Saint-Marc* making for Cherbourg, and next by the lighthouse as crossing the coast line, coming from the West at a great speed and flying high in the direction of Paris.

" There could be no doubt that Lindbergh was coming. He had done it ! He would succeed ! Paris cheered. Paris was now no more than 34 hours from New York. ' Vive Lindbergh ! ' '

And late that evening 100,000 cheering people crowded on to the dark expanse of Le Bourget aerodrome to welcome the hero.

Subsequent Atlantic flights cannot truly be considered to compare with these first two, for each of them startled the world into realisation of the capabilities of the aeroplane. Each successful flight that followed proved nothing that was not known already, and each failure was a

(*Continued on page* 126)

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WHICH

FULL WIDTH or NARROW

?

CONTRAST these two photographs of the same staircase. Stairs with a fitted carpet appear wider and more luxurious. Carpets last longer and no stair treads have to be painted.

Whether a full width or narrow carpet, "CLIPPERS" have many advantages.

Neither Stair Rods nor any other Carpet Holders can hold a full-width stair carpet—you must nail it down or use "CLIPPERS."

Because they fit flush to the edge of carpet—are attached to the stairs underneath the carpet and slide inwards to release—"CLIPPERS" make full-width stair carpets a practical proposition.

With a narrow carpet "CLIPPERS" are better than Rods—they are away from the feet—never get kicked—so never want cleaning, and as they do not project over the woodwork at sides like Stair Rods and other Carpet Holders, there is nothing to obstruct duster when wiping woodwork.

"CLIPPERS" are fitted in Cinemas, Hotels, and Cafés, holding carpets three times as wide as domestic ones, despite the traffic.

Per Pair in Copper Bronze

6D. For NARROW STAIRS

9D. For AVERAGE STAIRS (The popular size)

1/- For WIDE STAIRS

Also in other Finishes.

Don't ask for Carpet "Clips" but INSIST ON THE GENUINE "CLIPPER" STAIR CARPET HOLDERS. Look for the "SHIP" trade mark.

At all Furnishers and Ironmongers. In case of difficulty, write for name of nearest stockist to:—

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CLIPPER
STAIR CARPET HOLDERS

—all one piece, nothing to go wrong—no hinges, springs or catches to get strained. Fixed by one screw and can be engaged or released instantly.

setback to the cause of aviation, apart from being an inconvenience to shipping which was called upon to look for fallen aviators. So it is little wonder that those who had the welfare of aviation sincerely at heart frowned on subsequent attempts which, however much disguised by astute publicity experts, were made mainly for the personal rewards that resulted from being front-page news. Amelia Earhart on landing in Ireland after being the first woman to make the West to East crossing solo modestly admitted this. As far back as 1932 she said to the reporters that rushed to welcome her: "I realise this flight has meant nothing to aviation. After all, there have been a great many who have flown the Atlantic. . . ." She was right. There were 200 who had made the trip before 1931!

A spate of attempts followed Lindbergh's sensational success, and many of these resulted in tragic failure. Names flitted across the front pages of the newspapers, resulting in a few hours' fame for those about to start on the great adventure. Then they would be off on their flight never to be heard of again—and off the front pages too, for the public has a short enough memory for successful heroes, let alone failures. In this way such names as Mrs. Grayson, Nungesser and Coli, Tully and Medcalf, Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim and Colonel Minchin, Hinchcliffe and Elsie Mackay, and others, too, all had their brief days in the glare of public interest before they vanished into the ocean, only to be forgotten except by the few.

There is, however, one flight that was made after Lindbergh which merits highest praise, and this was the first East to West crossing that was made by Köhl and two companions in 1928.

In those days a veil of mystery surrounded this dreaded East to West flight, and it required exceptional courage to attempt it. In the light of recent knowledge it is known that there is nothing sinister about it, but at that period weird forces were believed to act on the compass which lured airmen off their course. Actually nothing of the sort happened. A strong contrary wind necessitated a very much longer range and also prolonged the sea crossing with its attendant dangers; and the curious shape of the Newfoundland coast made a landfall more difficult. A slight mistake and an airman would fly for hundreds of miles up the estuary of the St. Lawrence river until petrol shortage forced him down. And he would think himself still over the Atlantic.

Köhl it was, with von Hünefeld and Fitzmaurice in the single-engined "Bremen," who disposed of this myth in April, 1928.

Köhl had made a previous remarkable attempt in August 1927 when he set off from Dessau in North Germany with two companions in the "Bremen," together with another machine, the "Europa," in which were three other Germans. When off the Irish Coast severe storms forced the "Europa" to turn back, and she landed at Bremen after a flight of 16 hours. Köhl was not so easily defeated. For five hours he battled with the storm over the Atlantic before deciding to give up. He landed at Dessau 22 hours after leaving.

His second attempt he financed himself. He made the flight against the wishes of his employers, and, when in Ireland waiting to take off, he learned from them that he had been dismissed. He was practical in his philosophy over this incident, for he said, "If I don't get across I shan't want a job, and if I do, I shan't want one either."

Everything was ready on the night of Wednesday, April 11th, for an early take-off the following day. The three airmen during their stay in Dublin, while superintending the preparations to their machine at the nearby aerodrome of Baldonnel, had made themselves very popular, and Ireland's interest in the flight was especially sincere because of the participation in it of her countryman, Fitzmaurice.

It was not surprising then, that a huge crowd, headed by the President of the Irish Free State, Mr. Cosgrave, was at the aerodrome early in the morning of the 12th to see the flyers off and wish them God speed.

The "Bremen," laden with petrol for 45 hours' flight, weighed 5 tons. At 5 a.m. the three men climbed into her and waved farewell. She taxied to the edge of the aerodrome and then lumbered across the flying field slowly gathering speed. After a run of 1,000 yards she was airborne, and Köhl, who was at her controls, turned her westward for her journey of 2,000 miles across the unknown ocean. Almost immediately she disappeared, flying low, into the morning mist.

For the first part of their flight all went well. Köhl and Fitzmaurice took three-hour spells in turn at the controls, while Baron von Hünefeld worked at the charts and saw to the wants of the pilots. Every now and then they were able to take observations of the sun by day and the stars by night, while every four hours a smoke bomb was dropped to determine drift. After meeting with rough storms over mid-ocean they flew into calm weather, and for many hours remained at only 100 ft. above the sea.

On Friday morning they became enveloped by the tentacles of the Newfoundland fog-banks and rose to try to get above them. And then, when 400 miles from the coast, their compass broke down and was no longer of any use. The flyers bitterly repented their decision to carry no wireless. They had thought that the weight of the apparatus was better absorbed by more petrol. Blindly they flew, through Friday morning and on into the afternoon, hoping they were steering in the right direction. Actually they were drifting too far to the north-west.

At about 5 o'clock the weather cleared and they saw a coast line ahead of them. Then almost immediately a blizzard assailed them and they decided to land as soon as possible as their petrol levels were low. They had little idea where they were. Unwittingly they had flown off their course to the north and had crossed the Belle Isle Straits thinking it to be a river, and found themselves over what they afterwards knew to be the mainland of Labrador. Then they had lost sight of it, and as they flew down the Straits they saw beneath them a small rocky island. In spite of the inevitable crash, Köhl decided to land on it as it was obviously preferable to the likely alternative of a watery grave. Skilfully he brought the huge machine down so gently that, though it was smashed beyond repair by boulders, none of the flyers was injured. The island was Greeny Isle, and the lighthouse keeper flashed the news to the world that the airmen were safe.

So ended a great effort which, had it not been for the fickleness of the compass, would have ended triumphantly at New York.

That was the last of the record flights that could be really attributed to the brave spirit of pioneering. The others that followed across the Atlantic in subsequent years were rightly considered never to be so praiseworthy, as their object was private gain for those undertaking them. But courage is a quality that will always be admired to the exclusion of logic, and courage these Atlantic flyers have always had.

It must be admitted, however, that each successful flight directed public attention to the possibility of a commercial service, and as such had pioneering value.

With what weapons the North Atlantic will finally be vanquished by commercial air lines no one at this stage can say. Exhaustive experiments are to be made with each alternative method, and it will be a long time before the relative superiority of flying boats over landplanes, of the Northern route over the Southern, of refuelling in the air over the Mayo Composite Aircraft, and many other alternatives, is finally established.

Meanwhile, with monotonous regularity, the giant airship Hindenburg, without fuss or bother and with splendid efficiency, plies happily between Frankfurt A/M and Lakehurst, U.S.A. She is too dignified to show the proud contempt she must feel for the cramping limitations of the aeroplane.

END

Overheard in the Train...

"My skin's beginning to look awfully muddy lately. Yet it can't be dirty.."

"What do you clean it with?"

"Soap, of course. And often too—three or four times a day."

"I thought as much. That, of course, is the reason You never will get your skin really clean with soap. It only cleanses the surface."

"Well, what do you use? Your skin always looks clear and fresh. That's what made me think about mine. I was comparing it."

"I use Innoxa's Complexion Milk. It's very, very good. I used to have the same trouble with my skin not so long ago—dull, dirty and a bit dry. Actually it was a Skin Specialist who told me I was using too much soap. It's not particularly good for the skin, you know."

"Oh, I didn't know that!"

"Yes, and besides, it can never get out the dirt from under the surface That's what Innoxa's Complexion Milk is for. I use it every night now, and first thing in the morning too. Wouldn't dream of using anything else."

"But I enjoy a good wash—it's so refreshing."

"Oh, but *this* is refreshing—wonderfully so—cool too, and has a lovely scent. It goes right down beneath the skin, gets out all the impurities and makes your skin soft and white at the same time."

"Is it expensive?"

"No, one bottle lasts me quite a long time. Just you try it once, and I'm convinced you'll like it."

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Talking of Stairs

IT *is* the little things that give that aspect of comfort and well-being to a house.

Dressing a house is much the same thing as dressing yourself. You can wear expensive furs and model gowns and if one of your shoe-laces is shabby the effect is ruined.

You can furnish a room with rich carpets and priceless pieces of furniture but if the curtain rail is shoddy and cheap, the whole thing loses something. Little things are big things.

Everyone has experienced the feeling when entering a quite simple little house that here was a home which had charm and restfulness far beyond its cost. Having made a note of this we invariably accept the fact without bothering to analyse it. If we did, we should find in most cases that the owner had given loving thought and intelligent care to every tiny aspect of comfort and effect.

Walk into any entrance hall. What are your first impressions? Either you are favourably impressed by an atmosphere of comfort and appeal or the place has an unhappy effect upon you. The house lacks that atmosphere of welcome, comfort, good taste.

You can't give too much attention to an entrance hall. It's the place where people are going to get the first impression of your home, and you know what they say about first impressions.

When you invite your guests into your entrance hall they'll get an immediate picture of your home that will stay with them whatever you may have prepared further along. Even the man who calls for the grocer's order will be partly influenced by what he sees over your shoulder while you are discussing the price of bacon.

So treat your hall with respect. Give it a cheerful colour scheme, a dignity of appearance, and combat growing suggestions of shabbiness with every means at your disposal. You can afford to turn a blind eye to shabbiness at some points, but you daren't neglect it in the hall.

See that the staircase is immaculately furnished. Staircases are such big things. You can't possibly avoid seeing them the moment you enter a house. That's why they've got to be good.

Shabby paintwork on a staircase is death to the good impressions we've been talking about. You hate painting the stairs, don't you? Don't we all?

First of all you've got to scrub them down, and then, if you do the job properly, you've got to sandpaper the surface. That means raw skin on your knuckles for the next week. After that you begin to paint and, if you escape such minor disasters as dropping the paint-pot over the banisters and ruining the linoleum, the dog or the cat is bound to ruin your handiwork the moment your back's turned, beside leaving painty paw marks on the drawing-room carpet. Just as though this were not enough, you've then got to lay the stair-carpet again.

No. Painting the stairs isn't fun, so the best solution is—don't have any paint. Step out a bit and have full-width carpeting.

It's not for me to tell you that a small room will always appear more luxurious and *much* larger if you carry the carpet up to the wainscot. You know about that. Well, the same thing applies to fitted carpets on staircases. The most modest little staircase gains importance by being carpeted all over. It will appear wider and, of course, the comfort and luxury of the hall itself is increased out of all knowledge.

FORMERLY, a fitted stair carpet had one great disadvantage. The problem of nailing it down was acute, because, of course, rods were impracticable.

Once nailed, as it had to be, the fitted carpet had to stay indefinitely. No taking it up for spring cleaning, no twisting it about so as to vary the wear. A nailed carpet is not so easily removed.

But that's all different now. Clipper Stair Carpet Holders fit flush to the edges. They are slipped over the edge of the carpet and the back of the Clipper slides into a holdfast fastened to the riser under the carpet. If you feel that a wide stair carpet is an extravagance, remember this. With a narrower stair carpet the natural thing is for people to go up the centre of it. Result, after a while, a shabby threadbare path. With a full-width carpet, however, wear and tear is spread over a much bigger area, with obvious advantages of longer life.

Brushing the stairs is a much simpler matter with the Clipper Holders, and when you want to take up the carpet they slip out in the twinkling of an eye.

Don't neglect this contribution to your home. It is one of the little things we mentioned that go over in a big way.

ONCE down Clipper Carpet Holders [illegible] "stay put," yet they are instantly [illegible] removable for lifting the carpet

Tattoo your Lips!

Wicked NEW shade!
"HAWAIIAN"
A brilliant, vivid brighter red
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The rapturous red of the wild Hibiscus flower—impudently coaxing—the new Tattoo "Hawaiian"! Clearly transparent . . . indelible . . . *and* won't turn purplish! Vivid it is — yet this daring, dashing, darling colour makes lips soft, sincere, feminine, *appealing*. Four other glamorous Tattoo shades! You'll find they all stay on through cocktails and kisses. Put Tattoo on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the *colour* stays. Makes lips soft and young.

4/6

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FINE GIN

THERE IS A spirit tinged with the faintest gold, with a fragrance as soft as a zephyr; the purest spirit made. It is *Fine* Gin—a spirit of ancient heritage, enriched and ennobled—matured by time.

Fine Gin is the reward of wise patience, demanding a sleep of many long years, lying in the quiet retreat of age-old casks, which by their magic cajole away the faintest sign of raw, boisterous youth.

And because it is thus purified, *Fine* Gin will never obtrude. As the basis of the most subtle cocktails, it remains in the background, importantly present, but gracefully retiring, with never an evil odour to betray its maiden modesty. *Fine* Gin is true harmony.

Now, with this more truth added to your knowledge, shew to the world your wisdom—when you ask for Gin, think only of the one *Fine* Gin—made by Booth's and matured by Time.

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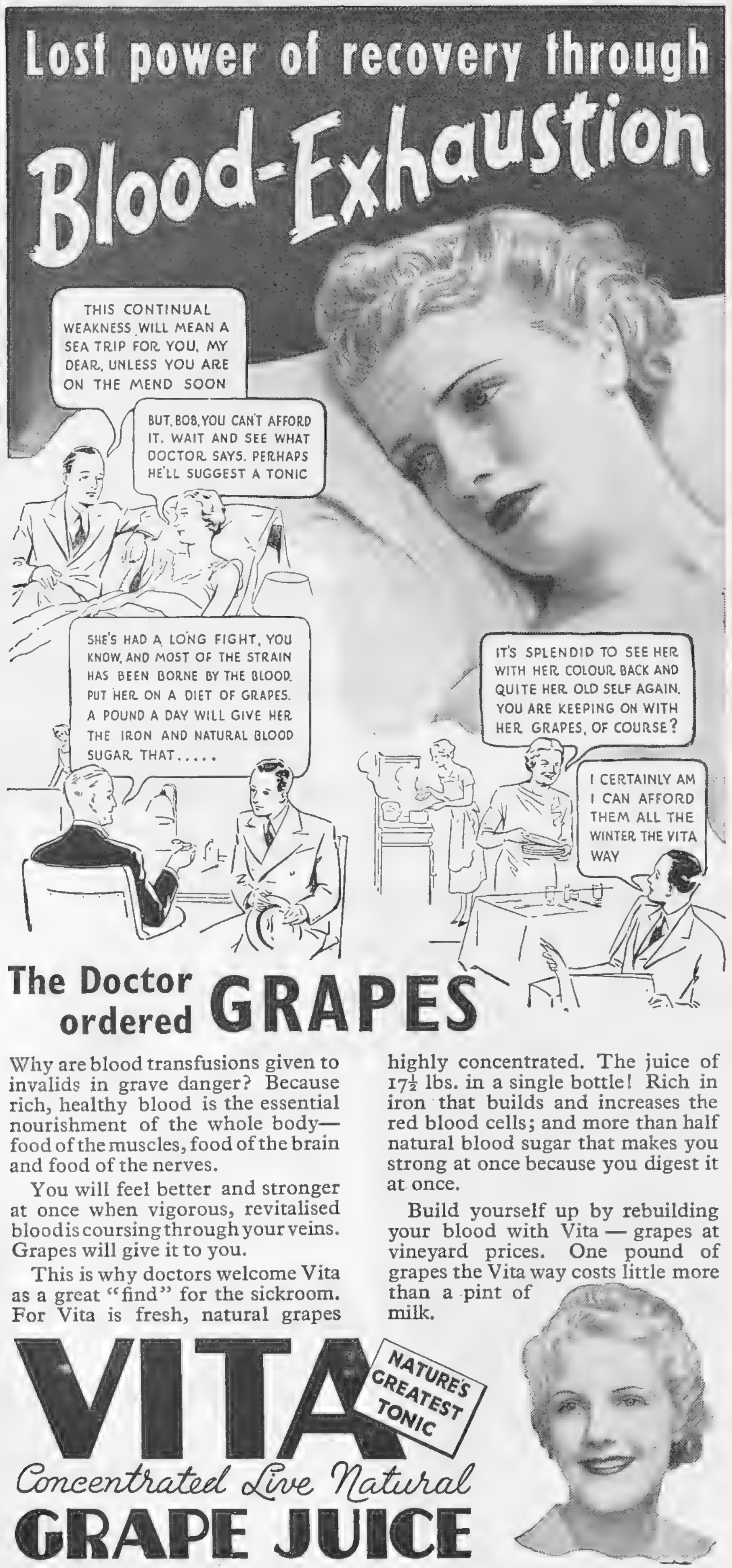
Lost power of recovery through
Blood-Exhaustion
THIS CONTINUAL WEAKNESS WILL MEAN A SEA TRIP FOR YOU, MY DEAR, UNLESS YOU ARE ON THE MEND SOON
BUT, BOB, YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT. WAIT AND SEE WHAT DOCTOR SAYS. PERHAPS HE'LL SUGGEST A TONIC
SHE'S HAD A LONG FIGHT, YOU KNOW, AND MOST OF THE STRAIN HAS BEEN BORNE BY THE BLOOD. PUT HER ON A DIET OF GRAPES. A POUND A DAY WILL GIVE HER THE IRON AND NATURAL BLOOD SUGAR THAT.....
IT'S SPLENDID TO SEE HER WITH HER COLOUR BACK AND QUITE HER OLD SELF AGAIN. YOU ARE KEEPING ON WITH HER GRAPES, OF COURSE?
I CERTAINLY AM I CAN AFFORD THEM ALL THE WINTER THE VITA WAY
The Doctor ordered GRAPES
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NATURE'S GREATEST TONIC
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Why are blood transfusions given to invalids in grave danger? Because rich, healthy blood is the essential nourishment of the whole body—food of the muscles, food of the brain and food of the nerves.

You will feel better and stronger at once when vigorous, revitalised blood is coursing through your veins. Grapes will give it to you.

This is why doctors welcome Vita as a great "find" for the sickroom. For Vita is fresh, natural grapes highly concentrated. The juice of 17½ lbs. in a single bottle! Rich in iron that builds and increases the red blood cells; and more than half natural blood sugar that makes you strong at once because you digest it at once.

Build yourself up by rebuilding your blood with Vita — grapes at vineyard prices. One pound of grapes the Vita way costs little more than a pint of milk.

Vita must be diluted to natural strength with water or soda water. One bottle makes 8 to 10 times its own volume. Large size containing the concentrated juice of 17½ lbs. of grapes, 5/3d. Half size, 2/9d. From all chemists, grocers & good class wine merchants.
Vita Products Ltd, 39-45 Finsbury Square, London E.C.2

Winter Fashions

(*Continued from page* 36)

Nice tweeds, too, as expected, at Digby Morton's. His coats are short, fitting, unbelted, with blocked, not exaggerated, shoulders, double or single-breasted, with little flap pockets. The skirts are pretty short. He must be the only designer in the world who shows no tunics.

He has almost the perfect week-end suit . . . off-white flecked plum tweed with a dark green over check. The skirt has a double box pleat, back and front, the jacket has high breast pockets. Worn with a green silk, long-sleeved blouse.

FUR simply doesn't know where it is these days. Once it made whole coats, capes, collars, cuffs to coats—all more or less standardised in shape (or shapelessness). Now fur coats have proper line, cut, styling. You get as good a shoulder and rever on a coat of Indian lamb as any tailor can give you.

And fur trimmings do not end at collars, cuffs hem. They run around all over the place, making back and front yokes, sleeves, deep hems, edging coat fronts, and then turn up in their tracks, curving and finishing, say, in the case of fox, with a couple of nice-looking heads halfway up the coat skirt.

Fur lets itself be intricately draped at the collar, pleated, appliquéd, moulded this way and that to add to the form of a coat, as well as to its warmth and decoration.

Persian lamb, Indian lamb, American broadtail are the big three furs this winter with perhaps grey Indian lamb outstanding favourite. Then come nutria, mink, silver fox, bronze seal, nutria.

Take away chinchilla (and keep it as far as I am concerned), Russian sable, mink, and the fur aristocrats, and think about grey Indian lamb. You will find it hard to think of anything smarter, nattier, younger looking than the back swinging three-quarter coats of this fur, which most designers are showing with highish shoulders, padded or pleated, full sleeves, stand-up, or turn-over collars. Sometimes they are waisted and belted, with flaring skirt.

At Paquin, skunk trims a lot of lovely cloth coats. There is a breath-taking coat at Debenham and Freebody, black cloth with silver fox making a luxury collar and running down the fronts. Revillon show a ground length white ermine cape, lined with Coronation red velvet, worn over a white and red satin evening dress. Perhaps this is carrying patriotism too far.

Full-length fur coats are tight at the waist, then flaring, belted perhaps with suede, the same line as cloth coats. Capes are mostly short, box shaped, with padded shoulders. With a grey Indian lamb or black Persian lamb coat, a cossack, same fur hat looks good. So does a high-pointed same fur cap.

EVENING fabrics are magnificent. Tulle, net, lace, chiffon, of course, they are perennials. But lamé and velvet are the stars. There are new, matt uncrushable velvets in beautiful colours, and every sort of lamé, heavy with gold and silver, bronzed, lacquered, rich ribbed silks, crepes, thick satins. Petunia, burgundy, deep red, plums, violets, blues, dark thrilling greens and a whole lot of black.

Hartnell's line is mainly straight, flowing to the figure, slightly trained, with the lowest, widest backs ever seen. Lots of black velvet. A figure following cardinal satin evening dress, low front and back, has three large flowers straight across the bosom. It couldn't be better.

A brown velvet is tight as tight almost to the hem, and then, as if making up for lost material, swirls out with whirl and abandon.

He shows some curious greens, dark, sinister, like rusty black, a curry velvet evening coat, a grey lamé slinking dress with silver fox cape.

Gorgeous evening fabrics are draped into beautiful lines at Stiebel's. Straight, no-waisted, or high waisted, with sweeps of drapery falling from neck to hemline. Little circular trains give (*Continued on page* 132)

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height, bustles look saucy. Flowers are used at the neck, waist or at the edge of the low backs.

Practically anyone could create a sensation in his long evening coat cut à la Regency, dazzling the eye because it is white taffeta with a black velvet stripe going diagonally and black velvet revers and cuffs. Or in his pale lime green, heavy silk, with stripes of red, deep green and gold, over-patterned with gold. This has a high, straight neckline, short sleeves, turned-back cuffs, a low back, a slight train. A honey of a dress.

FOR women who hate covering up their pretty legs in the evenings, Peter Russell shows several day-length theatre dresses made of brilliant fabric. A shiny green, gold and pink figured lamé (he calls it glass-finished lamé) looks pretty good under a three-quarter length mink cape, with a green velvet turban hat, green shoes. Another glassy lamé has a bright Chinese design, outlined in gold thread, and machine turban.

His most glamorous effort is a bright yellow taffeta evening coat, waist fitting, then sweeping out aggressively, gloriously to the ground. It is worn over a silver lamé dress, slit skirt lined with yellow taffeta, with ruched edging. Yellow taffeta gloves. Yellow flowers on the bodice.

ODDS and Ends . . . Great black wooden acorn buttons on a black broadcloth coat (Jaeger). . . . A bearskin hat like a Guardsman's (Schiaparelli). . . . Tell-the-time dress, roman figures on belt and collar. . . . white birds on hair and all-over white net evening frock . . . Velvet blouse, half red, half green like a Tudor boy's (Paquin). . . . Hand-worked, vivid leather embroidery on skirts, necklines and belts of day dresses. . . . Muffs made of leaves and flowers . . . Flat, coloured, pre-war school girl back-of-the-head bows for evenings (Stiebel). . . . Petunia velvet gloves, turban, two-toned bunch of dahlias as accessories to afternoon dress . . . Black wool lace backless dinner dress, matching gloves . . . Ostrich feather head-dress matching ostrich feathers on wide gold kid belt (Peter Russell). . . . Muffs, all sizes, all shapes, accompanying fur capes, fur coats, fur trimmed cloth coats.

END

Entertaining on the Maid's Night Out

(*Continued from page 65*)

wafer-thin pancakes, previously made in the kitchen, can be given the finishing touches at table. The pancakes are sizzled in melted butter and flavoured with brandy poured over while in the pan. They are then quickly folded in three and placed in the sweet plate, the melted butter and heated brandy being poured over as a sauce.

Even quarters of apple previously cooked in a syrup to preserve their shape can take on a new interest if tossed in melted butter and flavoured with sherry on a table cooker.

An important factor in maidless entertaining is to make the most of a simple meal, sparing no trouble in giving the extra little touches that matter.

END

Light—Your Servant

(*Continued from page 59*)

This is quite a simple undertaking for an electrician but it will give great importance to your window treatment.

On the other hand, you can extend your lighting scheme to the window by introducing another standard at that point, or, as I saw in one house, by attaching two simple painted wood brackets to the wall on each side of the window and standing decorative little candle lamps on each.

The cost of maintenance may be a source of anxiety where several lamps are used in a room and where

(*Continued on page 134*)

What Shredded Wheat will give you day by day

SHREDDED WHEAT

Vivacity & Vitality!

DON'T run away with the idea that bright, sparkling folk are just blessed with luck. They're blessed with Health more likely. And nourishment is at the root of it—such nourishment as you find to the full in Shredded Wheat. Nourishment which is almost immediately absorbed into the system and turned into vital health force !

NOT ONLY NOURISHING BUT NICE

Famous actors and actresses, well-known sportsmen, and people in every walk of life are constantly writing to say how much they enjoy this health-giving food. Here is a letter from a Beauty Prize Winner which sums up Shredded Wheat's popularity perfectly: *" Shredded Wheat . . keeps me absolutely fit and healthy. But what really makes me have Shredded Wheat is the fact that I like it."* Naturally taste *is* important. Shredded Wheat's crisp nutty wheaten flavour tempts every time. Its extreme lightness is another quality which is always appreciated by everyone, young or old. Shredded Wheat blends delightfully, too, with hot or cold milk, cream, honey and every kind of fresh, stewed or tinned fruit.

BRISK MEALS FOR BRISK PEOPLE

Busy, active people find Shredded Wheat a great boon. Whenever you are in a hurry it is nice to know it is ready to serve, and the fact that its nourishment " goes without saying " means everything. Shredded Wheat keeps you full of energy and 'go' from breakfast to lunch and from lunch to supper. No dish could be more satisfying and sustaining.

ECONOMY NOTE

Housewives welcome Shredded Wheat. It saves any amount of cooking and they can ring the changes by serving it in dozens of appealing sweet and savoury ways. But what they agree is most important of all is this—Shredded Wheat is the biggest packet of Food-Value and Health-Value in the shops today.

. . . Keep up to the mark on
SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE (Pratt's) current is expensive, but there is not the smallest need in such a case to use lamps of high wattage. If one lamp with a powerful bulb is kept for reading or close needlework (and this is *really* a necessity) a forty watt bulb will be found ample so long as the lamps are distributed in such a way as to give light at all points.

Shades are very important. The decorative aspect of them is not the only thing to be considered. More current is wasted by the use of badly designed shades than we realise.

It is of interest to those who are building new houses and are in a position to plan interesting lighting effects at a time when they cost least, that Osram Architectural lamps have established a vogue that is rapidly increasing.

These lamps give to interior decorating effects which can best be described by comparing them with neon lighting—tube lighting, in other words.

Osram Architectural lamps give a soft light, free from glare, and are lighted uniformly throughout their whole length. Used separately, the lamps give the appearance of bars of light, and when mounted end to end form a continuous band of light which lends itself to the arrangement of attractive patterns.

Tinted lamps have lately been introduced in this type of lighting and some very charming effects can be obtained with them.

For sewing, reading, or any kind of work which requires concentrated lighting, the new Anglepoise lamp is an important discovery.

They call it the "lamp of a thousand-and-one angles," and it is. You can stand the Anglepoise lamp beside you wherever you are and twist it as you like—sideways, slantways, upwards, downwards, and whichever way you choose it throws a powerful beam of light.

It makes a twenty-watt bulb do the work of a sixty watt and the price is 50/-.

END

Genevan Ghosts in Marble Halls

(*Continued from page* 21)

to quote Masaryk—had indelibly identified themselves with Geneva, its hopes and fears, policies and plans, deceptions and manœuvring. As the film flicked on, showing familiar figure after figure, memories accompanied the returning apparitions.

Old Léon Bourgeois, relic of Dreyfusard France, had got busy on League structure and scope long before Wilson. In 1916 he was already taking soundings while Woodrow was retaining the presidency on the slogan "he kept us out of war." Bourgeois had felt a Frenchman ought to be in the van, three other Frenchmen having made the only attempts at a League in the past. Deaf, almost blind, and heading straight for the tomb, a fine old man lived again on the screen as one saw him for the last time, in 1923, I fancy.

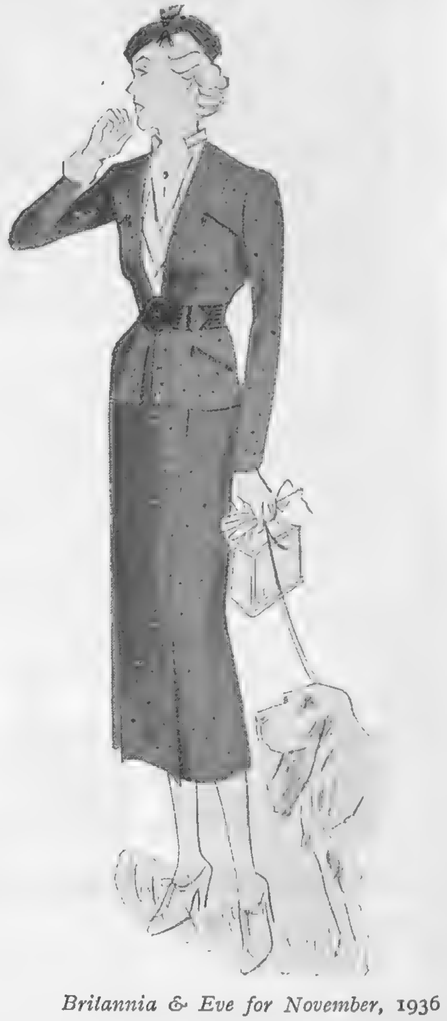
Of the three other fashioners-in-chief of the League, Wilson would have come to Geneva had he lived: he told Clemenceau as much when the two met in Washington in the winter of '22. I was waiting for Clemenceau in the house on H street—I had taken him to America. "His whole side is paralysed," said the Tiger, shaking his head, "but the brain remains clear."

Speaking under correction, Smuts has never been at Geneva, and I am unable to understand why, seeing that there is more of Smuts in the Covenant than of any other man alive or dead, with the possible exception of Viscount Cecil.

Lord Robert Cecil—as such will Geneva ever recall him—is no ghost. He is as keen and active now in the service of the League as he was in 1918–19 drafting days. Unique contortion of a man, coldly burning zealot ecclesiastical to look upon, this conservative son of an Elizabethan house is to-day seeking to galvanise the peace-wanting peoples into a battle-prepared phalanx; only way, quite surely, to preserve

(*Continued on page* 136)

Woven by Blind Workers



WEAVING by blind workers was a feature of a recent fashion display at Rosedale House, the Knitwear Factory of the London Association for the Blind, when many attractive suits and dresses were shown.

The clothes, which can be made to measure with no extra charge, are, of course, cut out and finished by sighted workers. But all the weaving is done by the blind, who are given a pattern which they follow in Braille, seldom making an error, even when the designs are most complicated.

The sketch above shows a smart, practical sports suit in wool bouclé, woven to resemble tweed. The skirt has a flat box-pleated front, the cardigan coat has four slanting pockets, which zip-close. It costs four guineas, and the matching hat is 16s. 6d.

The London Association for the Blind is appealing through the Assistant Postmaster-General, Sir Walter Womersley, for funds to build a new factory at Peckham to replace the old workshops which are now too small and out of date to compete with the orders placed, and which are, moreover, in danger of being condemned at any moment.

They want £25,000 in order that the Association may continue its excellent work of training and giving employment, happiness and independence to a number of blind persons.

A BALL in aid of the funds of the Association is being held at Claridge's on November 5th, at which H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester has promised to attend.

Cuticura TALCUM POWDER
Cuticura SOAP MEDICINAL TOILET
Cuticura OINTMENT

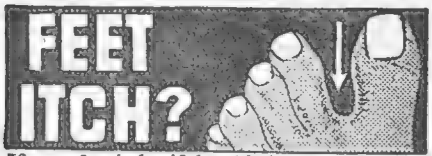
Keep Your Skin Clear and Healthy

The luxurious and mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap purifies the pores right down to the depths, ridding them of every particle of dust, grime and impurity. Every day your complexion becomes lovelier and smoother, regaining the glorious, transparent glow of health which only pore-deep purity can give. The skin looks young—and stays young. To clear away and heal pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions, apply Cuticura brand Ointment direct to the affected parts.

Cuticura Talcum is like a soothing balm to sensitive skin. Used after the bath, it imparts a delicate perfume, and keeps you fresh, fragrant and cool long afterwards.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Cuticura PREPARATIONS for Clear Healthy Skin



FEET ITCH?

If your feet itch; if the skin between the toes is red, raw, cracked, a thick dead-white or broken out in tiny blisters, Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX will relieve the itching at once, kill the fungi it comes in contact with and aid in preventing the spread of the disease. This is a serious foot ailment—so don't experiment. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX, antiseptic, germicidal, soothing, healing. 3/- jar, all Chemists, Dr. Scholl's Depots

Dr. Scholl's Solvex

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
John Player & Sons
THIS CARTON IS ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND) LIMITED
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" 25
PLAYER'S PLEASE
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED - IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS - 25 FOR 1'3
N.C.C.358A

Tired Digestion

Rest and Recovery on Benger's Food

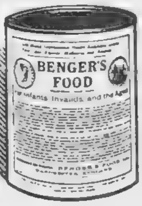
Even the healthiest person gets body-weary and must be restored to normal by sleep and rest. It is just as important that you should rest from "tired digestion" too. After strenuous exercise or mental strain, and you are exhausted and nervous, the stomach is too "tired" to digest ordinary food. It is on these occasions that Benger's Food prepared with fresh milk proves invaluable.

BENGER'S FOOD IS NOT JUST AN ADDITION TO MILK

In it are the vital elements of natural digestion which make the milk easy to assimilate and release its full nourishment, to strengthen and revive the system. Taken before retiring, Benger's Food gives soothing sleep, and enables digestion to be fully restored.

BENGER'S Food

TRADE MARK



Everybody with weak digestion, attendant loss of appetite and disinclination for ordinary food, should write for Benger's Booklet. It will prove a great help and will be sent post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, 3.

372a

STICK 'EM UP!

You don't have to be a "big shot" at modelling to create characters like this in "Plasticine." You'll be surprised at the amusing things you can make quickly and easily. Treat yourself to a "Plasticine" Modelling Outfit and get one for the kiddies. From a penny to a guinea, obtainable everywhere.

Build a Village series of 6—6d. each; post free 8d.
Elfin Wonderland, 2/6 per box; post free 3/-.
Designer, 5/6, 12/6; post free, 6/-, 13/5.
Dapadart, the dart-blowing game, 6d., 1/-, 2/6; post free 8d., 1/3, 3/-.
(Post free rates for G. B.; abroad extra)

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Write for Illustrated Price Lists to:
Harbutt's Plasticine Ltd., 88, Bathampton, Bath.

This is an actual model in Harbutt's "Plasticine."

democratic rule for the balance of twentieth-century Europe.

LORD ROBERT has represented Conservative, Labour, and National Governments, at Geneva. One has the impression he would be ready to represent anyone—Latvia, Bolivia—did so doing advance his life's dream. Shocked at Sir Austen's cold douche on the 1924 Pact of Mutual Assistance that he had so elaborately mounted with the late Henri de Jouvenel, but for which MacDonald and Herriot drew the short-lived credit, Cecil resigned as Britain's number one string—only to turn up next year as the spokesman of South Africa. And after 17 years he still passionately endures, strong in the consciousness of nearly 12,000,000 Peace Ballot votes behind him. My one meeting with him had its little drama—dispatched to the Hotel Metropole by an indignant section of the international Press to ask if the chief British delegate would attend a proposed memorial service for the 15 League of Nations orphans (Armenians) that Mussolini's 1923 bombardment of Corfu had killed. But even then the Duce was being nursed and humoured: one was advised that the service might be misconstrued.

A Cecil so lost in the mists of League antiquity as to be almost uncapturable is Balfour, yet, however detached and philosophical, he did at least attend at Geneva, which was more than his successor, the Marquess Curzon, condescended—this sensitive trying-to-be-liked one born to spread mirth never gravitating nearer than Lausanne. As it happened, competent authorities voted Arthur J. a first-rate League man, possessing just the easy style and simplicity wedded to personal charm and a rare insight, deep knowledge and clarity of expression that got things done with Continental statesmen.

Was that able and comprehending Jew of hope, Rathenau, ever at Geneva? If so, it can only have been furtively, "with the look of death in his eyes," as was said of him at Cannes in early '22, and correctly so, for he was riddled with bullets that June—one of a trinity of Germans, Stresemann and Bruening the others, through which a democratic Reich *might* have been progressively reared but for the blighting Bourbon Poincaré.

Not everyone I reconjure was thrown on the screen that day, yet here come Herriot and MacDonald arm-in-arm during their Geneva Protocol heyday that was to recast all our fates. Ghosts? Yes. Each may still attend League occasions but only as a shadow of his former stardom. Beneath Mt. Blanc each has shot his bolt.

For the best part of ten years, 1924–34, the erudite, robust and generous, self-indulging Mayor of Lyons strove to wean his country from arid Poincaréism with its insistent *revanche* note. He initiated France's reliance on the League (when it suited her book!), he sat down at the same table as the vanquished *Boche* in London, he got the Ruhr evacuated, and years later wiped the reparations slate clean with von Papen. Herriot battled valiantly with disarmament, was the one French statesman to win U.S. applause for demanding (in vain) that France pay her debt to that country, yet somehow this man with hand ever on his heart so that cartoonists draw him with a flock of hearts, has left little tangible behind save France's link with Soviet Russia, for it was he who started that major hare going.

Geneva will remember him as a great pro-Leaguer, a grand (French) orator and artist of the emotions . . . and of the gastronomic. Meals with Herriot at the Globe showed him at his most copious, and sometimes a brace of Burgundy to himself alone. "*Mais je ne prends jamais d'alcohol,*" he would qualify; in which there may be really quite a lot.

MacDonald the aloof disliked Geneva-the-place as cordially as the expansive Herriot warmed to its cosmopolitanism, so near drear Lyons. The proud and angular Scot never got away with it at the League, where he was not liked, although he did register two good marks by

(*Continued on page* 138)

Enjoy WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE
ENJOY WILLS's GOLD FLAKE THE OUTSTANDING CIGARETTE
GOLD FLAKE W.D.&H.O.WILLS.
W.D.&H.O.WILLS GOLD FLAKE HONEY DEW.
This Label is issued by THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Limited.
CONTAINS TWENTY CIGARETTES.
The Outstanding cigarette

Finer Quality Bedding that ensures SOUND RESTFUL SLEEP

The Vi-Spring OVERLAY Mattress
The Vito OVERLAY Mattress
Vi-Spring
Vito
The Vitoflex MATTRESS SUPPORT

SUPREME FOR COMFORT

Since its inception, more than 35 years ago, the 'Vi-Spring' has been universally acknowledged as the most luxurious overlay mattress made. Its sleep-inducing comfort has never been equalled and to-day wherever the best is essential, the choice is the 'Vi-Spring'.

Hand-craftsmanship, superb upholstering and finest quality materials throughout, give to the 'Vi-Spring' a unique softness and resiliency that make it the very height of sleeping luxury. Its hundreds of finely tempered British Steel Wire springs allow complete relaxation and impart a sense of extra comfort that has made the 'Vi-Spring' supreme for sound, restful sleep.

To ensure that your purchase is a **genuine** 'Vi-Spring' insist on seeing the label bearing the registered name 'Vi-Spring' Mattress. It is your guarantee of quality, reliability and value for money.

EXTREMELY DURABLE MODERATE IN PRICE

By reason of its extreme sturdiness and moderate price the 'Vito'—a non-pocketed spring overlay—is the cheapest spring centred mattress made. The unique shape and the clever assemblage of its springs impart a strength to the 'Vito' which ensures years of service. Generous layers of soft upholstery and its resilient springs ensure a remarkable degree of comfort.

The maximum comfort of 'Vi-Spring' and 'Vito' Overlay Mattresses is ensured by the use of the 'Vitoflex' Mattress Support. The 'Vitoflex' fully sustains every spring in the overlay and eliminates any possibility of sagging.

Write for illustrated Catalogue, sent post free on application to Sole Manufacturers:

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

Vi-Spring Products Ltd. **97, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10.**

ONOTO THE PEN
DE LA RUE & CO. LTD. LONDON

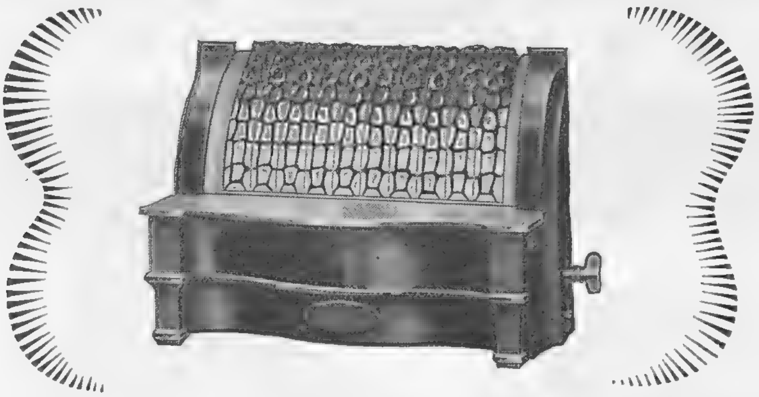
Onoto - the Pen

6233 **21/-**
Visible Ink model with large 14-ct. gold nib, two narrow rolled gold mounts on cap. Pencil to match, 7/6. *Colours* – Black, Green Pearl, Blue Pearl, Wine and Black.

A VISIBLE ADVANTAGE

A section of each barrel is made of an unbreakable transparent material in Onoto Visible Ink Pens. Through it you can see the ink level as you write—no fear of running short. Onoto Pens hold *more* ink too—and they can't leak. Visible Ink models at 17/6, 21/-, 25/-, 30/- and 42/-. Other models 12/6 to 12 guineas. Obtainable from all Stationers and Stores.

Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1



THIS MATCHLESS GAS FIRE LIGHTS ITSELF — IT'S A **Sunbeam!**

You can now have the friendly Sunbeam Gas Fire with the self-lighting gas tap, and there is a model to fit exactly any grate in your house . . . to give you the same cheery glow as a coal fire with all the convenience of gas! See the Sunbeam in your gas showrooms. **Free Booklet from Wilson & Mathiesons Ltd. (Dept. B.E.), Carlton Works, Armley, Leeds** *(Radiation Ltd., Proprietors).*

Sunbeam *Self-lighting* GAS FIRES

bringing back Germany to the Disarmament Conference and, a little later, when he tabled the British disarming Plan that wondrously contained figures and deserved a better fate. And there was that far-off Protocol.

But Mr. MacDonald was bang out of his element, physically and morally. He could not stand the local climate which can be horridly depressing, for an already depressed soul, during half the year. He could not tune into the democratic "crowd" atmosphere of the League; he, the fastidious and walled-off aristocrat. But, particularly, Ramsay hated the criticism that he so freely evoked in the most gossiping and extended of international companies. His acute sensitiveness to criticism, that conducts to an urgent desire for admiration, is well known. At the League he must have felt he was ever being encroached upon by the vulgar mob. There was a further reason that turned him against the League as organisation. If as negotiator he could more than hold his own, he could in no way get across as orator; and as his woolliness of utterance augmented, his hostility to his surroundings grew, too. Towards the end, when principles had been abandoned (in European eyes) and incoherence had touched ceiling, I am sure Mr. MacDonald came at once to hate and to despise Geneva that had so wounded his vanity and tricked him. Here was no place for the melancholy elegant to stroll. Better stick to the Hotel Beau Rivage, wangle men and things there, even if de Valera rose coldly against "hotel bedroom diplomacy." De Valera was probably unconsciously reacting against a foreign hotel bedroom.

Britain's first Labour Premier and the League of Nations could make a study in itself of no mean psychological interest. Quite obviously Ramsay, who knew his Europe as few, was meant to do more for the League intermittently over a decade of attendance as Premier, Foreign Minister and Lord President, than he in fact accomplished. No doubt the fault lay in his character almost as much as in the hurdles confronting him. I hope I have not been unfair to him; we cannot change our characters, or mighty few.

On the ghost-screen appeared naturally those three *grands tenors* of Geneva, Briand, Stresemann and Arthur Henderson. Just as some men have lost stature locally, and others made themselves out of the League, others again have added to an already established reputation; and this was the case with the above musketeers albeit each may be said to have finished close to the tragic. With Uncle Arthur, it was certainly high tragedy, and of all the ghost-figures that now dimly rise and fall in vast and marble Ariana halls, the spectacle of a defeated and dying Henderson in the closing months and weeks of the shattered and derided Disarmament Conference over which he presided, will abide the longest.

There he was: endlessly pacing up and down the *salle des pas perdus* long after the delegates had gladly scattered for their capitals; alone, always alone unless he accosted—yes, accosted—some passing resident journalist or official, the better to find expression for the dark reflections that bore eternally in upon his honest, humanity-loving soul. *Why* were men behaving in this suicidal way? Uncle Arthur was never to know the answer. Up in his little office he had mastered every minute detail of what was to be his last job. But he would be driven away to his hotel each day, in the small coupé allotted him, as baffled as the day before.

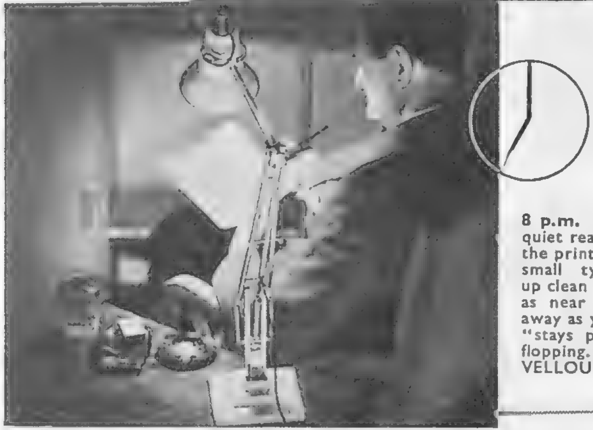
FOR six years Aristide Briand dominated the League, and his name is to-day the most honoured by Lake Geneva. He had everything. He seemed to be cast as Europe's pacifier—at last! If the Conservative Right in France hated him (as it also hates England, a fact which England will one day find out), I'll swear three-quarters of Briand's countrymen only knew—and know—emotion at mention of his name or sight of him on the movies.

(*Continued on page* 140)

There's always work for an
ANGLEPOISE LAMP

8 a.m. No excuses now for poor shaves . . the TERRY **ANGLEPOISE** throws the light exactly where wanted . . shows up "awkward spots" . . doesn't shine in your eyes . takes any angle or position at a finger touch. RESULT—A PERFECT SHAVE.

3 p.m. A job on the desk that requires absolute concentration. The **ANGLEPOISE** shines right on the work only, clear and white . . no glare in the worker's eyes . . no eyestrain . . pushed out of the way by a mere finger touch. The PERFECT BUSINESS DESK LAMP.



8 p.m. Now for a quiet read. Right on the printed page . . small type comes up clean and clear . . as near or as far away as you like . . "stays put" . . no flopping. A MARVELLOUS LAMP.

This wonderful lamp of a 1001 angles is a revelation. Only those who use their eyes a lot can fully appreciate how the TERRY ANGLEPOISE LAMP SAVES EYESTRAIN. It pours a clear white light from any angle at the touch of a finger . . takes any position required—and keeps it. Economical too—a 20-watt bulb works better than a 60 ! In black, cream, blue, green, red and orange "Krinkle" enamel. From **50/-** (U.K. only).

Patented at home and abroad.

Send to-day for fully illustrated folder B. & E.

The **TERRY**
ANGLEPOISE LAMP

SOLE MAKERS:
HERBERT TERRY
& SONS, LTD., REDDITCH

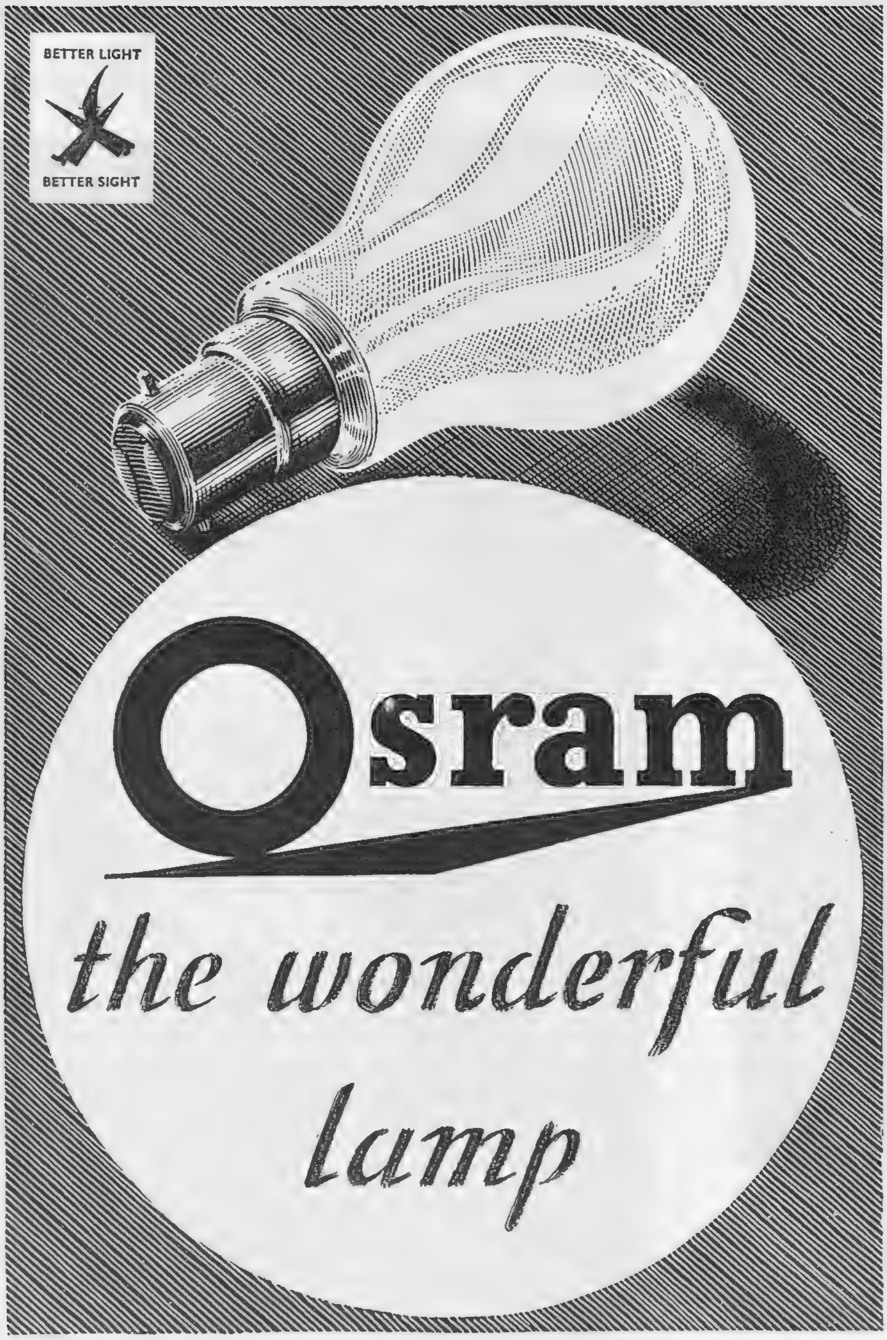
. . . . . Why Cyclax? Beneath a lovely make-up, a truly lovely skin, transparently clear, cool

and smooth — childishly fine and close grained. Naturally pure colour, young firm contours.

● Cyclax brings back to you true skin beauty, and adds . . . . . an exquisite make-up.

Special Lotion, 5/6 & 10/6, Skin Food, 4/- & 7/6, Complexion Milk, 4/- & 7/6, Day Lotion, 4/6 & 8/6, Cleansing Lotion, 4/- & 7/6, Braceine, 4/- & 7/6, Cyclax Soap, 3/6 & 6/6

58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1. AND
7, EAST 53rd STREET, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



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HAND, TREADLE OR ELECTRIC MODEL

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. . . you get the same neatness of stitch. *FREE TRIAL—FREE TUITION in your own home. Write for illustrated catalogue to Singer Sewing Machine Co. Ltd., Singer Building, City Road, E.C.1, or to local Singer shop.*

SEWING MACHINE

Genevan Ghosts in Marble Halls

Briand may have been "a cynical old grey cat wallowing in adulation," but he had the doings for Geneva as none other: the inborn conciliatory, middle-of-the-road attitude, the tireless desire for compromise, a genuine love for his fellows, a Frenchman prepared to *give* something. He knew perfectly well that Stresemann hoped to diddle him in the end, but was ready to take that risk, believing the world, Germany and Stresemann would change as the fruits of a *give* policy blossomed. Of Briand it was said that he knew nothing and understood everything, the precise reverse of Poincaré who knew everything and understood nothing; so do you think this wiliest, subtlest, most disarming and deceptive of Bretons (Welsh-Gaelic stock) failed to read into the swilling Teuton who thought he was so successfully "finessing"?

But Briand genuinely liked Stresemann, got on with him, as he likewise quickened to his complete opposite in Austen Chamberlain, who returned the sentiment. The fact is, unless hopelessly prejudiced, you couldn't help getting on with Briand of the unkempt Bohemian ways, the eternal drooping cigarette, the thrilling, deep and vibrant voice that won him such feminine successes—not a bit unwelcome—the wit, the *mots*, the feeling of warmth, of geniality, of utter absence of side, in the end, of humility.

Briand lived to see his European scheme manhandled by Tardieu and Laval, and go down in pieces. But he fought the good fight in his own lazy, jesting, indifferent way and bequeathed a memory to Geneva that never will be surpassed for affection.

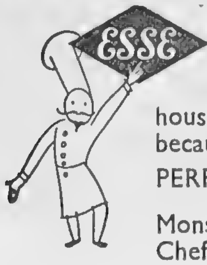
For Europe's happiest post-war years, 1926–29, Stresemann ranked second only to Briand in Genevan prestige and popularity. My belief is that he meant some day to revive the Hohenzollerns, but in a very different Germany to this one, a Germany seeking to regain the past more by persuasion and the very fitness of the regime than by bellowings and incitement of others. Without Briand, Stresemann, whose greatest victory was the liberation of the Rhineland, could have got nowhere. Briand understood only too well how the German had to fight his Nationalists all the time, and deliberately set himself to make things easier on that account. It appealed to the old Breton's sporting instincts. Stresemann had little of the other's attractiveness. A high-pitched voice and forbidding countenance, sabred of cheek, Albosch, or squat-headed, and yellow of eye. Yet he was something new in Germans in the Afterwar, a mixer, a human being, no bitterly resentful ex-bully. My colleagues and I shall always remember this ghost in most material surroundings: sitting back in the Bavaria *bierhalle*, surrounded by closely attentive international scribes—and by the biggest things in beer mugs, never the lid left open. Stresemann hastened his end by all that swilling, but he knew he was for it, so why not live merrily for a brief spell, rather than drag things drearily out for a slightly longer one? *Hoch! Es lebt Stresemann!*

Although several years Foreign Minister and a K.G. for Locarno, Sir Austen left few memories at Geneva, where he is chiefly recalled as having been principal torpedoer of the mutual help Protocol.

Can one include Beneš and Titulescu among the wraiths? The first will never again visit Geneva, which made him. As President, he must stick in Prague, yet his will be Czech policy at the League, as it has always been. For fifteen years "little Beneš," dry and practical, saw to it that he was on every League Committee of importance; indeed, he seldom let a full month go by without bobbing up at his suite in the Beau Rivage. Geneva was his second home, so League-minded was he as principal defender of the small nations and main inheritor among the Succession States. This sharp peasant's son—sharp is the right word for Edouard Beneš—has been called an international busybody, and there may be some truth in the label. Just too efficient to suit some tastes, too methodical, with his sixteen hours' work

(Continued on page 142)

ESSE COOKING COMBINED WITH WATER HEATING



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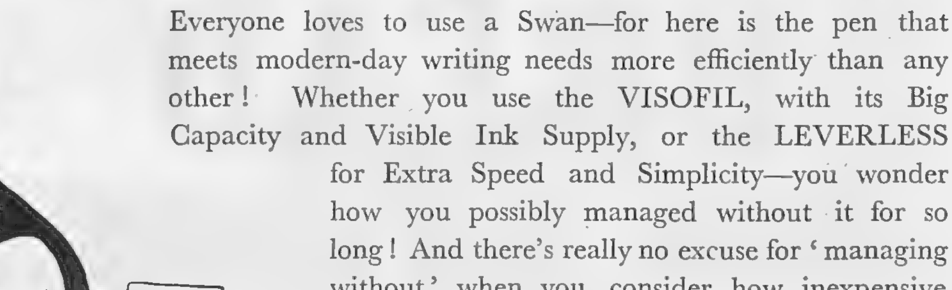

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'SWAN' PENS

a day and reduction of most things to an alphabetical formula. He was for ever penning *exposés* on this and that subject, notably security and disarmament, on which he remains the greatest living authority. As co-founder of the League and one of its half-dozen main props in nascent years, Beneš is certain of his permanent niche, yet good European as he may be, I have long put a black mark against him for failure—determined refusal to bring to life a League conception every bit as important as security and disarmament: revision of the Treaties where these show signs of endangering peace.

Nicolai Titulescu, at present shown the door by his own country, has been another commutor to Geneva, seldom long out of his sumptuous suite at the Berques, if there were anything big afoot. Of this extraordinary man, Mongol of cast, hairless and squeaky-voiced, it was said recently that he lived by the League. Permanently on the run before his Iron Guard, on whose death list he remains No. 2, Titulescu preferred to put in at Geneva in his special coach, when he was not in Paris or at Cap Martin. Brilliant of conversation and a schemer without a peer, he loved to saturate himself in that peculiar atmosphere of lofty intrigue to be found 'neath Mt. Blanc. Safer, too.

How many more are worthy of inclusion! The no-nosed Loucheur, Briand's shadow for years, a brainy and supple business man turned politician, thanks to war profits. Albert-Thomas, who put 100 per cent. of his dynamic self into the Labour Bureau, and was found dead and unidentifiable in a Paris café; Lunacharsky, first of the Soviet brigade, whose *chic* wife, a former actress, was recalled to Moscow on account of her bourgeois successes; and Radek, the most unhygienic but brilliant soul. I once sat listening to Radek for three hours. He smoked like seventeen chimneys, wouldn't let a breath of air in (it was June), alternately boiled tea and cooked snacks, or seemed to doze off as he lay on the floor in between talking bouts. I am these times remembering this bearded, grinning little man of the dancing dark eyes, febrile movements and wonderful chat—even if you didn't agree. It so happens, though, that on one immense fundamental the writer does agree with Radek, who insists that Hitler's vituperations against Russia are a smokescreen and that he will strike elsewhere. Radek further insists that it will be France and/or England; and in that, too, there is a full plate of food for thought.

Two monarchs will go down in early League annals, for attendance: Feisal, who was to die doubtfully at Berne, and the Negus, who told Europe and the white race—told it to its face—exactly what it amounted to, in honour and the bonded word.

OUR "flick" draws out. Yet how not to include Yen, Koo, Lu and Quo? Manchukuo time, '32–33, they were all the rage at Geneva; their eminently distinguished receptions and buffets sought after by all who stood by the Covenant. Conversely, the little Jap, Matsuoka, would invite you to tremendously vulgar occasions across the lake, nights that drew out over endless drink and food and indigestible wads of propaganda. Whereas with the Chinese-*de-race*, never a word while you were their guests. Matsuoka holds one record, that of fairly shocking the League. He felt deeply on the whole business (of Manchukuo) and would don a kimono in public at his hotel when feeling especially patriotic. One day, mounting the rostrum, he burst out with this: "Gentlemen, Japan stands ready to be crucified. But we do believe that in a very few years world opinion will be changed and that we also shall be understood as Jesus of Nazareth was."

At which the air became heavy with silence.

Tragic little Dollfuss only came once to Geneva, yet he has his niche. Austria's "pocket dictator" at once became a popular favourite. He was so small, and shy, and pale and fragile, "such a little dear." That he was going to fire cannon into workmen's tenements, and (*Continued on page 144*)

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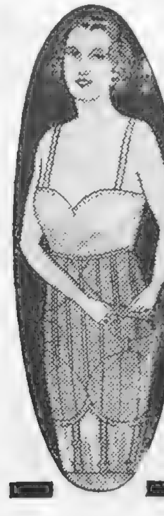

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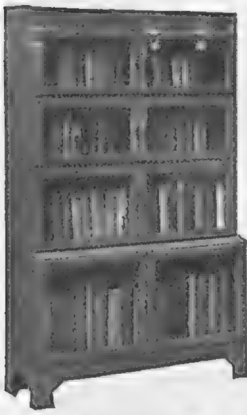

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himself bleed to death beseeching only for a priest, none guessed in Geneva as they listened to an impassioned Assembly plea or stared up at a diminutive figure that longed to linger on a balcony of the Hotel de la Paix, gazing down at those below, nose barely showing above the railing.

Where is Quinones de Léon, courtly diplomat of the old school and constant representative of Spain for a dozen years? And will his successor, the fiercely intelligent little Madariaga—who has had to seek sanctuary outside his own country, choosing Berne, as the Spanish Government declined to guarantee his life in the event of his returning to Madrid—ever return to his great love, as the mouthpiece of a new Spain? Another founder Geneva has lost is the fervent little shock-headed Hymans, whom van Zeeland replaces.

And here are four others who will be seen no more by Lake Geneva: Polish Skirmunt superseded before death by pro-Nazi Colonel Beck, the grand old Socialist Branting from the happy Northern Lands, noble and fine-looking Count Karolyi, who, nearing ninety, was still pleading in the Assembly for his drawn and quartered native land, and died of the dread Genevan *bize* (harsh wind).

Geneva will remember these, and still others. Barthou, and his astonishing behaviour during his two years at the Quai d'Orsay preceding his assassination. Barthou was a gay old boy as well as most erudite of Frenchmen. He liked his wine, lots of things. His reputation had preceded him. While he was around the sparks flew. For him, old age not only *knew* but *could*. Chest out, he would scamper along like a couple of Edens. Nor would old Louis, who was doing a sort of Indian Reel for his Indian Summer, let the map of Europe alone for one second. He initiated what was an admitted and unashamed encirclement of Hitler. And all the time how he loved doing it—loved, too, being impeccably rude to Simon and other international statesmen. He was always ready with a Gallic *amende* after his *boutade* had well and truly got home or hurt. With Barthou's brief passage, the Paris conception of the League being run primarily for France's benefit reached its maximum expression. It will be remembered that it was Barthou who, acting as the instrument of Poincaré, wrecked Lloyd George's intelligent effort to set Europe right side up again, at Genoa, in 1922.

Two further Frenchmen Geneva will not lightly forget: André Tardieu and Pierre Laval. Known by the unpleasant label "the Shark," Tardieu had the record of being first in everything all his life—at school, in journalism, in politics. To-day he is nowhere and should never again attain power in France unless it be as Fascist Dictator.

Of Laval, naught need be said beyond that he sold the League for the prospect of Italian support—to-day further off than ever. Laval's duplicity is too recent to need recalling. What *may* be recalled, however, is that in secretly making over the Red Sea island of Doumeirah to Mussolini, this Algerian-Auvergne peasant has put a charming Fascist strong-point on the route to India. And they will keep on about *perfide Albion!* Why not *perfide France* for a change?

Norman Davis and Pompeo Aloisi are final ones who should one day figure on the full-length reel of the first sixteen years.

As President Roosevelt's mouthpiece through futile years while the Disarmament Conference dragged on, the suave and white-haired Southerner played a very big part indeed: it almost seemed at times as if the U.S. had repented and joined Geneva. Baron Aloisi belongs to our ghost-company for a probably unreturning reason. It is doubtful if ever again an international assembly of men outside a lunatic asylum will listen for months on end to the human gramophone record of a war-waging dictator, rolling off the most insolent lies, prevarications, procrastinatings. For the skilled diplomat's

(*Continued on page* 146)

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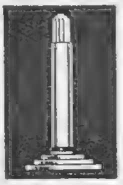

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manner in which Aloisi did it—kept his end up with not the flimsiest thing to stand on—all praise. But the performance was otherwise sickening to normal men.

"Not So Simple Simon" tried hard to be liked at Geneva, but to no avail. He was "incorrigibly insincere." He was also suspect, if not openly accused, of putting the first big nail in the League's coffin by as good as espousing the Japanese case over Manchukuo, whether he intended to or not. Nor was that all. At the subsequent Disarmament Conference, a resembling charge was preferred against this "shy and lonely man who has a knack of saying something in the wrong way just when he is trying his hardest."

The movie flicks out; comes on again to show one last ghost: Sir Eric Drummond. Thirteen years of hard work in Geneva's climate had begun to tell on this silent, retiring Scot's health. Also, he knew he was being criticised. By his staff, for being so jolly stand-offish. By international delegates, for sticking to his job so long. This should circulate: the Genevan stage-manager should not be eternally British. So Sir Eric jumped at the offer of the Rome Embassy. Alas! if there's any jumping on his part now, it must be at the barkings of the Duce. Sir Eric is said to use his Chargé d'Affaires to an extent no Ambassador has ever done before.

Uplift

(*Continued from page 61*)

from the chest—this may take from three to four weeks—the skin will incline to be cockly and the tissues limp. Now start to re-form. (Let me say here that no possible harm to health or to breast glands can occur through reducing. The glands are too deep-seated to be affected by layers of superfluous fat which form round the breasts simply because there is no means of exercising them. So to cast off these layers can do nothing but good.)

Massage-in a non-fat cream with the same movement as you massaged-in the reducing paste. Then lean forward and fix the breast into the glass-bell.

As soon as the rim is set against the chest-wall and the position is comfortable, press the bulb and keep it pressed for between three and four minutes. Then remove the bell by carefully inserting your forefinger between the rim and your flesh, so as to ease it away. Never try to pull the bell off.

Apply the bell alternately to each breast, and finish the treatment with a brisk chest up-patting with a stimulating lotion. A well-fitting brassière will now complete your good work and a definite improvement should be observed at the end of the week.

FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO ENLARGE.

Apply a moderate fomentation with a hot moist towel.

Next, massage in a feeding paste, bringing this down between the breasts with both hands and then taking it round and up them.

Fix the breast into a glass-bell that is *slightly larger than your breast measurement.* As soon as the bulb is pressed, the breast will be gently and firmly drawn out to fill it.

At least ten minutes' bell-work for each breast is necessary to effect enlargement. Before dressing remember to pat up and over the chest with a bracing lotion.

FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO LIFT.

You will have to inform the expert whether a drooping chest is natural to you, or whether it is the result of reducing. If it is natural, you will massage in a muscle-flexing-cum-feeding cream. If it is the result of reducing, you will massage in a *muscle-flexing-non-feeding* cream.

Then the breast will be fixed into the glass-bell, after which you will sit bolt upright and hold the bell in an up-slanting position while the bulb is being pressed.

Try to fit in three daily treatments of twenty minutes' bell-work and ten minutes' chest up-patting with an astringent. Your brassière may be the better for a supporting shaped pad round the lower edge. Money is well spent on a brassière that is expertly fitted, as brassière, astringent, and bell are co-important in the matter of lifting.

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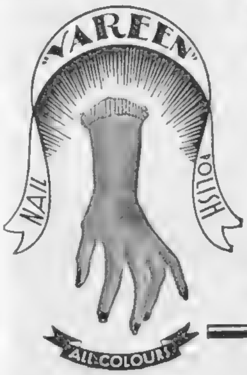

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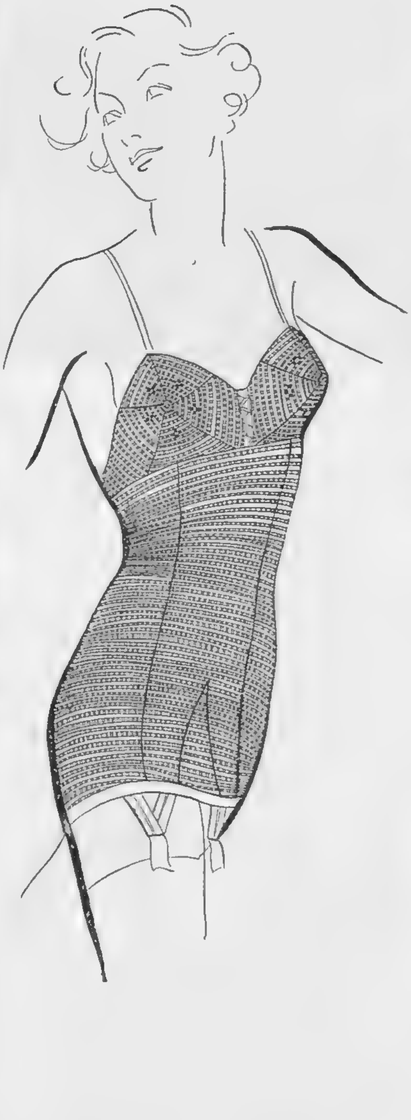

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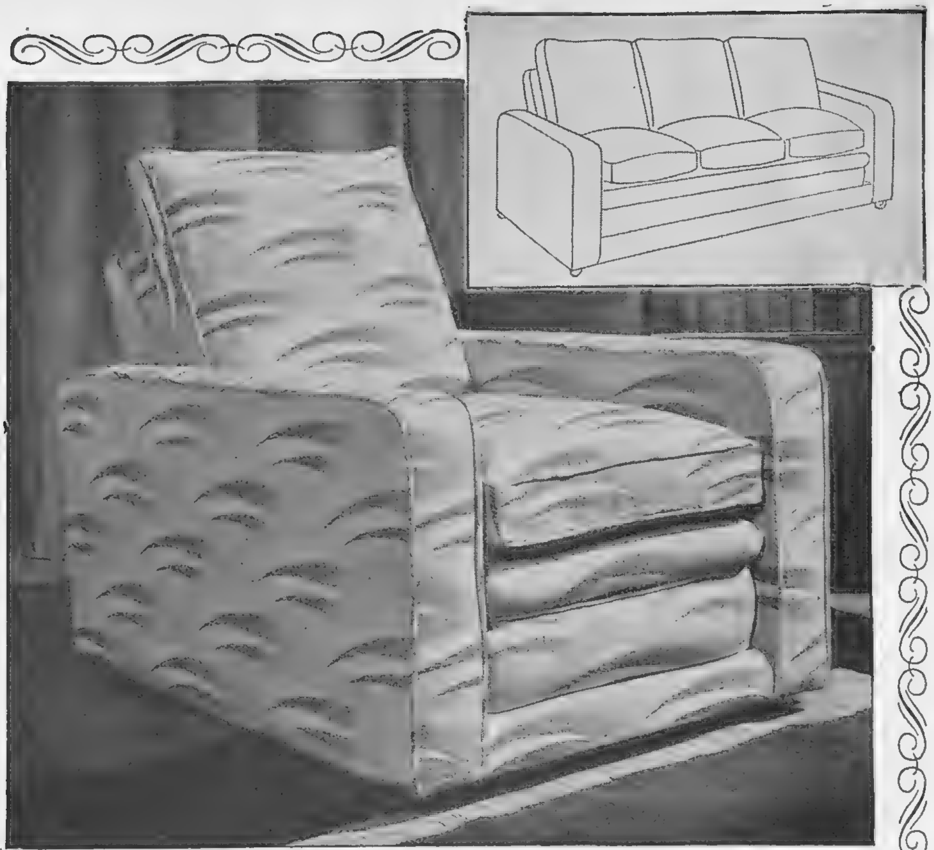

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Hollywood's Haunted House

(Continued from page 27)

side of the Studio, close to the executive offices, and continues towards the stages and the rest of the clutter of buildings required for the manufacture of moving pictures. Beyond the second fire escape, iron railings have been placed in front of the lower windows. The railings have proved extremely useful for street scenes in which the houses would normally have railings decorating their exteriors. Gary Cooper's room, number 122, of which he was the first and is still the last inhabitant, comes right at the end of the building, beyond the railings.

For twelve years one man has been in charge of the dressing-room building. His name is Fred Hitch, and it is his proud boast that there have been no thefts, no serious losses in the 114 rooms under his care, during those years. He has seen stars come and go. He has helped to shift a mere contract player beginner from the top floor to the first, and then down again to the ground level—which means that the beginner has risen to become a star.

The building is divided meticulously, according to the position of the people who occupy the various rooms and suites. On the street level all the rooms with private entrances are allocated to stars, and *only* stars. If there are not enough stars at the studio to fill the rooms, they remain empty; no featured player is allowed to descend to that level, until his contract says he may! Fred Hitch is rather like a kindly hotel reception clerk. It is his duty to juggle with rooms; and he has to exercise a considerable amount of discretion most of the time.

For the men and women who draw salaries for acting on the screen know all the tricks behind the dressing-room building and its janitor. They know, for instance, that on the room plan hanging above his desk there is great significance in the colour of the cards that bear the names of people using the rooms. The Stars have their names on *orange* coloured cards; the other players have their names on *white* cards. And people who think they should be stars watch that board like lynxes, to see if there is a vacant space on the orange card side.

A refreshing change from the players who are always itching to move into something better than the accommodation that has been provided for them is the modest newcomer, Fred MacMurray. Fred began his screen career up on the second floor (they call it the third floor, in Hollywood, because our ground floor is their first floor throughout those United States). He was perfectly contented with his modest room, but his popularity grew by such leaps and bounds that within a picture or two Mr. Hitch was told to move him down to the next floor.

So down came the unwilling Mr. MacMurray to make himself very comfortable in his second home. A few months passed, a couple more films were shown, and Fred MacMurray was due for another change. On his way out one evening, as he dropped his door key in the little box on the door of Room 228 (Fred Hitch's office has that number) he heard himself hailed from within.

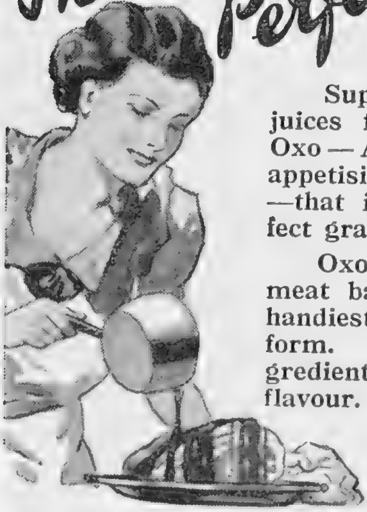
"Oh, Mr. MacMurray, please; just a minute."

"Yep? What's eating you, Fred? Anything wrong?"

"Not any little thing. Only that I've got to move you out of that room on this floor, and shift you down to one of the star rooms—the one Zasu Pitts had when she was here for 'Mrs. Wiggs.' Number 138, Mr. MacMurray; and that'll be your room from to-morrow. Got a bathroom and an ice box and all, it has."

"Oh, heck!" exclaimed the young man who is always surprising Hollywood. "Oh, heck, Fred! What'll I do with such a big room? I don't want it. Can't you leave me where I am?"

(Continued on page 150)



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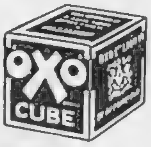

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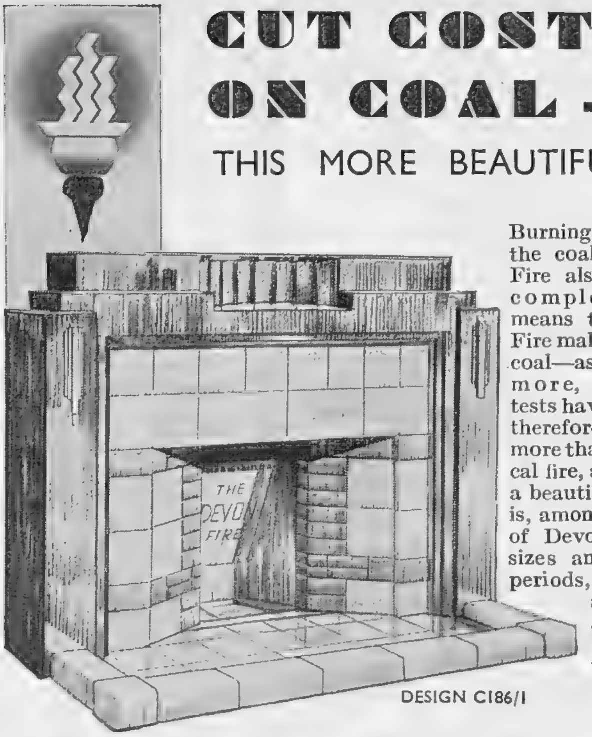

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POPPY DAY Nov. 11

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"I can-*not*; *No*, sir! Down you go—why, I've got half a dozen hungry young cubs yelping around for that room, and I'm not to give it to any of 'em, on pain of being fired, pronto. It's *yours*, whether you like it or not!" Which covers the descent of Mr. MacMurray in Paramount's dressing-room building, where to descend means to rise in the social and filmatic scale. And that's only one way in which Hollywood proves how crazy it can be, given the chance.

I sat with Mr. Fred Hitch in his office, and persuaded him to pose for a photograph that was taken exclusively for me—the first he had ever posed for, he said, for one of them there newspapers. Then Mr. Hitch gave me the numbers of the rooms used by some of the highest-salaried screen players of to-day.

"Let's see; better begin with 101, because that's the first star suite on the street level; that's the suite Pola Negri had, all black and gold it was then. After her, Bébé Daniels, until Bébé moved off into a bungalow on the far side of the lot. After her, Clara Bow; and now it belongs to Sylvia Sidney. Mighty nice place it is, too. Cary Grant is in 120; that was Clive Brook's room for five years.

"Did you ever know Kay Francis? Very popular lady she was, on this lot. But kinda cranky about the room she used, and the number on the door. Likes Number 14, or figures that add up to that number; I wouldn't be able to tell you why. When she came here first off, she wasn't a star; so up she went to this floor I'm on. Her room was Number 167, and that was swell with Kay, 'cos it came to 14, see? Then the new rooms got built on at the back, and all the numbers had to be changed, right through the building. The number Kay Francis found on her door, next morning, was 231. She said nothing at all; but when the lunch hour came she got hold of a paint brush and a small pot of paint, and the old numbers—making her lucky 14—were painted over the new ones! There might have been a near riot over that piece of juggling; but Kay is so popular that not a word was said, and as long as she stayed here the number 167 remained on room 231. When she comes back for another film, I guess it'll have to be the same again—or there'll be trouble, sure enough."

While Mr. Hitch answered a few telephone calls, I made a rapid list of the names and numbers on the orange cards:—

Number 122.	GARY COOPER.
Number 121.	CAROLE LOMBARD.
Number 120.	CARY GRANT.
Number 117.	BING CROSBY.
Number 115.	HERBERT MARSHALL.
Number 114.	CLAUDETTE COLBERT.
Number 111.	W. C. FIELDS.
Number 116.	MARY BOLAND (name erased: MAE WEST).
Number 108.	HAROLD LLOYD.
Number 105.	JACK OAKIE.
Number 101.	SYLVIA SIDNEY.
Number 112.	MARLENE DIETRICH.
Number 130.	CHARLIE RUGGLES.
Number 138.	FRED MACMURRAY.

There's a cast for you. Top-liners, every one of them; most of them drawing the salaries of half a dozen prime ministers rolled into one. Mr. Hitch wondered if I would like to "take a peek" at some of the rooms. I think I broke his heart by confessing that I had been in quite a lot of them already, but said it would be nice of him to take me round again. As we started down the stairs, I had mental visions of Ida Lupino's gay dressing-room, on the first floor: crowded with visitors, fudge being cooked on the electric stove, iced coffee being produced from the refrigerator, the radio blaring madly, somebody singing.

I remembered Bébé Daniels, Queen of the Lot; her exquisitely furnished suite of rooms, full of antiques chosen by their owner with infinite care; her grandmother, so proudly Spanish; her clever mother, handling Bébé's business, stalling off worrying visitors with so much tact. That suite of rooms has had many occupants since Bébé's day. I remembered Maurice Chevalier, making his first American film, so worried, so polite; Dorothea Weick, lively German star, who failed to glitter in Hollywood; Carmen Barnes, whose sensational publicity never got beyond the newspapers, for she never made even one film. To-day, Claudette Colbert uses the room these players once owned.

The suite with 101 on the door, and Sylvia Sidney's name on the orange card, looked so different when Mr. Hitch said I was to go in. I was seeing it as it had been in the days when Pola Negri was making "Hotel Imperial." The French Empire furniture, the stacks of cushions, the general air of languorous, luxurious ease, the dishes of peaches on more than one table, the fur rugs on the floor, the silken dressing-gowns flung down so carelessly. The dressing-room of a Personage, beyond doubt. Rather severe, to-day, is the same series of rooms; the New England type of reception-room, the cool make-up room beyond, the bathroom with its green-tiled walls, the frilled white curtains. And so it waits, to be used again when Miss Sidney gets back to California.

Marlene Dietrich's room proved definitely characteristic of its user. As Mr. Hitch opened the door of Number 112, he shook his head and sighed. "For losing keys," he lamented, "for just losing keys there was never a star like Dietrich! The times she has come to me, very sweetly, to confess—'pleeze, Fred, the key is lost again! I am zo sor-ree.' I'd say at least ten of 'em must have gone west."

Bing Crosby has a brown dressing-room and sitting-room, too. Very like an office, simple and unostentatious, with a piano against one wall, a big new radio against another.

Gary Cooper's room, at the end of the long line, had been altered since I first knew it. The walls are now all knotted pine; the carpet is dark brown, and there are many stuffed heads of deer and an eagle or two, also a few pictures done by Gary himself. He was going to be an artist, once; but that's all put behind him. Stark simplicity, nothing superfluous, nothing frilly about these rooms; they are an almost audible reflection of the personality and character of the man who uses them.

Cary Grant's room, Number 120, has a row of photographs of lovely ladies above the piano, without which Cary would not feel really at home, as he likes to strum and hum far better than to act. George Raft's premises, a few doors away, were really closed at the time I went round the building, since he was making a film at another studio. But I was allowed to stick my nose inside, and saw the intriguing combination Cocktail-Bar-Radio that is Mr. Raft's great joy. It is white and chromium and mirrored glass; he does not drink anything stronger than coffee himself, but likes to give his guests and visitors any kind of drink they fancy. *He* enjoys the radio! There was only one woman's photograph in view. Her name—Virginia Pine.

Carole Lombard's room is all lilies and pale pink gladioli; it is white, mainly, with two extremely original screens made of white wood slatted like venetian blinds. The white furniture is upholstered in yellow corduroy—a nice furnishing notion. Last, we went into 114, Claudette Colbert's domain. White and navy blue are the only colours used; there is a collection of weird dogs and the oddest animals, in china, glass and wool. A velvet tiger lies at ease on a shelf; pictures framed in navy blue decorate one wall. It is all very cool and restful.

Outside, some carpenters were getting busy in front of Harold Lloyd's room; building the false front of an apartment house, to be used in "Three Cheers for Love." In a few days' time, cars would be dashing smartly to the door; girls and men with yellow faces would be passing, stopping, entering—NOT to use the rooms for their appointed purpose, but to act one of the many scenes that have been played in front of Hollywood's Haunted House. And while the daily charade goes on, the ghosts of vanished stars look down, unsmiling.

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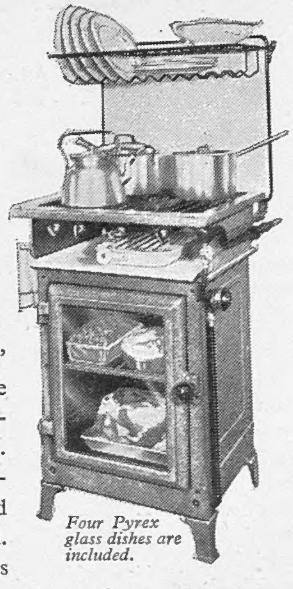

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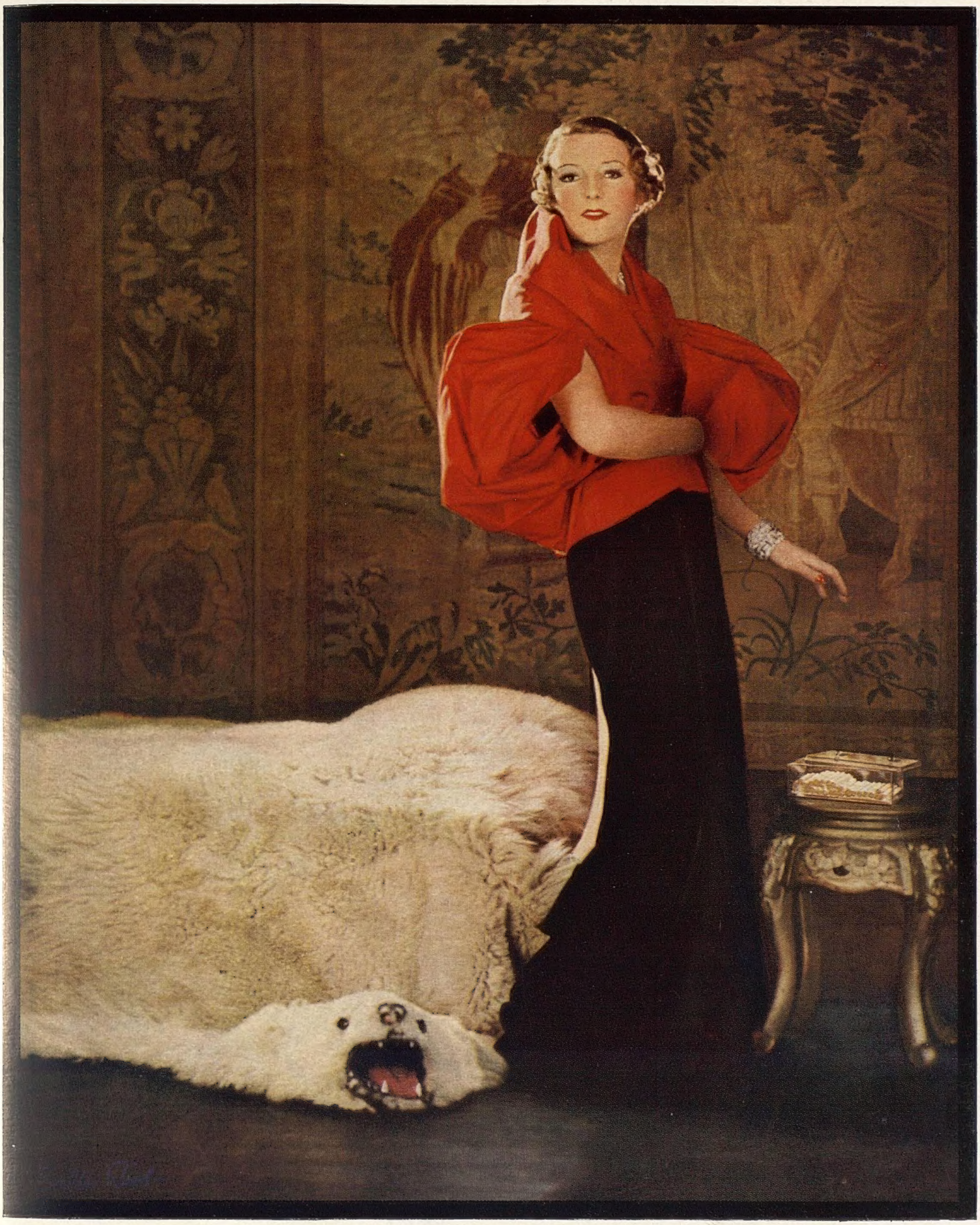

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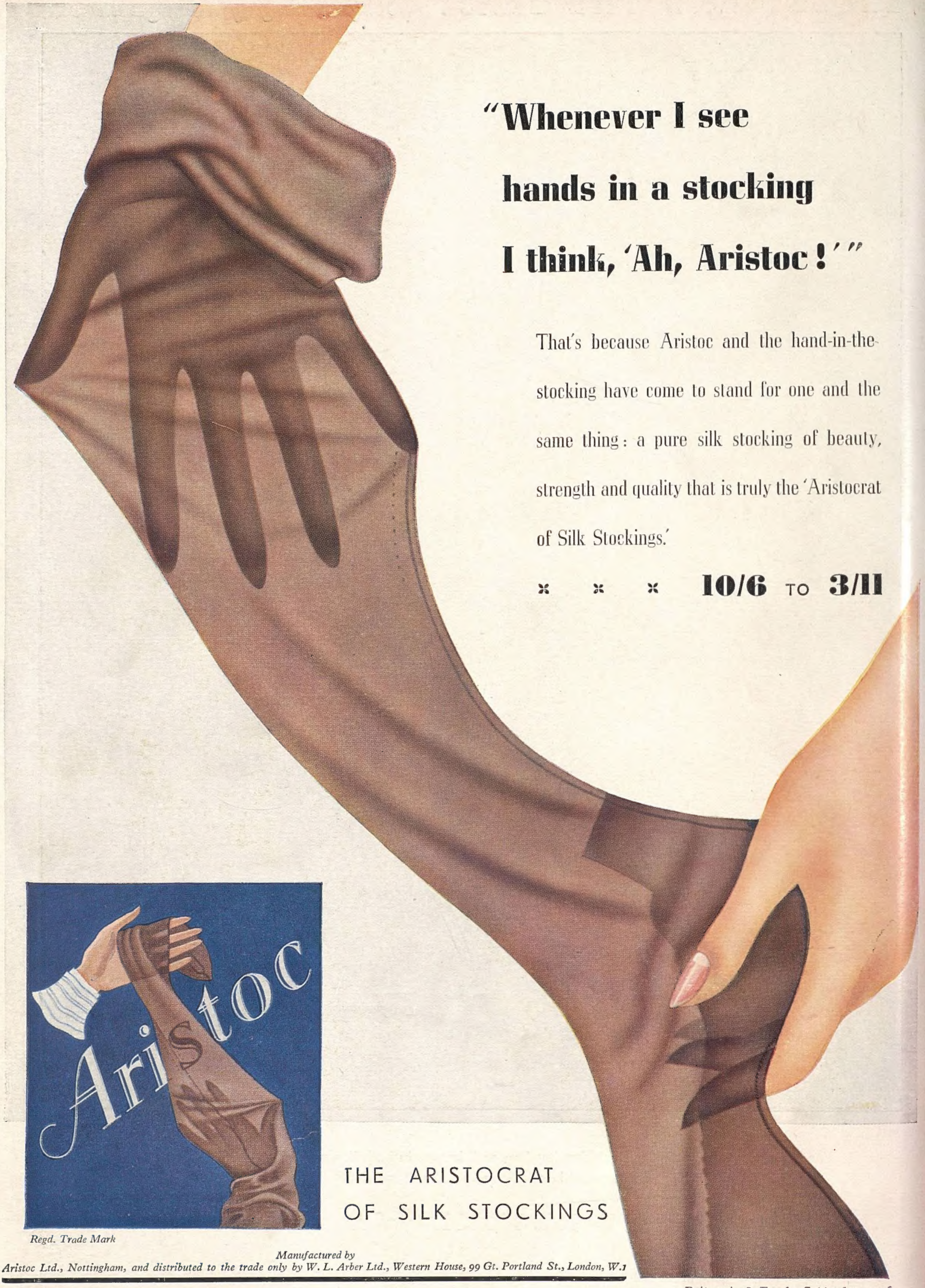

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